THE White Ticket

MICHAEL STERN

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CRIME

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THE White Ticket

COMMERCIALIZED VICE IN THE MACHINE AGE

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from the Official Records at the New York District Attorney's Office

by
MICHAEL STERN

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CONTENTS

Page

Acknowledgements - - - - - - - - - 8

Preface - - - - - - - - - - 9

Introduction - - - - - - - - - 13

Dedication - - - - - - - - - 15

Chapter I

EASY MONEY - - - - - - - - 17

Chapter II

LADIES FOR SALE - - - - - - - 29

Chapter III

LARGE SCALE PRODUCTION - - - - - 45

Chapter IV

GETTING THE SMALL FRY - - - - - 61

Chapter V

PACKAGED GOODS - - - - - - - 69

Chapter VI

THE LAW OF DIMINISHING UTILITY - - 75

Chapter VII

THE BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TRADE - - 83

CONTENTS

Page

Chapter VIII
BUSINESS AT THE PRETZEL RESTAURANT - 101

Chapter IX
MONOPOLY AND DEMAND - - - - 117

Chapter X
INTRODUCING NICK MONTANA - - - 153

Chapter XI
HELEN MORGAN'S TRAGIC TESTIMONY - 165

Chapter XII
BETTY HAWKINS' REVENGE - - - - 191

Chapter XIII
MORE WITNESS TROUBLE - - - - 211

Chapter XIV
LIQUIDATING A MONOPOLY - - - - 229

Epilogue - - - - - - - - 253

THE WHITE TICKET

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PREFACE

MORE men have been prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced for vice racketeering during the past three years than during any other period in the criminal history of New York City. These same men who are now "guests" at the various state penal institutions were the *leaders* in the field of vice. The man responsible for this commendable work is the one, whom I submit, has been the finest district attorney New York County has had since the days of William Travis Jerome.

(In one respect the careers of the men were alike. Both men established excellent records in office—yet were subject to vicious attacks from certain members of the press.)

We are faced today with the spectacle of thousands of columns of newsprint giving the details of the work of the various law-enforcement officials in their efforts to stamp out the vicious practice of the "vice barons". In none of these articles have I ever seen the simple, unadorned truth, concerning the man who was responsible for this intensive drive.

I have been an impartial observer on the criminal scene for many years. I have paid particular heed to the work being done by District Attorney Dodge, both directly and through his assistants, in stemming the rise of the brutal vice racketeers. The facts that I am stating are true. I shall not editorialize concerning their significance. They speak for themselves.

In 1934 a stool-pigeon walked into the Distrilct Attorney's office and stated that he wished to impart certain information concerning the operations of a ring of "vice bookies". The district attorney regarded this information so important that he called Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine and asked that an officer be sent to be present

at an interview with the informer. This was done. Captain George Murphy, of Commissioner Valentine's Confidential Staff, was present and received a complete, stenographic statement of the work done.

None of the men mentioned in the statement were ever brought to the District Attorney's office for trial by the police.

One year later District Attorney Dodge began his own investigation, and as a result succeeded in convicting the largest and most vicious band of criminals operating in this field. With the backbone of the vice ring broken he issued orders for Detectives Hugo Harris, William Cramer, and Special Investigators Walter R. Van Wagner, and John Rafferty to "mop up".

The men set to work. They used, as a basis for their investigation, the stenographic report made by the informer previously mentioned. However, with this lead, they were able to link other offenders to the mob.

At the height of the investigation these men were called into police headquarters by Inspector David I. McAuliffe, and asked to give a report of their work. There is nothing improper in this request. It was done. Less than a week later, Deputy District Attorney John Dewey led a force of officers on a series of raids on the locations the men had furnished.

The men arrested as a result of this raid included Peter Balitser, Al Harris, and Charles Luciano. These men are now standing trial. After a careful and complete study, it is my opinion that these men worked under the "Boss", the vice king, who is now in Sing Sing, where he will probably spend the rest of his natural life.

The war on the vice evil is by no means finished. There are dozens of criminals ready to jump into the lucrative shoes of the men who have been shipped out of decent society. Only the ever-vigilant hand of a forceful, intel-

ligent, trained man can prevent a recurrence of these conditions. District Attorney Dodge's work in the past has proved him eminently qualified for the job. His record substantiates it.

For the first time I am privileged to reveal the *real* behind-the-scene story of the battle against vice waged by the New York prosecutor.

Every word in this book is substantiated in the record. This story comes from the private files of Assistant District Attorney Charles Pilatsky. We discussed this amazing case down to the minutest detail. Read this astounding document—get the story, as I did, directly from his own lips.

INTRODUCTION

I WILL BE frank with you.

This is not a bed-time story. It will shock you when you read it. Since the beginning of time, civilization has known the vice problem. However, the twentieth century which has witnessed the rise of racketeers in almost every legitimate line of industry has also witnessed the rise of a new type of racketeer. He deals in the bodies of women.

Ten years ago the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington realized the enormity of the traffic in New York City. No longer was it a petty "two-dollar" graft, but an "industry" with an annual turn-over of twenty million dollars. That I knew, as did the local authorities. We also knew that this graft was centralized in the hands of one man, the man we later came to call the King of Vice.

It seems incredible that any one man could have organized vice into so coherent a unit. He organized what has been known as "The Prostitute's Union."

How was this possible? How could any individual, keeping thousands of women under conditions of virtual slavery, casting their broken bodies aside when he had no further use for them, operate with perfect immunity? Who was "The Boss"—the King of American Vice Racketeers?

I worked on this case for one solid year. I saw the operations of the ring, actually wading through a welter of filth and muck, graft and corruption, broken hearts and broken bodies, before I reached the Boss.

I have but one purpose in writing this story.

I want to smash this manufactured lure that annually attracts thousands of girls into the web of disaster. I want to educate the people of this country to the realization

that vice is a problem that enters into many decent homes. The sons who succumb to the siren call of the prostitute do not realize fully the dangers of disease.

We can never eradicate prostitution, but certainly we can and must drive from the ranks of decent society the men who batten on the life's blood of these unfortunate women, and who, for motives of profit, annually draw thousands of innocent girls into the nets and hold them there until their economic usefulness is past and their lives ruined.

I worked on this case under the personal supervision of District Attorney William Copeland Dodge for one full year. What were the results? This story will speak for itself.

One more point. Several girls came forward and testified for the State. One of them sat on the witness stand and said, "No, Mr. Pilatsky, I have never been convicted on the charge of prostitution."

And in answer to a question by the Judge, she said, "Yes your Honor, I am a prostitute." And pointing to the King of Vice, she said, "that's the man who forced me to work in oriental houses. He kidnapped me and forced me to work as a prostitute in a colored house."

These girls bared their lives.

I shall not reveal their true names. I shall not permit any publicity to ruin whatever chances they may have for going straight.

With this necessary prelude due to the nature of the story, let us now get down to the facts.

DEDICATED

To

HON. WILLIAM COPELAND DODGE

District Attorney of New York County

Without whose honesty, integrity, and inspiring orders this conviction and this book would have been impossible.

"Ladies for sale, ladies for sale!
Somewhat diseased and a little bit pale,
But who will object when generous gents
Can pick up a lady for twenty-five cents?

Bought like rags from a second-hand store.
(Ladies for sale, and we've thousands more!)
Hawked like sheep in a bleating fold.
(Ladies for sale, and they're not very old!)
Dolores—eighteen—with a hacking cough.
(Hurry, my lads, for she may die off!)
Edna—just twenty—with a strange disease.
(What am I offered, gentlemen, please?)

E. L. Meyer, *N. Y. Eve. Post*

Chapter I

EASY MONEY

A travel-stained car moved slowly through the heavy traffic along Broadway. On both sides of the street a million lights winked on and off. This is the crossroads of the world—Times Square in New York City.

A middle-aged man, his face grimed from many miles of travel turned to the pretty occupant who sat beside him.

"You've come a long way from home," he said.

Betty Randolph nodded her pert blonde head.

"Mason City, Iowa, seems a million miles away, to me now," she sighed. "God, how I've dreamed of this moment. Bright lights, music, beautiful songs, gorgeous clothing," she stretched forth her arms, "and now I have it at my finger-tips."

The man gave a side-long glance at his companion.

She had a round attractive face, deep blue eyes set under pencil-lined eye-brows. Her mouth was heavily rouged in a cupid's bow.

"Isn't it rather dangerous for a young girl to hitch-hike all this distance just to get a glimpse of Broadway?" he asked.

She shook her head vigorously.

"Not at all," she said airily. "I've thumbed rides before. Besides, I'm not here merely to look at the bright lights, I'm going places."

The driver shook his head sadly.

"There's a broken heart for every bulb that shines on Broadway."

The car slid to a halt on Forty-second Street, and Betty Randolph stepped out. In her hand she carried a cheap, imitation leather satchel.

"Thanks mister, this is the lift that put me where I've always wanted to be."

The driver closed the door, shifted the gears and slowly eased the car back into the maelstrom of traffic running southward along Broadway.

This driver who had early that morning given Betty Randolph a lift, drove away unaware that he had placed on the stage of life a woman destined to be the central character in one of the world's most bizarre and heart-gripping dramas.

Betty stood on the corner, a multitude of people pushing by her. She took stock of the situation. The date was March 16, 1933.

She was twenty-one years of age, five feet two, weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was gifted with that combination of face and figure that caused men to look twice.

Just one month previous she had given birth to a child —an eight-pound girl, but love and motherhood on twenty dollars a week in a small mid-western city held no charms for her.

"Love!" she sneered. "I'll make love pay dividends!"

The inscrutable lights blinked down and saw only an attractive young woman in a cheap cloth coat hurrying towards the entrance to the Hotel Hermitage. Forgotten were the parting words of the driver.

Two days later Betty began her "conquest" of the city.

It was nine o'clock in the evening. A bitter wind freighted with chill fog had driven most of the pedestrians indoors. Betty gaily marched west along One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street. Her lips were dyed to a scarlet streak, her cheeks were heavily daubed with paint. The unnatu-

rally high spike heels on her shoes made her walk a constant series of trippings.

As her eyes lit on a male passer-by her blue orbs widened, stared into his, and her lips pursed invitingly. As he passed by without a backward glance Betty shrugged her shoulders.

"It's a big sea," she said to herself. "There are plenty of fish in it."

Shop windows darkened, the streets became even more deserted, and Betty had her first feeling of fear. Her long slim fingers clutched convulsively about an imitation alligator-skin purse which contained eighteen dollars—all that separated her from being an object of charity. Resolutely she tramped the pavement reaching Eighth Avenue, taking the other side of the street. Two hours passed.

Suddenly she spied a flashily dressed youth eyeing her uncertainly from the other side of the street. Betty waved her purse at him. The youth's fast walk was almost a trot as he hurried to her side.

"Good evening, honey," she purred sweetly.

"It's a tough night to be pounding the pavements," he said.

Betty shrugged her shoulders. His eyes glanced down at hers questioningly.

"Oh, regular," she told him. "Straight."

Suddenly the icy hand of fear clutched Betty Randolph. Her ears detected heavy foot-steps walking towards them. Out of the corner of her eye she noted the blue-coated figure of a New York City patrolman approaching toward her. She had been walking the streets for two hours. The patrolman had evidently been keeping tabs on her, suspecting her calling. Was the youth in her company a plainclothes detective trying to get evidence against her?

With a pounding heart she slipped her hand under the youth's arm.

The blue-coat stopped for a moment then passed on, jauntily twirling his night-stick.

"Let's get off this street." Her voice echoed her relief.

They walked south to One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, and Betty flagged a taxi. They climbed in.

"Where to, buddy?" asked the cab-driver.

The youth looked at Betty.

"Drive south," she directed.

The cab-driver obeyed. They had travelled several blocks along Seventh Avenue when the driver's head turned about once more.

"Any place in particular, lady?" he asked.

Betty answered in a low voice. "I'm really looking for a place we can go to where we won't have to register."

The cab-driver said nothing.

He drove down to 124 West One Hundred and Eleventh Street.

"Walk up the front steps, and ring the bell," he suggested.

They got out of the cab, the youth paid the fare.

It was a four-story brownstone house. Betty walked up the steps, and pressed the outside bell. Two minutes later the door swung inwards. A tall, broad-shouldered man barred the entrance.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"A room for the night," Betty replied.

His heavy brows contracted as he peered suspiciously at the couple.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

Betty motioned towards the taxicab which was still parked in front of the house.

"Okay."

Betty and her companion stepped in. The carpet was faded and the wide hallway barren of furniture. He led them up a flight of stairs and into a room that faced on

the rear. There was a large double bed, two chairs and a dresser in the room. The dusty, threadbare carpet was a faded color which at one time might have been brown. The furniture was deeply scarred by cigarette burns.

This will cost you three dollars," the man said.

"How much by the week?" Betty asked.

"Fifteen dollars."

"I'll pay you ten."

"Twelve-fifty," said the man.

"Twelve, and it's a deal."

The proprietor shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I got to pay the cab-driver his commission out of this."

"Twelve and it's a deal," Betty repeated.

"You drive a hard bargain, lady; it's a deal." He held forth a hairy fist, palm upwards. "In advance!"

Betty laid twelve bills in his hand.

He drew a key from his pocket and laid it on the dresser. Then he turned abruptly, closed the door, and was gone. Betty took the key, inserted it in the lock, and closed the door. She laid her hat and coat across one of the chairs.

"You're new in the city, aren't you?" the youth asked.

"My first one in the Big Town." She looked coyly at him. With a deft movement of her fingers, she unhooked her dress and it cascaded to the floor about her feet.

The youth's gaze watched avidly as his fingers fumbled with the buttons on his coat.

A half hour later, Betty stood before the mirror. She smoothed her rumpled hair. With a handkerchief she wiped the smeared rouge from her lips and applied a fresh carmine coat. She fingered the two soiled dollar bills, and thrust them into her purse, gathered her hat and coat and once more trouped out into the raw March night.

By two o'clock in the morning she had managed to secure an additional three patrons.

That morning she checked into the luxurious Hotel New Yorker. No. 124 West One Hundred Eleventh Street henceforth became her business address. Weeks followed in the same pattern. Work from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. Some days she had no difficulty in filling the quota she had set herself. Others meant actual labor before she could secure a single patron.

At this time she met another lady of the evening who showed surprise that one as pretty as Betty should be forced to "pound the pavements."

"That's a sucker game," her friend said. "The bulls are bound to catch up with you."

Betty realized the truth of this statement. During the months since her arrival in the city she had sensed impending arrest dozens of times. "What'll I do about it?" she asked.

"Why don't you drop down to 18 West One Hundred Twenty-fourth Street? That place is run by Leon Pol; it's a good spot. You might be able to pick up a very nice clientele."

It was early in October that Betty appeared at that address. Pol, a short, dark, middle-aged man answered her ring. He surveyed her keenly and said, "You can have a room here for ten dollars a week."

"I'll take it."

He showed her into apartment five.

With the experience she had acquired, Betty took to visiting speakeasies and beer-parlors throughout the white section of Harlem. Through contacts made at these places, contacts made at the two addresses she maintained, and her street-walking she managed to make both ends meet. But somehow she never managed to make more than her necessary expenses.

It was in the latter part of November that Betty repaired to the Harlem Grill. This is a beer-parlor on West

One Hundred Twenty-seventh Street. Although it is in the heart of the black belt of Harlem, it is patronized largely by whites. Betty stood at the bar. "A whiskey sour!"

The bartender went to fill the order. Ever mindful of the men seated at a table regarded her through lids that seemed to rise and fall like an awning. He was dark, tall, slim with a lined face. Betty nodded her head. The man sidled up to her.

"What're you having, kid?" he asked.

She told him.

"Double the order, bartender." He returned towards her. "You on the market, kid?"

She nodded.

"Who you working for?"

"Myself!"

"A 'sleep-walker', huh?" he grinned.

Again Betty nodded.

"What's your name?"

"What's yours?" she countered.

"Charlie Hawkins."

"Well, mine's Betty Hawkins," she told him.

"Aw, quit your kiddin', I could do a lot for you in this racket."

"Well, Betty Hawkins is as good a name as any." From that moment on Betty had a new name; one that was marked as official on court records.

"What's your proposition?" she asked him. She was accustomed to hearing offers made by half the members of her clientele.

"I'm a runner for the Big Boss," he told her. "I can give you full police protection, and a chance to go into high-class trade, and make five hundred checks a week."

The bartender set the drinks before them. Betty sipped slowly as Charlie's words sunk in.

"Yeh, and what does all this cost me?"

"Darn cheap, twenty-five bucks to me for the introduction to the Big Boss, and my end is settled. You pay him twenty per cent of your earnings the first week, and ten per cent a week after that for every week you work."

Charlie Hawkins further embellished his story by showing how girls working under the full protection of the Boss were never molested.

"Why," he laughed, "when the bulls pull a phoney raid just to show the people they're doing something, we get the girls out and back on the job in twenty-four hours and it doesn't cost them a cent."

"How many girls does he have working for him?"

"Plenty! Listen, kid," he said emphatically, "I'm talking about the Big Boss and if you've been in this racket a day you know who I mean."

Betty did. For ten years the Big Boss had ruled the vice domain in New York City with an iron hand and when Charlie spoke of police immunity he evidently spoke the truth, because in all that ten years not once had the Big Boss been convicted for the violation of Section 2460 of the Penal Code (New York City's white slave act).

Betty downed her drink and turned to Charlie. "It listens good to me and I'll take you up on it. Are you free tonight?" She looked up at him.

"Sure kid!"

They walked to Betty's rooms at Leon Pol's place.

An hour later with an additional three dollars in her purse, she spoke to her room-mate, Jean DuBella, a dark, short, Italian girl whose prominent nose gave her the nickname of "Schnozzola."

"I think I need a rest," she told Jean, "from now on I'm saving up my money to go back to St. Paul to see my folks; they're still taking care of my little girl."

"I thought you said you came from Mason City?" Jean commented.

"Yeh, but my folks moved out to St. Paul," was the reply. "You know, I'd like you to come along with me; I think it would do us both good to get out of the City for awhile."

Three days before Christmas, the girls had saved sufficient funds for railway fare.

"Maybe I oughtn't go," Jean said. "My brother's sick in the hospital."

"Aw, forget about it, Jean, he'll get better by the time you're back."

The girls packed, drove down to Grand Central Station and left town.

Two weeks later Jean had a premonition that her brother had taken a turn for the worse. "I just feel it in my bones. I better get back right away."

"Nonsense," Betty said. "That's just a lot of superstition."

Jean left that day. She arrived in New York just one day after her brother had died.

At the end of January Betty returned to the city. This time she was determined to "go places." Her nine months of street-walking she checked up to experience. Now she knew her way around the city—and the words Charlie Hawkins had spoken burned deep in her memory. Five hundred checks a week was something no girl could sneer at.

Thus, her first step after checking in at Leon Pol's place was to go to the Harlem Grill to seek out Charlie Hawkins. He was to her that unusual combination of friend and customer. Luck was with her; she found him there.

"Hello Betty," he greeted with a broad smile. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

Betty explained. "Listen, Charlie, you got to do me a favor. I'm broke. I just got back to town yesterday. I spent my last nickel on railroad fare coming back East.

Give me a knock-down to the Big Boss. I want to start work right away."

Charlie patted her shoulder. "Drop by at seven o'clock tonight. He'll be here."

Betty returned that evening. At seven o'clock, the Harlem Grill was packed with many people. This place seemed an oasis for the ladies of easy virtue who worked in that section. As Betty peered through the smoke-filled room her eyes lit on Charlie Hawkins sitting at a table with another man and woman.

The man appeared to be about thirty-five years old, dark and husky. He was dressed in an expensive blue suit with a narrow pin-stipple, pale blue shirt and a striped tie. His hair was combed straight back from his forehead and extended backwards in a V shape from his brow. Though it was heavily pomaded it fell into innumerable waves. But nothing he wore could quite conceal the grossness and brutality of his face. Beetling black brows and heavy lids contracted perpetually over cold, marble-like grey eyes. The mouth was tight-lipped, and the chin firm. Over the entire face a thick coat of oil glistened in the dull light.

Betty approached the group.

Instinctively she smoothed her coat more closely about her body. If ever she was to impress a man she felt that this was the time.

Charlie Hawkins scraped back from the table. "Hih ya, Betty? Shake hands with the Boss!"

Betty's arm went out timidly. Her hand was gripped in a wet, clammy palm.

"Charlie's been tellin' me you might have a spot for me," she said shyly.

The Boss grunted. "Maybe. You been in town long?"

"A year."

"Taken ya a long time to hunt me up," the Boss growled.

"I had to," Betty said. "I'm flat broke. Leaving town just shot my business to hell."

Throughout the conversation she could feel the Boss's eyes coldly appraising her. It was as though he took each limb, each bit of flesh and put a monetary value on it.

"How about going over to your room?" he smirked.

This was talk that Betty could understand. "Sure," she grinned. "What's in it for me?"

"Oh, I got about three bucks. Wait for me outside. I'll be right with you."

Betty turned to Charlie. "By the way if the Boss puts me to work I'll pay you the twenty-five bucks for the knock-down out of my earnings."

"Oh, it makes no difference," Charlie told her. "Pay it to me or the Boss, whoever you see first."

The Boss's eyes followed Betty as she walked out of the beer-parlor. He spoke rapidly to the woman at his side. She was an attractive red-headed woman of about twenty-eight years of age.

"Well, I guess I got another girl for you, Millie." He spoke quickly out of the corner of his mouth.

Millie shook her head sadly. "I don't know, Boss, she's a little too good-looking to stand for my racket."

The Boss sneered. "When I tell 'em to do something, they do it."

Again she shook her head. "You got to remember all my customers are Chinks."

The Boss smirked. "Don't I know it!"

He turned abruptly on his heel and left. Outside he met Betty. He called a cab and they were both driven to Leon Pol's place. In Betty's room the Boss drew the shades, locked the door and snapped on all the lights.

"O.K. kid," he said. "Let's see the stock in trade."

Betty undressed with a practised hand. Slowly, almost

casually he examined the girl as though she were an animal at a stock show. She paraded nude before him.

"You'll do," he grunted, "—so far." His eyes motioned her to a cot in the corner of the room. "I always sample my wares before I dispose of them." He laughed at his grisly humor.

A half hour later the Boss, his oily face glistening with added perspiration, said, "Well kid, I don't think I should have too much trouble placing you. Drop around to the Harlem Grill every now and then. I think we can get together."

He laid three dollar-bills on the edge of the dresser and was gone.

The moment the door had closed, Betty cried exultantly to herself, "I've made it; I've had the Boss." Through her mind ran visions of five hundred dollars a week earnings. Surely she had started climbing the ladder of success.

Chapter II

LADIES FOR SALE

I THINK it will be well to pause here a moment to remind the reader that it will serve no purpose to camouflage what actually takes place and how this brutish barterer of human souls operates. These facts are from official records and actual contacts with people concerned. It is my belief that if this debasing, disgraceful, and shameful traffic is to be finally eradicated, it must come through the arousing of public opinion. And how, if the truth is not laid bare, can the people become aware of this unspeakable evil?

* * * * *

For a week thereafter Betty neglected her calling, spending all available time at the Harlem Grill, waiting for the Boss to show up again. He did on several occasions, treating her to drinks and slipping her a five-dollar bill for "services rendered."

"Things are pretty tough now," he said on these occasions. "Maybe it'll tide you over until I find an opening." The effect he left on the girl was exactly that planned by the super-salesman of vice.

Betty felt sure that an important job would soon be forthcoming. But the Boss made certain that before he broached his plan to her she would be so low in funds that anything he might offer would be grabbed gratefully.

A week later his opportunity came. They were seated at a table in the beer parlor when he suddenly snapped his fingers. "I've got just the spot for you Betty. You'll have a five hundred dollar week."

He rose abruptly from the table, entered a phone booth and made a call. He came back and said, "It's all fixed now. You'll work in Millie's house."

Together they drove in the Boss's expensive car to 515 West One Hundred Twenty-fourth Street.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said as they entered the building, "this place caters to Oriental trade."

Betty blanched. Her head shook slowly.

"Better grab it," the Boss said. "There aren't many openings in the City."

Betty felt her slim pulse with a sinking heart. "Is it a sleep-in?" she asked.

"That's right."

She squared her chin and said resolutely, "I guess I can stand it for a week."

The Boss rang the bell and Millie, the red-headed woman who had been seated at the table with him, greeted the pair.

"Hello Betty," she said, ushering them in. "The Boss told me all about you. I guess we'll get along swell."

Millie delved into a drawer and brought out a diaphanous pair of lounging pajamas. "Here, slip into these. You can use that bedroom." She pointed to a door off the foyer. "It's yours for the week."

"How'll your cut come out of this?" she asked the Boss.

"The regular way," was the reply. "Clip off twenty per cent for me. Anything you charge her for board and room is your own business."

"Has she been to one of your doctors?" Millie asked.

"Naw," the Boss said. "What does she have to go there for? Your customers won't know the difference."

Millie shook her head sadly. "I like to keep my kids clean!"

A moment later Betty emerged from the room. Through

the sheer silk fabric of her pajamas every contour of her body was plainly visible. The garment, in the parlance of her group, is known as "tease cloth."

"When were you at the doctor's last?" Millie asked.

"Three days ago. He passed me O.K."

"Have you got a slip?"

"No."

Millie regarded Betty narrowly and said, "I'll take your word for it, kid."

"If there's a pinch, and we may sometimes have them," the Boss told her, "the first thing you do is keep your mouth shut. You never heard of me, and you never saw me. If you ever once mention the fact you'd never live to step up on the witness-box. If they ever toss you into the 'can', forget about it. I'll have you out in twenty-four hours."

Betty nodded her head. The Madam escorted the Boss to the door and closed it after him.

"O.K." She turned to Betty, "The rush hour starts soon. We got no set prices for our customers. I size them up as they step through the door. When I help 'em off with their coats I'll give you the high sign on what you're to charge. And don't forget this. Take your pay in advance. We'll settle our accounts at the end of the week."

A minute later the door-bell rang. The madam opened it and admitted a Chinaman. Although his clothes were thoroughly Americanized, nothing could disguise the slant eye-brows, the almond-shaped eyes, and the yellow skin.

"Hey, Jean," Millie yelled, "to the front please; we have some visitors."

From the back bedroom a frowsy-haired harlot entered. Through her silk nightgown was revealed a sagging bosom and a body rolled with fat. She was the third member of the household. The Madam herself took customers on busy nights.

The Chinaman regarded both prostitutes carefully and a thin finger darted out. "I like this." He pointed to Betty.

As Millie helped him off with his coat four fingers showed above the level of the Oriental's shoulder. Betty nodded her head understandingly.

"O.K. Chin, her name is Betty." Her thumb indicated the bedroom door.

Chin moved forward. One arm went around Betty's waist.

"You new girl?" he asked, his face glowing feverishly.

Betty submitted stolidly. She permitted herself to be led to the bedroom.

"Four dollars please," she echoed. She watched Chin peel four single bills from a roll in his pocket, wet his thumb, and re-count them twice. Betty folded them lengthwise, then across and placed the bills in her stocking.

In the bedroom, Chin worked himself into a passion. A feeling of revulsion overcame the girl.

"Aw, cut it," she hissed through clenched teeth.

Chin stopped, his almond eyes registering surprise.

"You'll get what you paid for," she gritted. "What more do you want?"

The night was a very busy one for Betty. At three o'clock in the morning when work ended, she had sixty-five dollars in a small coin purse. Carefully she took thirteen dollars from one purse and slipped it into a second. This was the Boss's cut. At the end of a five-day period her gross income was three hundred dollars. She had averaged fifteen men per night. The coin purse set aside for the Boss contained thirty dollars.

The remainder of the two hundred and seventy dollars she split in half, and gave Millie one hundred and thirty-five dollars. From her own end she again deducted thirty-five dollars for Millie in payment for her room and board. This left her one hundred dollars. Ten dollars was paid to

the doctor, and another ten for her bond fee. Still another ten dollars went to Leon Pol in payment for her rent at his place. Added to this was the twenty-five dollars that she was to pay Charlie Hawkins for the introduction.

This left her with fifty dollars out of three hundred she had earned in five nights, each night a twelve-hour working "night."

At noon on the sixth day the Boss, bland and serene, a long cigar slamped in his teeth, entered the establishment. He walked into Betty's bedroom.

"How's it going kid?"

Betty shrugged her shoulders listlessly. "I guess you came around here for your cut."

"Yeh!"

She extracted thirty dollars from the small coin purse and handed it to him.

"You wanna stick it out here another week?" he asked. "You made three hundred checks in five days."

"I guess I can last it out."

"O.K. I'll be sein' ya," and he left.

A change had come over Betty in that short week. It was though a string had snapped in her heart. Her face was pale, lined, and two dark rings had formed under lusterless eyes. She seemed to move around in a constant haze.

Two hours later she packed her bag and without a word to Millie, left the house, and returned to Leon Pol's.

That night Millie discovered the absence of her new girl. By the time she had notified the Boss it was too late to secure another girl for the rush hour. Therefore, Millie accommodated her customers.

The following morning the Boss, dressed in a loud checked grey suit, burst into the apartment.

"How come she left you?" he stormed.

"I don't know," she shrugged her shoulders. "She just walked out."

The Boss's face was livid with fury, "I'll fix her wagon for this. She'll come back to me, crawling on her knees asking for work!"

"I don't blame her for taking a run-out powder. I'd give her another month of this and it woulda killed her."

"Talking morals," the Boss sneered. "You've got a hell of a nerve. You've been living with a Chink for the last five years."

"If you're tryin' to tell me how bad I am you can save your breath. There's good people and there's bad people in this world. I'm the bad, but I'm not so bad that I can't see through your cheap, brutal hide."

Her red hair bristled. Her eyes flamed. "What the hell you tryin' to do the kid? Can't you see it's killing her? I know it was good for my business. I had a packed joint every day she was here, but I got a little humanity left in me. Where will she go from here? You answer me that.

"Jean back there will last another six months and then she's set for the junk heap. She's a cokey. She's been diseased so many times I ought to be passing service stripes for her. Give her a year in the poor-house or the city hospital and they'll be dumpin' her down into a Potter's grave."

The Boss controlled his voice with an effort. "Keep it up, you're doin' swell."

"Sure, I am," stormed Millie. "I don't want to have any part of you or your .... graft. I ain't bookin' another woman through you. Now you can get the hell out of here and stay out."

The Boss's face was purple with anger. "That's a pretty story, but I'll tell you one that you haven't heard. There's no room in this town for you. The minute you

open a joint it's goin' to be kicked in. If my boys don't do it, the cops will."

Millie walked to the door and flung it open. "Scram, big shot! You ain't scarin' me with that talk." She slammed the door on his retreating back.

"I didn't think I'd live to see the day when the good began cropping out of me," she said with satisfaction to Jean, who had been attracted to the room by the violent argument.

With that Millie grabbed her hat and coat and hurried from the apartment—in search of another girl to fill Betty's place!

When Betty left Millie's place she had no clear idea as to what she was going to do or where she was going to go. She returned to her room at Leon Pol's, however, and lounged about for three days. For awhile she thought she would go insane. Later when her mind cleared, she thought, "What have I got to lose? I'll go back to the Boss. There's only one thing that counts in this world and that's money."

She dressed carefully, added an extra coat of rouge to her cheeks to cover the pallor, and left for the Harlem Grill.

She sat at a table drinking gin for two hours until Charlie Hawkins showed up. He greeted her effusively.

"I hear you worked up at Millie's place," he said.

"Yeh," was the reply. She opened her purse, extracted twenty-five dollars and handed it to him. "I guess this squares us. Can you get the Boss down here? I want him to book me again."

"I thought he had you all booked up!"

"Yeh, but I walked out on him."

Charlie whistled. "I'll do my best."

That night Betty spoke to the Boss. The latter apparently had lost all vestiges of his earlier anger.

"Sure," he said. "I'll book you again. This time you'll have to work straight and steady. I won't have you working one week and then quitting, and then coming back to work again in another week or month. When I say every week I mean every week."

Betty grasped on the words hopefully. "Gee, Boss, you're swell. I'll stick close to the line, only—" and she hesitated a moment, "I don't want to go back to Oriental trade."

"By the way," he said, "did Charlie get his twenty five bucks?"

Hawkins who was present said, "Yeh, Boss, she paid it to me this afternoon."

"O.K.," he said. "I'm sending you up to Mother's."

"What kind of a place is it?" she asked.

"Whites," was the reply, "a two dollar house." He jotted an address on a card and handed it to her. "You hop right over there, they need someone in a hurry."

"Do I go to the doctor first?"

"No, you'll be examined in the house."

Betty took the card gratefully, walked out and flagged a cab. She was driven to Eighty-sixth Street. At the door she was met by Mother. This Madam was about forty years old, tall, and stately. Her hair was prematurely grey. She was dressed in a black evening gown.

"I'm Betty."

"The Boss told me about you. Hurry into your bedroom and get into a robe. The doctor will be here any minute."

Betty glanced around the apartment. It was tastefully furnished. The rug was deep and soft, and the shaded lamps threw a soft light over the expensive furniture. When she returned dressed in her robe, Mother explained how the household worked.

"Here's your card." She handed Betty an oblong

pasteboard with four equal columns of numbers from one to one hundred. These were blocked off in small squares so that a punch could be made for each dollar a customer paid her. It looked like a cafeteria ticket.

"As soon as you get the money you turn it over to me. I'll punch your card for as much as you hand me. At the end of the week we'll settle accounts. You'll be able to keep check of it with these cards. Your room and board will be fifty dollars a week. The doctor will be ten and your bond fee ten. You'll have a maid to wait on you. She gets five dollars a week. That makes only seventy-five altogether. If any of your customers get tough call on my husband; he'll handle that."

The front doorbell rang, and the doctor was admitted.

"Here she is," Mother pointed. "Give her the once-over."

As Betty walked towards her room, Mother called out, "Oh, Betty, one other thing. I want to make sure that you stay away from my son." Mother was referring to her eighteen-year-old child who dwelt in the house with them. "I've had to run out several girls for making passes at him," she cautioned.

Betty nodded her head in silent assent. She walked into her bedroom, lay on the bed while the doctor opened his case, and set about his task.

"Gee, I hope I'm O.K.," Betty said.

"Only my microscope can tell," he replied briskly.

"Yeh? I'm worried."

"What have you got to be worried about?" The doctor laughed. "Even if you are 'caught' the Boss will fix it. Besides, it's the suckers who visit you that will have all the worry."

Betty lasted in this place for six days. At the end of that time she presented three cards to Mother. Two had been fully checked and the third had a final punch in the

figure forty. This meant that her total earnings for the six-day period was two hundred and forty dollars.

For this, her second week's work under the Boss' booking, she had only to pay ten per cent commission. After the commission and fifty per cent cut was deducted Betty's end was one hundred and eight dollars. From this was deducted fifty dollars for board, ten dollars for the doctor, ten dollars bond fee, and five dollars for the maid. *Out of her original two hundred and forty dollars earnings, Mother handed Betty thirty-three dollars. A bit of rapid calculation reveals that Bety enteratined an average of twenty men each night for six nights and each of these nights she worked from 2 P.M. to 3 A.M., or thirteen hours. If we study the figures more closely, we see that Betty in entertaining* 120 *men in those six nights received exactly twenty-seven and one-half cents from each customer.*

Evidently Betty saw the injustice of the situation. This, coupled with the fact that she was heart-sick, broken in health, and weary from the long, hard hours of her employment, decided her to quit.

This time, she said to herself, it's going to be definite. She placed the money in her bag, snapped it shut resolutely, and left.

That night she walked slowly down Broadway. Again her eyes lit upon the myriad of blazing bulbs that glittered on that "Avenue of Broken Dreams." The date was February 28, 1934. Again Betty took stock of the situation. She had been in New York almost a year to the day. Her heart was set on owning the lights on Broadway, and on "going places."

She hungered for pretty clothes, music, gaiety. Instead she knew heart-aches, squalid living conditions, and work that had quickly undermined her health. In the past year she had lost fifteen pounds, had become diseased twice, and had aged ten years.

She walked slowly along the crowded street. Millionaires and newsboys, society ladies and prostitutes, criminals and church-men all rubbed shoulders. For a while she felt as though a wave were carrying her along. An ineffable sadness came over her. Surely the price of sin was too high, especially, she might have reasoned, for the return it was paying her.

Suddenly, as though out of the lights, the driver's words of a year ago came back to her. *"There's a broken heart for every light on Broadway."* She moved quietly through the elbowing throng, hurriedly darting for support to the side of a building. Both hands covered her face as she broke into bitter tears, each sob heaving her shoulders silently.

The next morning Betty made the second momentous decision in her life. The first occurred when she had decided to become a prostitute. The second one was her decision to go straight.

She took a crosstown trolley to Third Avenue, and walked to Eighty-third Street. There she enrolled in the Yorkville Beauty School. To the owner, Alex Weiszberg, she said, "I'd like to be able to finish this course in a month because I'm going back to my home out West to live."

"In two months," Weiszberg replied, "I think you should be a very competent worker."

For three weeks Betty attended classes—in fact made a very fine record. The school maintained a beauty parlor in which the girls received actual training.

In that time Betty made the acquaintance of Eddie Kantola, a Finn. Eddie became her regular boy-friend. Although he didn't suspect Betty's past, still it was a great shock to her when Eddie proposed marriage.

Betty's heart throbbed with joy at this chance to definitely cut herself adrift from the racket, but in the next moment she felt a vague misgiving. Would it be fair for

her to accept without revealing her past? What if she should "play him for a sucker" and he discovered the truth about her—what would happen then? Besides, she reasoned, what was her legal status in regard to her first husband? If the latter had secured a divorce, she had never learned about it.

"Gee, Eddie," she said, "I like you an awful lot, but I can't give you my answer now."

"Don't let me rush you," Eddie said, "though I do hope you decide soon."

The following days were the happiest Betty had known. She walked along the street with a light heart, her mind free from worries.

It was towards the closing days of March when she ran into Charlie Hawkins.

"Gee kid," his face lit up. "I've been looking all over for you."

Betty had a premonition of fear. "Sorry, Charlie," she said. "You've been a pretty good friend to me, but I've quit this racket for good. I'm going straight now."

"Good for you," Charlie said, pumping her hand enthusiastically. "I give you all the credit in the world."

Betty's fears vanished.

"Say, you wait here for me kid, I want to talk to you." He dashed into a cigar-store, made a phone call and hurried back again. "Come on, the drinks are on me this time."

"I'm giving that up, too."

"Oh, just this once, a sort of celebration for this great day."

"O.K. this last time."

They walked to a beer parlor. Betty ordered a beer and Charlie a shot of rye. They had been talking for several minutes, when a small, wizened youth walked unobtrusively through the doorway. He walked up behind Betty, and pressed a hard object into the small of her back.

"Keep your mouth shut, kid, or I'll drop you in your tracks!" Betty froze. "Now get off the stool and get out to that car!"

Her heart beating frantically, Betty obeyed. She stepped down, walked out through the front door, and into a car, followed by the youthful trigger-man and Charlie Hawkins.

"What's all this about?" Betty asked weakly, when she had settled into a back seat.

"Nothing much," Charlie grinned. "Nobody runs out on the Boss twice in a row and gets away with it. You're going back to work!"

Five minutes later the car pulled up in front of a tenement house in Harlem. Betty was hustled out of the car and rushed up two flights of stairs. A huge colored woman opened the door and admitted them to an apartment.

"I'll leave Betty in your care," Charlie said. "She may prove a little difficult at first, but she'll knuckle down to business." Charlie left the apartment.

The youth flattened himself against the door, the right hand in his jacket pocket making a suspicious bulge. "When the customers walk in," the youth warned, "don't make me ruin this suit."

A short time later a husky Negro walked into the apartment. Betty was lined up with several colored prostitutes. The colored man's thick lips broke into a huge grin revealing a full set of gold teeth.

"I go for white meat," he uttered, walking directly to Betty.

Betty shrank back against the wall. "No," she cried. *"No!"*

The wizened youth stepped forward. The bulge in his pocket pointed directly at Betty's heart. Betty saw the menacing look in his eyes.

"For God's sake," she cried. *"Don't!"*

There was a tense silence in the room. Betty's eyes travelled wildly from the huge Negro on one side of the wizened gunman who lounged against the wall on the other side. The Negro's eyes opened wide in surprise as though he could not quite comprehend the situation.

The slim gunman twisted a crooked smile. "You're boy-friend's waiting, kid."

Betty's eyes widened in a tearful plea. The only response was a sardonic shake of the gunman's head.

Timidly Betty led the Negro into the bedroom. "This way . . . honey."

Three days later, when the guard was lifted, Betty walked out into the street. All hopes for reformation were forever blasted. She felt degraded to the very depths of her being. The Boss and his runner who had spread so glowing a perspective before her eyes had finally, through their cupidity, dragged her through the ultimate in human disgrace.

With no one to turn to, Betty returned to her old profession. She gave up her course at the Beauty School. Eddie Kantola, the man who had offered her marriage and an opportunity for security and respectability, was now forever outside her province.

Now that she had fled from the protective fold of the Boss, business was doubly difficult for her. Several times patrolmen had stopped her while she was "hustling" on the streets, and warned her to stay out of Harlem.

Late in February, 1935, she was arrested for soliciting. On this charge she pleaded not guilty, and won an acquittal. The only concession she made to the police warnings was to change her address more frequently.

On May 19th, Betty was living at 284 Lenox Avenue. She had had few callers that evening, thus, when the doorbell rang, she gratefully ushered in a clean-cut, well-dressed man.

"It's a pretty warm night, honey," she commented.

"Yes, looks like it's going to be a hot summer," he replied, unbuttoning his jacket and vest.

"Two dollars, please!" Betty reminded.

"Oh yes," his face broke into an engaging grin. His hand dug into his hip-pocket, drew out a billfold and extracted two bills.

Betty took them, folded them length-wise, then across, and slipped them into her stocking.

But here the man acted strangely. Instead of going through the routine as "custom" decreed, he walked rapidly to the door, flung it open, and called, "O.K."

A second individual came swiftly into view. Both men flashed their shields. "Borough Headquarters Squad," one of them said. "You're under arrest."

He took the two dollars—marked bills—from Betty, hurried her into a waiting car and drove to the Night Court. Here she was held in high bail, and was sent to the House of Detention to await trial.

Meanwhile Millie, the red-headed Madam of the Oriental house of prostitution, learned the bitter price she was to pay for befriending Betty and running counter to the Boss' commands. An increasing number of inquiries were being made at her old residence. She had moved to 141 West One Hundred Tenth Street in an effort to hide from the Boss. But in the Spring of 1935, a squad of police raided the apartment, and rushed her off to the Night Court.

She was placed in the House of Detention to await trial. She had ample solitude to ponder over the Boss' threat "to fix her wagon."

Chapter III

LARGE SCALE PRODUCTION

It was on a day early in May, 1935, that I left the Court of General Sessions. I had just finished summing up my case for the People. My head was full of the trial, a pretty difficult one. I had just entered my office and was making several notations on the case which I was scheduled to try the next morning when the phone rang. I scooped up the receiver.

"Hop up to my office right away," was the command.

I set the receiver back on the hook. I recognized the voice as that of my superior, District Attorney William Copeland Dodge. As I walked up the narrow stairway leading to the sixth floor, I wondered what the reason for this summons might be. I walked into my Chief's office silently. Evidently he did not hear me enter for his head remained buried in a mass of reports that he was studying intently.

I stood by silently and studied the man in whose hands were entrusted the guardianship of more than two million Americans. I was shocked at the change that had come over him. He was a slender, wiry, rugged man whose name has struck fear in the hearts of New York criminals. Withal, he is kindly and usually smiling.

On this occasion, however, his lips were clamped grimly shut, and I noticed his hands clench and unclench with an inner excitement. Notwithstanding his grim appearance, one could readily understand why he is called "Smiling Bill".

I coughed discreetly. "I'm here, Judge," I said somewhat unnecessarily.

The District Attorney raised his eyes. "I've got a job for you," he declared flatly. "I don't care how much time you are going to spend on it, but I want this matter cleared up." His fist smote the table with a note of finality.

"What's it all about?"

The Judge spoke on as though I had been party to his thoughts. "I'm going to smoke out that filthy crew of vultures if it's my last official act in office. They've had things pretty much their own way long enough. They batten on the blood of women. While they wax rich, these same women who give their bodies and their health, die early deaths in the city's hospitals and poor-houses."

"Whoa, Judge, you still haven't told me who these people are?"

"I mean the vice ring and whoever the individual at the head of it is!"

I whistled sharply. "What makes you think that it's a well-knit organization that runs vice?"

"Everything points to it. The police raid hundreds of bagnios every month. Hundreds, if not thousands of arrests are made, and what points stand out in sharp relief? In most of these cases no clothing can be found in the rooms of the prostitutes. Surely that tells us that the girls do not live there but are booked into the places by someone higher up. In many cases after the raid is made girls are released for lack of evidence and yet the following week in new raids they will be arrested working in other houses. Surely this leads to the assumption that they are travelling in well-defined circuits. Yet what happens when all these unfortunate women are arrested and brought to trial?

"In almost every case, bail is furnished by undisclosed principals. Invariably these girls are defended by the same attorneys. Now who pays those attorneys?"

I shook my head.

"Of course you don't know, and neither do I. It is 'unethical' for these shysters to divulge the name of the man or men who hired them to defend these prostitutes in almost wholesale lots."

"Our men have been questioning these girls every time they have been arrested," I told him. "Not one of them will reveal whom they are working for. Sometimes, they give us the name of the Madam, but they never speak of anyone higher than that."

"Of course they don't. Those girls live in mortal fear of their lives. Whoever the Boss, the king of vice in this city is—I warrant that you will find him surrounded by a group of gunmen and killers. I want that organization ferreted out and smashed."

I knew that this was a commendable desire, but I must admit that I could not quite see how we were going to go about it. Had not the police of this city been trying to get the Boss for the past ten years? Had not the Department of Justice in Washington sent their best operatives in an effort to locate and get the evidence against him? I turned to my Chief.

"What am I to do?" I asked.

"I want you to drop everything you are doing. If you have any cases scheduled in court I will assign a new assistant to try them. From now on you will have but one objective. Get the Vice King! I don't care if it takes you a week or if it takes a year."

"Isn't that more or less in the province of the police?" I asked. "It's our duty to prosecute criminals who have been arrested by the Police Department. We act on the evidence that they furnish us. In this case we really would be taking the whole job on our own shoulders."

"Not at all," Dodge said. "I have spoken about this matter to Police Commissioner Valentine. He understands

the situation fully. We have a horrible situation. No matter who cleans it—or how it is cleaned—it must be done!

There was no doubt in my mind on that score.

"Go to it!" Dodge told me.

I offered him my hand. "I'll follow this case through to the bitter end," I vowed.

The Judge shook my hand warmly. "God bless you!"

I left his office, and that afternoon began to build a staff of assistants who were to aid me in cracking the most difficult case ever faced by the New York City authorities.

* * * * *

My first step in the investigation was to go to the House of Detention to question all prostitutes being held. It was there that I met Betty Hawkins. She was one of the hundreds of girls that I questioned. In common with the others she refused to give me any information. I also met Millie (whose family name I am withholding for reasons which will become obvious later on in the story). She likewise refused to talk.

"I'm in here because I decided to do a good deed," she grinned. "Ain't that funny?"

At the time the remark was a mystery to me because the indictment against her showed she was charged with running a house of prostitution. I didn't know how that could be construed as a "good deed."

At this time I also met a woman being held for trial on the charge of prostitution. Her name was Kay Salter. Of all the women I had questioned she seemed to be the most intelligent. She was about five feet, six inches tall, and weighed about one hundred and eighteen pounds. She was twenty-one years of age, had coal-black, curly hair, a milk-white skin, and a round face with blue eyes. She

was a beautiful, well-formed woman. I told her that I was surprised to see a girl like her in the toils of the law.

"What difference does it make?" she said wearily. "Every one to his trade."

"Surely you were something else before you entered this?"

Her eyes brightened for a moment. "Why bring up the past?" she said casually.

"Kay, I'd like to help you," I said. "Why don't you tell me the name of the man for whom you were working?"

Her blue eyes hardened. "I wish I could, but if I talked I'd never like to step up on the witness stand."

"Don't you think that the police and my office are more powerful than this man you are afraid of?"

"Maybe." She shrugged her shoulders. "But you're not dealing with a young punk."

Of this I was fully aware. Kay refused any further information and I passed on. In the hundreds of statements I took from these girls, her identity along with Betty's and Millie's were soon lost. On one point I felt certain. Get the Boss, place him behind bars, then return to these girls and say, "There's your powerful figure. There's the man who would have you killed before you could step to the witness stand. Where's his power to worm his way out of those bars?"

I knew it was up to me to show these, for the most part simple-minded girls, graphically—that the majesty of the law was more powerful than the word of the Vice King.

At this point it is interesting to note that of all the girls questioned, ninety-nine per cent of them arrived in this city from other towns. By this I do not mean to state that New York does not breed women of that type. It merely shows that New York prostitutes go West. The scarlet women of the West come East.

Let me go back at this point to October 19th, 1934.

On the afternoon of that day, a tall good-looking, dark-haired man accompanied by a beautiful woman stepped smartly across the richly carpeted lobby of the President Hotel in New York. The man walked up to the desk and signed the register with a flourish—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benton Slaughter, El Paso, Texas. A room-clerk escorted them to an elevator and showed them to their room.

The woman was Kay Salter. They had just driven to the big city from El Paso. Slaughter was Kay's pimp.

Kay was an experienced girl. Born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, she had served her apprenticeship in vice-dens in Chicago, San Francisco, and in other parts of the country.

Slaughter spoke to Kay. "Well, kid, we finally hit the Big Town. With your looks we ought to drag down plenty of 'sugar.' It's time we landed in the big dough."

"You said it," Kay responded.

"Now don't worry, Babe. I won't steer you wrong. I'll get you into the circuit of the big-shot in this town. You'll play the big houses, and you won't have a thing to worry about."

For a week the pair took a vacation and visited the various points of interest throughout the city. At the end of October, Slaughter contacted a runner for the Boss, and rushed jubilantly back to the hotel.

"Listen kid, I've got it all fixed. The big Boss is booking you through. You start on November 1st, over at Birdie's house, 76 West Eighty-sixth Street. I'll bet we have a swell week," he told her.

"What do you mean we?" Kay flashed. "You're on the outside, Big Boy. I'm tired of seeing you spend my dough on other women."

At the appointed time Kay took a cab to the address he had furnished her. It was a four-story brownstone house set incongruously between a series of smart new apartment buildings. This is one of the fashionable residential

sections of New York City, situated between Central Park on the east, and the Hudson River on the west. Successful business men, professional men, and society leaders have flocked to this district. Also to this section have come the army of camp followers gathered under the scarlet banner of the Boss.

Kay walked up the steps, rang the bell and was admitted by Birdie herself. Birdie's face and figure still showed some trace of the beauty she must have possessed at one time. She had graduated from the ranks of the "hustler" and had become a Madam in her own right. She was the Boss' favorite.

"You must be Kay," Birdie told her. "Come on in. You work here this week." She led the girl into her private parlor and told her to strip.

Kay obeyed. She was examined and "passed." Birdie said, "You're working for the Boss now. He gets twenty per cent of your first week's pay, and ten per cent thereafter for every week you work in his circuit."

"That's O.K. by me."

"All right then, follow me. He's over in the outer room. He wants to take a look at you."

Kay bent down to retrieve her dress.

"You won't need that. Come along as you are."

Kay was ushered into a bedroom. On the bed was seated a dark, husky, oiled-complected, thin-lipped man. Birdie furnished the introduction.

"This is Kay; Kay, shake hands with your Boss."

The girl's hand was engulfed in a wet, clammy palm. She could feel the Boss' eyes coldly figuring the potential value of her body.

"You'll do," he grunted. "I think I'll be able to keep you working regularly." With that he got up and walked out.

Birdie handed Kay a small card with numbers on it ranging from one to one hundred. It resembled closely

the checks that are given out in cafeterias to the diners. This card was to keep a record of the girl's earnings in the six-day work-week (Sunday is a day of rest).

Kay re-dressed, visited the doctor, was examined, and then went to purchase an evening gown. This was to be her uniform. As Birdie explained, "We cater to a high class of people."

Back at Birdie's, Kay was shown into her room. The only articles of furniture in it were a chair, a dresser with a basin of water on it, and an iron cot covered by a grey blanket tucked tightly under the mattress. At the foot of the cot were streaks of black—scuffs from the boots of innumerable men. Over the head of the cot was a calendar with a large photo of a half-draped woman.

The week was a busy one for Kay. She was "visited" by one hundred and eighty men who paid two or three dollars each. When her checks were added she had made a total of five hundred dollars for the week. This amount was split with the madam. Of the remaining two hundred and fifty dollars, the Boss took ten per cent. Then there was the matter of thirty-five dollars for board, ten dollars bond fee, five dollars for the doctor, and five dollars for the maid. This left her with one hundred and seventy dollars.

Birdie's, however, is a "sleep-out house." In other words, it is used merely as a place of business, none of the girls sleeping there. Thus, out of one hundred and seventy dollars that she had left, Kay still had to pay twenty-one dollars for her room rent at the President Hotel, where she maintained her permanent address.

At the end of the week Birdie presented Kay with her final settlement. She also jotted a name and address on a piece of paper.

"You work at Rose Cohen's next week. I don't know

if she's going under that name or as May Dane, but you can't miss it."

Kay took her customary vacation on Sunday. The following day she went to the address given her by Birdie. It was an apartment house on West Fifty-sixth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues. Here she totalled six hundred dollars, but as this was a two-dollar house it meant an average of fifty men for every night she was there, a total of 300 men for the six-day period!

At this place she followed the same routine and the same deductions were made with the exception of the Boss' cut, which was only ten per cent.

From here she went to Dago Jean's on West Sixty-eighth Street, where she averaged forty men per night. At the end of the week Dago Jean gave her a new address and she went to Pop's.

At Pop's her checks totalled four hundred and fifty dollars. The following week was spent at Sadie, the Chink's, on West End Avenue and Eighty-first Street, one of the most notorious houses of prostitution in New York. Here Kay had her "best week." She made one hundred and ninety dollars for herself.

At the end of the week the Boss showed up for his cut.

Sadie collared him and said, "Listen, Boss, the men are crazy about Kay, and she's nice to them. Can't you let her stay here another week?"

The Boss' oily face gleamed as he smiled expansively. "Sure, as long as she is making business it doesn't matter to me what place she's in."

Kay remained another week. From here she was sent back to Rose Cohen's. The latter, feeling that an up-surge in business was due, had rented a penthouse apartment at 210 West Fifty-fourth Street.

Kay went to Flo Costello's, and then to Evelyn and Grace's. While at the latter place she suddenly quit work

one day and returned to her hotel. A half hour later the Boss was in her apartment.

"What's the matter with you, kid?" he asked.

"I'm sick," she told him, "my period."

"Oh, that's too bad," he sympathized. "You really should have a day off, but you know Kay, I'm pretty short on girls this week, and I'd like you to keep working for me."

"How can I in my condition?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll take care of that," he said. "You go down and visit the doctor. He'll fix you up. You'll be able to work."

"I don't know how that's going to work out."

"You leave it to me. It's worked out O.K. before."

The doctor gave Kay a sponge and said, "You'll be all right. You can go back to work."

Kay did, and an extra eighty dollars was split between the Boss, the Madam, and the doctor.

Kay worked over the circuit three times. Business was good. No week would she earn less than one hundred dollars. But this money, unfortunately, did not remain with her. Women of her class are known for the childish delight they take in foolish purchases.

She had saved one thousand dollars, and with this as a start she had figured out a plan that would take her through life prosperously. "Why," she argued with herself, "should I have to shell out three hundred dollars on a five hundred check week? I can keep all that money for myself. How?" She grinned to herself.

That night, late in the month of January, Kay sat down at the dinner table in Birdie's house. Seated at the table with her was Birdie, the Boss, and two prostitutes that the Boss had booked in recently.

The meal was over, the girls lit their cigarettes. The Boss clamped a fat cigar between his teeth.

"Well, I guess I'm going to quit," Kay smiled at the Boss.

The Boss' lips broke into a pleasant smile, but there was a hard glint in his eyes. "What for Kay? You're doin' pretty good business."

"Well, I got ideas. I want to open my own house."

"You're a smart girl," the Boss said. "But there's no sense your doin' it now. You're makin' good dough. You're too valuable as a worker."

Kay, however, did not wish to reveal that when she opened her own house she would also be the chief worker, and in this fashion dispose not only of the ten per cent commission to the Boss, but the fifty per cent cut that the Madam takes.

"I figure the racket this way, Boss. I've been in the game for two years. I'm not getting any younger and whatever looks I have now will be shot to hell in another two years and then I'll be back on the ice-heap. I got to look out for my future."

If she were watching closely she would have seen the Boss's heavy brows lower dangerously. His teeth bit heavily into the cigar. Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "That's a swell idea, kid. I don't know as I blame you. You'll probably get along, too."

"Gee, thanks," she said gratefully, "I thought you'd be sore."

"Who me?" he scoffed, pointing to himself in mock alarm. "Why, kid, I've got the interests of my girls at heart. By the way, how much dough have you got saved up to go into the business?"

"I've got a thousand bucks socked away."

"That ain't hardly enough."

"I know," Kay responded, "but all I've got to do is work another two months, hang onto the dough I make,

and I'll have enough to set up a place. I'll tell you what I'll do," she said brightly, "I'll book my girls through you."

The Boss grunted. "That's real white of you, Kay."

Sunday morning at 3 A.M., the end of the prostitute's week, Kay was paid one hundred and forty dollars for her cut. Birdie handed it to her and said, "I suppose, kid, that this all goes toward the time when you quit the racket."

"That's right. I guess I'll grab a cab now and get down to my hotel."

Birdie tried once more to talk to her. "I think, kid, you're making a big mistake in trying to quit. The Boss might not like it too much."

"No," was the reply. "I got to think of my future."

Birdie shrugged her shoulders and walked to the window in the living-room. Her fingers jerked at a drawn shade and it flew up. "Well, good-night, kid," she turned around waving her hand.

Kay opened the front door and stepped into the vestibule. Two men muffled in black coats leaned against the wall. "Say, are we in the right place?" one of them smirked.

"Well," Kay hesitated. "I guess so, but we're closed for the night. All the girls have left. Maybe you ought to come back Monday."

"Sure, sure," the first man agreed. "Sure we'll do that."

Kay felt a hard object pressed against the small of her back. "Why, what's that?" she wheeled around. In the glow of a single red bulb shining in the small hallway she saw the dull glint of a revolver.

"O.K., kid," one of them said. "Come across with the dough."

"I haven't got any."

"Don't kid me you were just paid off a few minutes ago."

There was no point in arguing with a man who knew

as much as he did. She, therefore, lifted her dress and pulled the bills from her stocking.

The gunman took it, and with a grin said, "I think I'll meet you every pay-day night." With that the two flung open the front door, rushed down the steps and ran towards the corner.

Kay knew it was hopeless to scream for help. This would merely be inviting police inquiry—one which might result in her own arrest on a charge of prostitution. She shrugged her shoulders, stepped out into the cold, clear, January night, and walked down the steps to the street.

As she reached the sidewalk her eyes rested on a shiny, blue Buick sedan. The driver honked the horn several times, waved his hand cheerily, and said, "Hop in, kid, I'll drive you to your hotel." It was the Boss.

Kay rushed to the car and shouted, "Do you see those two men running down the street; they just robbed me? Get them!"

"They did?" the Boss asked in a sympathetic voice. "Now isn't that too bad. How much did they get?"

"One hundred and forty dollars, but they're getting away. Go after them!"

By that time the two fleeing figures had disappeared around the corner of Columbus Avenue. Kay opened the door of the car and slid wearily in beside the Boss.

"Now you know there's nothing we could do," he said. "Next time, why, I'll offer you protection, but I can't do that when you're not working for me anymore."

Kay turned sharply in her seat, and eyed the bland, smiling features of the Boss. Now she understood. She had told the Boss she was going to open an establishment of her own. Since she was too valuable as a worker, the Boss had ascertained how much money she had and knowing how much she still needed, took this means of a fake hold-up to keep her in an impoverished state.

She said with a wry grin, "You win, Boss. I'll stick with you."

"Good kid," he patted her thigh. "I'll see that those cheap crooks stay away from you after this. But you don't ever want to try to quit," he said. "Sometimes one of the punks is liable to pull the trigger in his excitement." His voice took on a sad tone. "Now that would be too bad, wouldn't it?"

Kay nodded her head silently. She could understand that kind of talk.

The Boss dropped her at the hotel.

Under these circumstances, Betty Hawkins, no doubt, would have become hysterical. Her subsequent actions would have showed how deep her contempt and hatred for the Boss was. But Kay Salter, with two years' experience in the vice racket, was hardened to these things. She merely bided her time. In her heart she knew the time would come when she would get out. "There's no sense smashing my head against a stone-wall," she said to herself.

Thus she continued to work for the Boss. Again she spent a week's engagement at each of the houses on the Boss' circuit. But now that she had attempted the "break", the work at the various places was becoming increasingly difficult.

The spark was set off one night while she was working in Sadie the Chink's house. A huge, burly man reeling under the effects of liquor staggered into the parlor. The girls who were un-engaged were brought to parade before him.

The drunk's finger wavered in the direction of Kay. Sadie the Chink nodded her head at Kay. One of the greatest fears in the lives of these girls is encounters with sexually maladjusted men. There are hundreds of instances where these girls are forced to submit to the most degrading practises, suffering torture, and sometimes mur-

dered to satisfy the lust of these crazed men. Very often these men fortify their own spirits with alcohol to give them courage to practice these indecencies.

When the drunk staggered towards Kay, she turned to the Madam and said, "Not him, this guy is dead drunk."

"Sure he is," Sadie the Chink replied coldly. "If he wasn't drunk, he wouldn't be here."

Kay submitted to the advances of the drunken man.

During the week she confided to the other inmates of the house how dissatisfied she was, and how she was going to make a clean break, and start her own place.

Word of this evidently reached the ear of the Boss. The latter, however, gave no indication of his knowledge.

On May 19, acting on the complaints of neighbors, police raided one of the Boss' bagnios, and three prostitutes were arrested. One of them was Kay. Within twenty-four hours two of the girls had been bailed out.

Workers for the Boss set about intimidating witnesses, and destroying evidence that might be used against them. Kay remained behind the bars.

"And you'll stay there until I get good and ready to spring you," he told her. "Nobody disobeys my orders."

Chapter IV

GETTING THE SMALL FRY

I KNEW THE ENORMITY of the vice traffic under the control of the Boss and I was fully determined to strike at the heart of it. My plan of action was to start at the bottom and clean the entire rotten structure, and end up with the Boss himself. For this purpose, acting under the direct instructions of District Attorney Dodge, I did not begin with a fanfare of publicity. I did not raise my voice in a loud shout for a Special Grand Jury to aid me. The regular Grand Jury—composed of twenty-three intelligent men—was enough for my purpose.

I felt that the angry mutterings of certain members of this body, in a large measure, hindered the administration of justice. Often the shouts that were raised (always when newspapermen were present) would be enough warning to the racketeers to run for cover. This one-man vice crusade began and brought to a successful conclusion by District Attorney Dodge was carried on without a single word of advance publicity.

To aid me in my work District Attorney Dodge held a lengthy conference with Police Commissioner Valentine, and secured the transfer of Detective Hugo Harris of the Borough Headquarters Squad to act directly under instructions from the District Attorney.

I met Harris in my office the day after my campaign began. He was far from the story-book notion of what a sleuth should look like. About five feet, seven inches in height, and broad-shouldered, he was every inch a clean-cut American. Dark, straight hair, penetrating grey eyes,

firm mouth and strong jaw, plus a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a small black moustache gave him a scholarly appearance.

The first question I asked him was, "How are you going to go about your investigation?"

"That's something that's almost impossible to plot in advance," he replied. "I'll just take the good breaks and the bad as they come, then I'll discard the bad and act on the good."

"Is that all?" I questioned.

"If you mean what will I start with? There are two men being held in the Tombs on charges of compulsory prostitution. We picked them up two days ago in a raid up in the East Fifty's. We've got a woman over in the House of Detention who's a witness against them."

"You mean Edith Miller?" I asked.

"That's right."

That afternoon Detective Harris visited the Tombs and had a long conversation with the two men. One flatly refused to offer any information.

"You've got me on this prostitution charge," he said. "I'll take what the court gives me, and whatever they give me can't be worse than what I'll get if I open my trap."

Harris realized the futility of further questioning, and went on to the second man. The latter was more disposed to talk. Fearing a steep sentence because of previous convictions, he said, "Sure I'll come clean, but there isn't much I can tell you. You got to get it from Edith Miller. She has been through the racket. She was being booked through the circuit."

This fellow whom I shall designate as Jack, was the p.i. (*p.i. is police designation for pimp*), for the girl. Within his own circle he was called her "sweetheart".

Harris went to the House of Detention and questioned Edith Miller. At first she refused any information, but

later, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, she said, "Sure, I'll help. There isn't much I can do. The guy that booked me through all these houses never took a cent of my pay that I can remember. He worked through Danny Brooks."

"Do you know where I can find Danny?"

"Sure, he hangs out up on Eighth Avenue at his club."

Harris forwarded this information to me, and I secured the release of Jack and the girl.

That night in the custody of Harris they walked south along Eighth Avenue. Behind them was a police car in which Detectives Louis Reisinger and Joseph Gallagher rode. At the corner of Twenty-seventh Street, the girl suddenly gripped Harris' arm.

"You see that girl coming down the street," she whispered. "That's Danny Brooks' woman." Her finger pointed nervously to two girls approaching them.

The girls exchanged greetings. The one who was pointed out as Danny Brooks' woman said to Jack, "Say, I hear they had you down in the 'can'. I'm glad to see you're O.K."

"Sure, sure, I got out swell." Jack felt his face flush. "I want you to shake hands with 'Dick' here, he's thinking of opening a house. We're goin' to be partners in business."

This bit of deception worked for only a moment. Harris saw the second girl's eyes widen and stare at him. With a start he realized that she was a prostitute that he had questioned at some length in Brooklyn! At that time she had told him that she knew of the Vice King. She had worked for him, but she didn't dare say any more. Her life was too valuable to her. Hoping against hope that she would not recognize him, Harris continued to play the part of the prospective vice-racketeer.

During the conversation that followed this girl drew

Jack aside and whispered hoarsely. "You damned fool, that guy's a cop!"

Jack gulped hard, "That's impossible. He's my partner. We're goin' into business together."

The girl stared hard at Jack, tugged at her girl-friend's sleeve and said, "Let's get out of here." They left.

Harris, meanwhile, hastened his steps and made his way towards the club where Danny Brooks was supposed to hang out. But the latter was not there. In fact throughout the hunt for him in the ensuing months he could not be located. This could only mean one thing. The girl who had recognized Harris had passed the word on to Danny Brooks' woman, and she in turn warned him. Danny had "flown the coop."

Disappointed in the first place, Harris turned to the Miller girl. "Listen Edith, you're in a tough spot. Now you can play on the side of the law or you can play on the other side. That's up to you, but let me tell you it will be much better if you come clean. Who booked you through the houses of prostitution?"

At first she attempted to evade the direct question, then she blurted. "Patsy booked me through those places."

"Where will I find him?"

"He owns the Rex Spaghetti House up on Fiftieth Street, but he uses it as a blind for his real business."

Harris hustled Edith Miller and Jack into the police car, and along with Gallagher and Reisinger drove to the Spaghetti House. The car was parked on the north side of the street. This place is situated between Ninth and Tenth Avenue on a dark and gloomy street.

Harris and Jack walked into the restaurant. A stocky, swarthy man of middle-age came forward and greeted Jack.

"I knew they couldn't hold you in there," he said jubilantly. "Come on, step up to the bar. Let's celebrate."

"No, I got no time. I'm here on business."

Patsy's eyes opened wide. "Yeh?"

"Sure, shake hands with 'Dick Turner.' We're opening a house over on the East Side. He wants to book some women through you."

"I'd be glad to accommodate you," Patsy replied expansively.

"I got to be sure about the merchandise," 'Dick Turner' said suspiciously.

"Why," bragged Patsy, "I book a hundred women. The finest stuff in New York."

"That's very interesting," 'Turner' smiled. "Where are some of your girls?"

Patsy swept his hand towards the back of the store. Six girls were seated around a table. "Come, look them over."

"I'll take your word for it," 'Turner' said. The detective carefully watched several men seated at a table near the girls who were eyeing the speakers suspiciously.

Harris slipped his police shield out of his pocket and flashed it at Patsy.

"You're under arrest!"

The detective's words were carried through the restaurant. For a moment there was a tense silence. The men lounging at the tables in the rear looked ominously towards Harris.

"Why do you arrest me?" Patsy asked. "I ain't done nothin'."

Harris gripped Patsy's arm. One hand hovered about his hip-pocket. "Get your hat, and come along," he gritted.

The restaurant owner hesitated a moment, then reading the menace in the detective's eyes, nervously grabbed his hat and walked out. As they left the store a babble of voices was raised behind them.

Detective Harris, no longer posing as "Dick Turner," the man who wished to open a house of prostitution, pushed

Patsy into the rear of the car and seated him between Edith Miller, the prostitute, and Detective Reisinger. Harris placed Jack beside Detective Gallagher, the driver of the car, and stepped on the running-board.

With a flashlight he threw a gleam of light directly into the face of the man he had arrested.

"Do you know this man?" he asked Edith.

"Sure I do," she said.

"How do you know him?"

"Why, that's the guy that booked me into a couple of houses."

"O.K.", Harris replied, snapping off the flashlight. "Down to the Forty-seventh Street Precinct.

As they drove down Patsy looked balefuly at Jack. "You .... cheese-eater, you put me on the spot!"

"That ain't true," whined Jack. "I really thought that guy was goin' into the business with me."

Reisinger prodded Patsy into silence.

As soon as the prisoner was brought to the Police Precinct, Harris phoned me at my home. I grabbed a cab and hurried down. Inside the squad-room I saw Patsy seated, manacled to a chair.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Patsy Pagluico."

"You are charged with violation of Section 2460 of the Penal Law."

Patsy's dark face was blank.

"You are accused," I told him succinctly, "of compulsory prostitution."

This time he understood.

"You got the wrong guy. I ain't guilty of that."

I turned to Edith Miller. "Do you recognize this man?"

"Sure I do," she said. "He booked me into a lot of houses."

"How did you meet him?"

"I was introduced to him by Danny Brooks."

Brooks, a cheap thug with a police record, had gone into hiding since he had received word that the police sought him for questioning. At the time of this writing he is still at large, although no specific charge has been sworn against him.*

"Into which house did Patsy book you?" This is a necessary question because the law states that to convict a man on the charge of compulsory prostitution you have to prove one specific instance where the girl was booked into a house of ill-fame, and where the bookie collected from her earnings."

"Well, he got me into Babe Samuel's house."

"What was the address?" I asked.

Edith Miller rose and walked to the window. Her finger pointed to a brownstone house directly across the street. "That's it."

I was amazed at the nerve of Patsy Pagluico in sending women to a house that was not more than forty-five feet from the entrance to the police station!

I turned back again to Patsy and asked, "Do you still deny that you know this girl?"

"Aw, I know her. I never said I didn't know her."

I stared at him. "Yes?"

"I guess you got me dead to rights. Sure I booked her."

Detective Harris, meanwhile, had rushed across the

* Since this was written the police caught-up with Danny Brooks. A Westchester County Judge sentenced him to 7½ to 15 years at Sing Sing for compulsory prostitution.

street to investigate the house, but he learned that the Madam had moved out two weeks ago.

Subsequently I tried the case on June 17th, before Judge Cornelius F. Collins. Pagluico was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Collins to serve seven and one-half to fifteen years at Sing Sing.

Jack, however, was permitted to plead guilty to an indictment charging him with the violation of Section 1146, maintaining a disorderly house, and was sentenced to six months in the Workhouse by General Sessions Judge Morris Koenig.

Edith Miller appeared as witness for the State against both Pagluico and Jack. She was released.

Chapter V

PACKAGED GOODS

During this time that I was conducting an intensive investigation, the Police Department was not altogether inactive. In a rapid series of raids they arrested Ng Wong, John Blunt, Warren Mims, alias Little Caesar, and Juanita Baxter, alias Alma Russelo.

The Baxter woman fell into the toils of the law because of her own greed. In her house she had a wayward minor, pretty Margaret Bushey, a sixteen-year-old prostitute. Margaret had fled from her home in Troy, New York, and had entered the "gay life" of this city. However, she maintained a correspondence with a girlhood chum.

Margaret's parents sent this girl to the city in an effort to bring their daughter to her senses and make her return home. The girl-friend arrived in the city, and visited the correct address. The Baxter woman answered the door and permitted the two girls to carry on their conversation.

But here the Madam let her greed run away with her common sense. She cajoled, argued, and then made dire threats against the newcomer if she did not remain as an inmate of the house.

In terror the girl fled. She notified the police, and within fifteen minutes the rookery was raided. The Baxter woman was permitted to plead guilty to the charge of running a disorderly house.

Little Caesar had charge of booking white women and colored women into colored houses of prostitution in Harlem. On his arrest he sneered at the police and the prosecution.

"Why," he bragged to me one day, "I'll be out of here running my business in a week."

Of course when there was another person present he maintained an air of injured innocence, but this did not deceive anyone. At the same time that he was arrested the police dragnet brought in John Blunt, who worked as a runner and contact man for Little Caesar.

I knew that we had but little evidence to secure a conviction against the latter.

Blunt clamped his lips shut and said, "You can't do a thing to me; Little Caesar'll fix it."

It was here that I decided to play a legal trick that, to my knowledge, has not been performed in any courtroom in the United States. I placed Little Caesar on trial on June 17th, for a violation of Section 2460 of the Penal Law, which charges compulsory prostitution.

Judge Collins asked that he be acquitted because of the lack of evidence against him. I dismissed the indictment against him and immediately placed John Blunt on trial. But here we had plenty of evidence, and received a conviction.

Blunt became eligible to a five to ten-year sentence at Sing Sing. Little Caesar, apparently, was a free man. With these two decisions in my hand I visited Blunt in his cell in the Tombs.

"All right," I said to him. "You were going to get off scotfree because you are a pal of Little Caesar. Now you see what kind of a pal he is. He got off, but he's going to let you rot in jail."

"He'll get me off yet," said Blunt. His voice carried little conviction.

"I think in two days you will have the answer to that. You come up for sentence before Judge Collins, and you know what he thinks of your kind of breed."

Blunt paled and said, "Jees, why should I get stuck with this? I was just one of his workers. He should get socked twice as hard as I do."

"That's true," I said, "but unfortunately the law of this State demands that we have evidence to convict him. That's why I am speaking to you," I said slowly.

"What do ya want me to do?"

"I want you to testify against Little Caesar."

Blunt finally agreed. He told me where we could gather the necessary evidence.

On July 1st, I again brought Little Caesar to trial. This time he was found guilty and sentenced to seven and one-half to fifteen years in the State's prison at Sing Sing. This is the maximum penalty for that type of crime. Blunt, on my recommendation, was given a two-month sentence. As he had already spent this time in the Tombs, he went free. I used the criminal's ego and driving desire for self-preservation to loosen his tongue. These convictions, however, did little to curb the tremendous operations of the vice ring. Of this, we had plentiful evidence.

The men we had sent behind the prison bars, although despicable characters, still amounted to only a drop in the bucket in the vice operations. We were just as far from nabbing the chief of the vice ring as the day I began my investigation.

New York City has always known the vice problem.

In the old days, vice was supposed to be a lure for traveling men, especially sailors. Because of this principle, waterfront dives in downtown Manhattan flourished on both the shores of the East and Hudson Rivers.

Water Street, which runs parallel to the East River, contained dozens of tenement houses standing side by side. In all these houses, crowded from basement to roof, were wine-cellars and houses of prostitution operated for the most part by men.

It was here that John Allen operated his famous place. Allen, the proprietor of the most notorious house of prostitution in New York City attended a revival meeting. The preacher converted the keeper to more virtuous ways.

A short time later an advertisement appeared in the daily papers stating that his (Allen's) place was open "only to gentlemen accompanied by their wives who wished to employ the Magdalenes as servant-girls.

This commendable act failed for two reasons. First, respectable people were not interested, and second, the keepers of other houses sent agents to secure these girls for their purposes.

In those days the so-called sporting-house was the gathering place for the criminal element of the city. These were the days of wide-open vice. Such places as the Haymarket, McGurk's Suicide Hall, Paresis Hall, Billy McGlory's famous Armory Hall, did a land-office business operating both day and night.

The girls recruited men openly either on the dance floor or at the bar.

Today, however, we are faced with an entirely new situation. Vice has "gone to the cleaner". It has come back in a new garb. But beneath this polished exterior, it is just as rotten, filthy, and diseased as it was in the days when it reared its ugly head to leer at passing citizens. Only in one respect has it changed, and that is in the attitude of the public toward it. Because it is under the surface the public chooses to disregard it, and this disregard on the part of the people is just what it needs to flourish.

Take my word for it. Vice has grown one hundredfold since the "good old days" that I have described. In fact it has reached such proportions that we are faced today with an organization that operates under the same principles that any of the larger industries do.

The Boss controls vice. He is the head of the clearing house to which all girls are brought. He examines them with the thoroughness of an animal purchaser, makes them submit to a "personal test", and then routes them to the houses of prostitution that order girls from him. In the parlance of this group the women are known as "packages".

They are classified according to age, weight, height, color of hair, and degree of simulated passion. This latter point is an important one. If the girl is young and can imitate this feeling she is usually advertised as the virgin of the house, and is enabled to charge as much as fifty dollars for each act.

There have been cases where girls have served more than one thousand men and were still being advertised as the virgin.

The houses are roughly divided into two kinds. These are known as the "sleep-ins" and the "sleep-outs." In the first type as the name implies the girl actually resides in the house where she plies her profession, and is kept under rules more strict than are the students at any of the college dormitories or young ladies' seminaries. In the second type, the girls work at the Madam's house from twelve noon to 3 A.M., and then return to their homes, usually hotels.

Another large class is the street-walker. In this division, however, the girls have not been fully organized. This group consists for the most part of women who are out on their own, although there have been many instances where the Boss has booked prostitutes into this field.

The girls are recruited in every conceivable fashion. The following are the eight most common causes:

Group I is attracted to the city by the glamour of its night-life, and the desire to become show-girls. When conditions become too hard for them they drift into this occupation.

Group II is composed of factory workers and restaurant help who, working long hours, feel that this might be a more pleasant and remunerative field.

Group III is drafted by the pimps who ruin the girls and then force them into prostitution.

Group IV, a smaller group, is drafted through unhappy married life.

Group V, through improper parental care. In this latter case, girls have been known to submit to sexual advances before they had reached their 'teens. Thus prostitution becomes a natural concomitant to their early lives.

Group VI enters this field simply as a money-making device in the hopes that they themselves may graduate into the Boss or Madam class.

Group VII is composed of girls who answer misleading advertisements for positions as maids, housekeepers, and entertainers. When they answer these "ads" they are kidnapped and forced into prostitution.

Group VIII is the smallest group. It consists of women whose physical need for sexual congress demands it.

Betty Hawkins was a combination of *Groups I* and *IV*. There is no doubt that she would have seen the error of her ways and gone straight, but for the operations of the Boss.

Kay Salter was a member of Group VI. To her, Mother was the name of a notorious Madam in whose house she served. Her own mother, the friend of her youth, was completely forgotten.

Chapter VI

THE LAW OF DIMINISHING UTILITY

Shirley Grifton was a member of Group V. When I investigated her case I felt a genuine twinge of sorrow over her predicament, and a feeling of impotent rage at the conditions that made it possible. Shirley was nineteen years old, slim, dark-haired, with big, brown, appealing eyes. Although she was five feet, five inches tall she weighed but ninety pounds, and was already a hardened drug addict.

She was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At an early age she was orphaned and was left to fend for herself. With little schooling, less intelligence (her mind was still in a childhood state) and no loving hand to guide her, she became fair prey for all the men who came in contact with her. At the age of fifteen she was a seasoned prostitute. But the men in the outlying districts of Pittsburgh, where she was born, did not have the price to pay for her favors.

When she was sixteen years old she arrived in New York City, and became a "hustler" or street-walker. This fact was learned by her married sister who immediately contacted the New York police authorities and had Shirley arrested.

Shirley spent fourteen months in the House of the Good Shepherd.

She was released in August, 1934. She immediately went back to her illicit calling. Far from being reformed in those fourteen months she now had grander ideas of what value would be placed upon her body. She made contacts with several minor bookies in Manhattan, and

permitted herself to be sent over two and three house circuits.

During this time she became aware of the prestige and importance of the Boss. His women, it was reputed, were earning one hundred dollars a week. Shirley paid twenty-five dollars to a pimp who also acted as a runner for the Boss, and thereby secured an introduction to him.

She was sent to the Nevada Apartments at 2025 Broadway. This house was run by Birdie, the Boss' favorite Madam and his mistress. The Boss had a fifty per cent interest in the bagnio.

It was early in January, 1935, when Shirley first made her appearance here. Birdie took her into a living-room of overstuffed splendor. On the walls were ornate, framed mottoes extolling the virtues of the pleasure to be had. Some of them intended to convey a serious message by the artist who had drawn them. They were bizarre in this house. Such signs as: "What is home without Mother." "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

A dark, well set-up man moved forward to greet Shirley.

Birdie said, "This is my man and your Boss."

Shirley shook hands with him.

His pig-like eyes glanced coldly at her. "You're pretty skinny," he said.

"I weigh a hundred and one pounds."

"I don't know if you'll do," he shook his head slowly. "I am afraid you won't stand the strain."

Shirley opened her brown eyes wide. "Why don't you try me?" she asked provocatively.

The Boss waved Birdie away. "O.K., kid." He led her into a bedroom. Shirley unhooked her dress and slipped it over her head. Her eyes rested upon a tiny altar with a picture of the Holy Virgin above it. Her eyes wavered for a moment, then she tossed her dress over it.

At the time this room was being used by a prostitute who said her prayers daily before this altar before starting her night's work.

Half an hour later the Boss wiped a film of oil from his flushed face, and yelled, "Hey, Birdie, give Shirley her card. She works for me now." The Boss left the apartment.

Birdie handed Shirley the prostitute's "cafeteria card". "This is the way we work it, kid. You write your name at the top of this card. I keep it. When you get a man you collect two or three bucks in advance. It's up to you to figure how much you can get out of him. Soon as you get through with him, bring the money to me and I'll punch the amount on the card. If the first man pays you two dollars I punch the two. If the next man pays you three dollars I punch the five, and so on. So that at the end of the week the last punch in the card will give you the total that you earned." Birdie illustrated with a puncher that dangled from a string at her waist.

Shirley was assigned to her room. She worked from 12 noon to 3 A.M., from Monday through Saturday.

The first day she was visited by thirty men. But this fourteen hours of work without a let-up had its effect. Toward the close of the working day her body was wracked with pain. Each act that she was forced to perform was acute torture. Four times she was compelled to fill her hypodermic with cocaine, and plunge the needle into her arm. This was the only way her tortured body could go through the necessary motions.

At the end of the week Shirley was a physical wreck. Her weight had dropped to ninety pounds. Her face was wan and drawn, and her eyes stared with the glassy stare of the dope-fiend.

Birdie called Shirley into the living-room for the pay-off. The prostitute's checks added up to three hundred and

eighty dollars. Birdie took her fifty per cent cut. The Boss took his cut of twenty per cent.

From Shirley's one hundred and fifty-two dollars, fifty dollars was deducted for board, ten dollars for bond fee, five dollars for the maid and ten dollars for the doctor. Shirley's seventy-seven dollars is an excellent week's salary for a woman. But study the figures in Shirley's case.

Aside from the revolting nature of her task and its moral degradation, look at the toll it took in years from her life. At this rate she would an old hag before she was twenty-one years old. Before she reached twenty-five the chances are that she would already be dead.

Let us return to the seventy-seven dollars. Actually how much of that could she place in her purse and say, "This is my net earnings"? Twenty-five dollars went to pay for dope, a commodity necessary if she were to have earned this money at all.

She still had to pay fourteen dollars a week rent on the apartment in which she slept. Discounting the fact that she had to buy appropriate clothing in order to work in the various houses, you will readily understand that of the original three hundred and eighty dollars all that remained was thirty-six dollars. Surely a very small salary considering that she was earning it only by paying with her life.

When the pay-off had been made, Birdie said, "It's no use, kid. I think we'll have to let you go."

"How come? Ain't I dragged in three hundred and eighty bucks this week?"

"That's because it's a good house," Birdie flashed. "It don't matter who I've got working here. They'll all make that. You're too skinny. You don't put enough feeling into your work."

"Nuts to you," Shirley snapped. "You and nobody else like you is selling me down the river." She waited

in the house until the Boss showed up to collect his percentages from all the inmates. Shirley collared him and dragged him out into the hall.

"Listen Boss," she said angrily. "Birdie tells me I'm through—washed up. I had a good week here. What if I am skinny, I got that way working in this joint. You got no right to shove me out."

"Well, you know I got to listen to Birdie sometimes," the Boss said carefully.

"Well, don't you try to work it on me. You've had some pretty big-shots walking into this joint. I recognize them from their pictures in the papers. All I got to do is squeal and it won't be so good for you."

"That's nothin' compared to what you'll get if you go around shootin' off your mouth. If I catch you talkin' you'll wake up in a morgue."

"Gee, I was just kiddin'. I didn't want to be chucked out into the street, that's all."

"That's better," the Boss grinned. "I'll keep you on my circuit for awhile, see how it works out." He jotted a name and address on a card and said, "You go to Peggy's next week. That's over at 124 West Seventy-second Street."

For six months Shirley worked the circuit. From Peggy's she went to Rose Cohen's on West Fifty-sixth Street. This was followed by a week's engagement at French Irene's on West Twelfth Street.

The first week in March she worked at Sadie the Chink's. Sadie was a Jewish woman who received her nickname because of her Oriental features.

The following week she spent at Douche-bag Jimmy's house on West Fifty-fourth Street. Douche-bag Jimmy was a pimp who had worked himself up to a half partnership in a disorderly house through the simple process of having madam Mary, his partner, "fall" for him. At this place Shirley earned one hundred and eighteen dollars.

From here she went to Jennie the Factory on Eighty-fourth Street and West End Avenue.

Her last week was spent at the Boss' swellest bagnio. This house is run by Babe Wagner on Central Park West. Here she made one hundred and thirty dollars as her share for the week. This meant that she was visited by an average of sixty men per night. It also meant that she had to increase her injections of cocaine to make this added activity possible.

But here Babe Wagner sent for the Boss. "I think you'll have to get rid of Shirley," she told him. "She's nothing but a bag of bones and a hank of hair."

The Boss inspected the prostitute.

"Well, was I exaggerating?" Babe asked belligerently.

"You're right," he told her.

For what he saw before him was a girl, who, though only nineteen years of age, was entering the final stages of mental and physical disintegration. Babe Wagner had spoken the truth. Shirley's dress hung limply over her gaunt bones. The yellow skin on her lifeless face was drawn drum-tight.

"Well, do something about it. I don't want to have a corpse in my house, and have all these holier-than-thou people come screaming bloody murder around here."

The Boss laughed easily. "Don't worry about that. Remember the Borough of Manhattan is an island completely surrounded by water."

The Boss, remembering Shirley's old threat, went about "telling her off" in his usual fashion. "You've been working pretty hard, kid. I think you need a lay-off."

"Naw, let me keep working," she said listlessly.

"Now, you leave that to me," he said with affected heartiness. "I look after the interests of my girls. I say you stop working and take a little rest."

Shirley looked at him through dark, hurt eyes. "You ain't tryin' to get rid of me, are you?"

"What? *Me* get rid of *you?*" he scoffed loudly. "Why in a week's time I'll call for you and set you back on the circuit again."

"Have you got my phone number?" she asked.

The Boss consulted his little black book. "Sure I have. I'll know where to get you."

Shirley quit work and took the week's rest. She never saw the Boss again. That is, not until my investigation had been completed.

What eventually became of Shirley Grifton?

That, chronologically, belongs later on in the story. Suffice it to say, she was a child, half-crazed by her pain-wracked body and the dope she had taken to relieve it—a bewildered child lost in the teeming millions of New York City.

* * * * *

I have often been asked, "Why do these women persist in seeking the Boss, and begging him to permit them to work for him? Why don't these women work for themselves and thus keep all the money they make without splitting it seven different ways?"

Here is the answer. Ninety-nine per cent of the prostitutes come from out of town. It is in the very nature of the profession that they must have acquaintances or in some way attract attention to themselves. If this is done in an obvious fashion it invites police investigation and arrest. The only way in which they can be placed immediately is by a person who had already built up the ground work, that is, who has a string of vice-houses and a regular clientele who visits them.

There are in this city approximately ten thousand prostitutes. I count only those women who hold their bodies forth for sale at a price to any man who will come along.

Of course it is difficult to get the correct figures on the number, as no census-taker has ever had a woman confess that she is a member of that group.

I knew that it would be useless for me to go after the women. My job was to get the men who lived on the earnings of these women. They were the human vultures who enticed the victims to enter this degrading profession, and once having entered it, made it difficult for them to get out.

Chapter VII

THE BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TRADE

During the course of my investigation in June, acting on evidence brought to me by Detective Hugo Harris, the police raided a rookery and arrested a gaunt, grey-haired hag named Gussie McInerney. Two of the inmates of this house were Maxine Jordan and Marie Franklin, twenty-one-year-old prostitutes. Since their arrest was known to the vice-racketeer who had booked the girls into the place, bail money was promptly furnished.

In this case I firmly resisted all efforts to have the girls released. I acted vigorously because of the nature of Gussie's work. When a week had gone by and Maxine and Marie still languished in the Women's House of Detention, their anger knew no bounds. Strangely enough this feeling was directed at Gussie and her bookie rather than at me.

I instructed Harris to bring the girls to my office. I spoke to Marie Franklin. She was rather stout, weighing about one hundred and sixty-five pounds. She had brown hair and brown eyes. She looked more like a home-girl than a prostitute.

"Did you work for Gussie?" I asked.

"Sure," she admitted.

"Did you help her work her creep game?"

Marie did not reply.

On both the police and my own personal records Gussie is listed as the Queen of the creep-joints. Her girls, though they are "hustlers", differ from the garden variety of street-walker. Gussie, herself, maintains a house of pros-

titution, but from the very nature of her racket will never have a steady clientele. In fact, when a man visits her house once he definitely decides to shun that place in the future. It was the work of Maxine and Marie to walk the streets and solicit middle-aged men who looked somewhat respectable, or at least married. These men were then brought to Gussie's bagnio.

They were escorted into a bedroom where they removed their coats and trousers and placed them on a chair. Then, when the men were otherwise occupied, as they usually were, Gussie crept into the dimly-lit room and went through their pockets, removing whatever valuables she could find.

The beauty of this racket was that these men seldom made any complaints to the police because of their good standing in the community or because word of what had happened might reach their wives. Undoubtedly they did not care to make known the fact that they visited disorderly houses.

Maxine Jordan looked more like the popular conception of a prostitute. She was five feet seven, had blonde hair, blue eyes, and a fair skin. She confirmed Marie's story.

I asked Marie, "Who booked you into that house?"

"Gee, I'd like to tell you," she said, "but I better not."

I asked Maxine the same question and received the same reply. I had Gussie brought into my office and confronted her with the stories that the girls had told me.

"Why the ....., cheese-eaters," she screamed scornfully. "They're nothin', but unpaid rats." She went off into a vulgar tirade against the girls.

I had Gussie removed.

Harris whispered to me, "Better let me take them back now."

He led the girls into the elevator and they were taken down to the street. Detective Reisinger was seated in the car at the door. When they were all in the car on their

way back to the Women's House of Detention, Maxine Jordan turned around to Detective Harris:

"Gee, Mr. Harris," she asked timidly, "I wonder if you would drive me up to my sister's house? I'd like to see her before they stick me away."

"Can't your sister come down to see you at the House of Detention?" he asked.

"I guess she can, only it's not really my sister that I want to see." She hesitated a moment, "She's taking care of my six-year-old girl. I really would like to see her."

"Who does your kid look like?" Harris asked conversationally.

"Like me, thank God," she replied fervently.

"It's all right with me," Harris said. He directed Reisinger to turn the car around.

During the drive uptown Maxine turned to comment, "You know you're a pretty good guy, Detective Harris. You've been treating me white."

Harris did not reply. Several times he noticed that the girls were on the verge of saying something, but each time would remain silent. Harris bided his time.

They were driving along West End Avenue, and had just passed Sixty-second Street when he heard Maxine whisper to Marie, "Well, so long as Gussie is calling us rats we might as well be big rats and tell on that Cock-eye."

"You don't mean Cock-eye Louis?" Harris asked.

"Well," Maxine hesitated, "I don't know."

"Now Maxine, if you know Cock-eye Louis I want you to tell me all you know about him, and if you know any other girl who worked for Cock-eye Louis I want you to tell me all about her."

"You'll have to give me time to think this over."

"Oh, that's all right." Harris settled back in the car.

Detective Reisinger came to a halt before a house in the West Nineties. Harris escorted Maxine into the apart-

ment and witnessed the re-union between the prostitute and her baby. It was a touching scene.

Ten minutes later Maxine tearfully left her child.

On their way downtown, she blurted out, "Yes, I worked for Cock-eye Louis."

Harris immediately rushed her back to my office.

"Who is this man?" I asked her.

"Why, he's Cock-eye Louis Weiner. He furnishes girls to the higher class houses of prostitution in the city."

I didn't have to ask her to describe Weiner. The latter is sixty-one years old, married, and has a grown family. He is short-statured, with a tire of fat around his waist. He has one distinctive feature in his gross face. That is his eyes. They are half-closed from continuous squinting because of very poor vision.

"How did you first meet Louie?"

Maxine replied, "I met him out in some joint in Brooklyn. The Madam introduced me to him. Louie told me he could put me to work in some pretty good houses and that he'd only collect ten per cent of my earnings each week, and ten dollars for bond money."

"What happened next?" I asked.

"Louie told me he was always the first customer of every girl that worked for him. I told him that was O.K. by me. He paid me five dollars. After that he booked me around to his houses and I stayed a week in each of 'em."

"How did you get each new address?" I asked her.

"Sometime the Madam would write it down for me and other times Louie would come and tell me where to go."

"Didn't he ever write the address on a slip for you?"

"No," Maxine scoffed. "He don't even know how to write English."

"Do you know of any other girl who worked for Weiner in any of the places in which you had been?"

Maxine turned smilingly to Marie Franklin. "Marie worked for him."

"Is that true, Marie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was this house located?"

"I worked at 90 Riverside Drive. That's up between Eighty-second and Eighty-third Streets," Marie answered.

Her description of Weiner was accurate. Her story was also the same as Maxine's with a single exception. She had met Cock-eye Louie in a house of prostitution in Brooklyn, and had agreed to work for him. As her first customer, Louie paid her only three dollars.

I later learned that Marie Franklin had been working with Gussie McInerney for several years. The girls were returned to the House of Detention.

I said to Harris, "I want you to bring in Cock-eye Louie Weiner within twenty-four hours."

"I've had my eye on him for a long time. I think I can find him all right."

Weiner conducted a good deal of his business at a bar and grill, known as Leder's on Third Avenue at the corner of Seventeenth Street.

Harris tapped the wires at that address and listened in on the conversation that Weiner had with the madams at the various houses. A great many of these were spoken in Yiddish, a language which Harris understood.

In one of the conversations he learned that Weiner would be at this bar at seven o'clock in the evening. Harris called Reisinger.

Later that day, the police car with Reisinger at the wheel, was parked on Third Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. Harris walked across the street to a cigar-store and phoned the Leder Grill.

A male voice answered, "Hello."

"Is Weiner there?" Harris asked in a disguised voice.

"No, he isn't here now," was the answer.

"Who's this talking?" Harris asked.

"Why, this is his son-in-law."

"Oh, is this Leder?"

"Yes."

Harris then spouted in Yiddish, "This is Jimmie. I have to see Louie about something very important."

Jimmie was the name of an individual who was frequently mentioned in the conversations that Harris had heard over the tapped wires.

"If you want to hang on," Leder replied, "Louie'll be back in a few minutes."

"No, I'm on a public phone. I can't hang on. Tell Louie I'll meet him on the corner of Fifteenth Street and Irving Place in half an hour."

"Tell me what it's all about?" Leder asked.

"I don't care to talk over the telephone," Harris disguised as Jimmy, replied. This is the customary answer.

Harris returned to the car and spoke to Reisinger. "You sit here and keep the place under observation. I'm going down to the corner of Fifteenth Street. Louie will show up there."

In the rear seat of the car were Maxine Jordan and Marie Franklin, who had been taken along to aid us in the identification of the vice-racketeer.

"You girls squat back in the car," Harris warned them. "I don't want anybody to see you."

Harris waited at the appointed corner, but Cock-eye Louie did not show up.

While he was waiting, Reisinger spied the man they sought hurrying out of Leder's Bar and Grill in the direction of Fifteenth Street, evidently rushing to keep the appointment with Jimmy.

"There he goes," Marie Franklin whispered excitedly.

Reisinger stopped the hurrying vice baron and placed him under arrest.

Meanwhile, Harris, tired of waiting, returned to the car and saw that Louie was already under arrest.

Harris jumped in, and Reisinger drove the car to the East Twenty-second Street Police Precinct.

Just before he got out of the car Weiner said to the detectives, "Listen boys, I'll buy you all up in this case. I'll pay you off. You don't have to take me in. We can do business right here."

"You're wasting your time," Harris retorted, as he jerked Weiner roughly onto the pavement.

The detectives escorted the prisoner and the girls into the detective's room on the second floor. Weiner was faced with the girls in the brightly lighted room.

"Do you know these girls?" Harris asked.

Cock-eye Louie squinted. "Yes," he sneered, "What of it?"

Harris took Weiner into another room and relayed to him the girls' stories. "Is that true?" he asked.

Weiner peered about the room. "Sure, it's true, but there ain't nobody in this room who heard me say it."

After Weiner had been fingerprinted and booked, he asked permission to be taken to the lavatory. Detective Harris escorted him upstairs.

"Now listen, Harris," Cock-eye Louie whined. "Nobody can hear us talk now. You don't have to lock me up. We can fix this up."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll give you five thousand dollars to let me go."

"You're crazy," Harris retorted.

In a sudden panic of fear Weiner cried, "Listen, five thousand dollars down payment and a thousand a month for the next four months. All you have to do is let me go for a few months. They can't keep those girls locked

up forever. The day they get out, I'll take care of them and there won't be any case against me. Don't you see how smart that is? Then I'll give myself up to you and you can take the credit for the arrest, and the cash," he leered proudly.

Harris stared in amazement at Cock-eye Louie Weiner.

For a moment Detective Harris could not believe his ears. The bribe was so amazing that he fairly reeled with surprise. Here was a case where he knew he could accept the graft with comparative immunity. All he had to do was to take the money and turn Cock-eye Louie Weiner loose. Louie would immediately go into hiding for several months.

Meanwhile, Maxine Jordan and Marie Franklin, the prostitutes who were being held in the House of Detention as principal witnesses against him, would be released. Once they were on the streets Louie, himself, would take care of them. One thing is certain; they would never live to step up on the witness stand. Then Louie would give himself up to Detective Harris. Harris would receive credit for the arrest, plus the graft that had been offered to him.

"So you are offering me all that money to let you go?" Harris asked.

Cock-eye Louie's near-sighted eyes squinted, and his crafty face broke into the semblance of a grin. "Sure, that's right, Harris, I knew you'd see it my way."

Harris' arm shot out and he gripped Louie by the lapels of his coat. He jerked him upright, and slammed the vice-racketeer forcefully against the wall of the lavatory. "Why, you low scum," he echoed, his voice freighted with bitterness. "Every dollar you own is tainted with the blood of women you have ruined."

"Let me go," Cock-eye gasped. "You got no right to do this to me. You take the money or I'll get you busted."

His voice rose to a piercing scream. "I'll have you thrown off the police force. I'll fix you and fix you good. You can't send me to jail."

"I can't, huh?" Harris sneered. "This is the one case where you are going to jail and there is nothing in the world that will help you."

Weiner's voice suddenly changed to a tearful whine. "I was only kiddin'. Honest I'll pay you." He dug out a roll of bills from his pocket, so thick he could barely grasp it in one hand. "I'll straighten the matter out with you. Here, take it, it's all yours."

"Nothing doing!" Harris growled angrily. He gripped Cock-eye by the nape of the neck and led him back to the detectives' room.

Weiner was booked and finger-printed. The next morning the "Black Maria," or patrol-wagon, stopped in front of the East Twenty-second Street Police Precinct, and carted him down to the line-up at Police Headquarters.

Harris reported at my office early the following morning. He described in detail the bribe offer made to him by Louie.

I think it would be well to state here that Harris was appointed by me to pursue the investigation because of his absolute honesty. This is an important feature in investigations of this kind.

I immediately reported to my superior, District Attorney William Copeland Dodge.

"Judge," I said. "I think I know why some of our big-shot vice-racketeers are never found when we have witnesses to testifiy against them," and I described the offer made to Harris by Weiner.

"Was that an idle boast that Weiner made?" Dodge asked. "Nine thousand dollars does not grow on trees, you know."

"Hardly idle," I said. "He had almost that much

in his pocket at the time of his arrest. Besides he has an income of almost one hundred thousand dollars a year."

"From what sources?"

"There's only one source that my investigators have been able to uncover and that's prostitution. I have a report here from the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington. They have been trying to get evidence against Weiner for the past twenty years and have failed."

Dodge arose and walked over to me. "So Cock-eyed Louie Weiner doesn't think we can put him in jail. Well, I'll have him behind bars where he belongs if it is the last official act I perform. From the reports I have received on him he is one of the lowest type of men walking the streets of this city today." His fist banged into the palm of his hand for added emphasis. "Do you have your case lined up?"

I nodded vigorously.

"Then put it on the court calendar as soon as you can. I'll show him some rapid justice."

That morning I presented my evidence before the Grand Jury, and was promptly handed an indictment against Louie Weiner.

The case was scheduled for trial, July 25, 1935, before Judge Cornelius F. Collins in the Court of General Sessions.

Meanwhile, Harris continued to bring Maxine Jordan and Marie Franklin to my office daily for questioning. He was in hopes that either my questioning would prod their memories to facts only half remembered or that it would instill in them a certain confidence that they did not have before.

It was three days before the trial. After Harris had returned Maxine Jordan from a visit to her daughter I spoke to her.

"You know, Maxine, that we are trying Weiner for a single offense. Although he has committed more than

you can count, the law in this State demands that we pick one specific instance, and merely prove that. All other testimony to show that he conducted a business of a similar nature can not be used for corroboration but merely to show the scope of his activities."

Maxine looked puzzled.

"What I mean is that Cock-eye Louie booked you into several houses. You had intercourse with many men. For these acts you were paid. From the money you were paid, Weiner received his cut. Now all that it is necessary for me to prove is that he received a commission from only one act. His indictment charges him with collecting from your earnings while you were working for Bobbie Murphy."

"That's a lot easier to understand," Maxine grinned. "Now tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to tell me all about that place."

"Bobbie Murphy's place is over at 12 West Sixtieth Street."

"Is that a man?" I asked.

"No. It's a woman. She's pretty tall, about five feet, six or seven inches, maybe five feet eight inches, heavy set, with red hair and the features of a colored person. She's a white woman though."

"When did you work there?"

"Oh, that was this February. I was there Washington's birthday; I remember because we had an awful rush that day."

I turned to Harris. "Hop down to that address and check. If this Bobbie Murphy is still there bring her in."

At the address Harris learned from the superintendent that no person by that name had ever lived in that house." He went through the list of present tenants and found that none of them answered the description given by the girl.

"What's this all about?" the superintendent wanted to know.

"This Murphy woman ran a house of prostitution."

"That's very possible," he replied. "When I took over this house there were several of them, but I cleaned them out."

Harris relayed to him the description that Maxine had previously offered.

"Oh!" he said. "I know your woman. I know who you mean. She went under the name of Gladys Rosen. The description fits her to a T."

I ordered a subpoena issued to the superintendent. On the morning of the trial he was in my office for questioning. The records and the rent receipts kept by him were in my possession. They corroborated the story told by Maxine.

I had no sooner begun my questioning when the door to my office flew open. Maxine, accompanied by her cousin and her sister, burst in. The three women showed signs of deep agitation. Maxine was trembling like a leaf.

"What's up?" I asked her.

Maxine's eyes rolled wildly. "I—I.

"If my sister tells you anything I'll kill her. I won't let her say a word."

I glanced in sharp surprise at the faces of the three women. One of my principal witnesses was being threatened in my very presence. I wondered what it was all about.

"If there's anything wrong, Maxine, you had better tell me about it."

The prostitute looked at her sister, and burst into tears. "I can't tell you anything," she sobbed.

With this new problem on my hands I walked across to Judge Collins' chambers, and told him of the developments.

"It seems to me," he said severely, "that somebody

has been trying to intimidate your witness. Go back and question her fully. Get to the bottom of it. If you procure any information of value I want you to bring it to the attention of the court."

I returned to my office and pleaded with Maxine Jordan's sister. "Don't you think that things would be a lot better if you were to tell me everything that happened. Certainly the authorities are strong enough to protect you. If it is a matter of police protection, I will gladly assign two patrolmen to guard your home twenty-four hours a day."

"That's it," Maxine cried eagerly. "I want a policeman to guard my sister's house all the time. Oh, my baby, my baby!" she burst out hysterically.

I let her cry for a few minutes. "This isn't helping matters," I said gently. "Why don't you tell me what happened?"

Maxine's sister hesitated only for a moment, then said: "Late last night the doorbell rang. I answered it and three men walked in. One of them said he represented Cock-eye Louie Weiner. Another one told me that he was Louie's son. They all said they wanted to talk to me."

" 'If there's anything you have to say,' I said to them, 'you can say it here.' The man who said he was Weiner's son said, 'Let's go out to a restaurant. We can have a bite to eat while I'm talking to you.' I agreed and we went out to Child's restaurant around the corner. Once we were in the restaurant, he asked me to come down to court this morning and testify that Maxine had been committed to an insane asylum in her home town, and that she was still unstable mentally. Not only that, he also asked me to testify that Maxine had never been a prostitute, but had run disorderly houses in partnership with me throughout the City."

"Was that all?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she almost shouted. "I refused them. 'Why should I go down and lie about my sister and about myself when it isn't so,' I said. Then one of the men told me, 'If you refuse, we'll kidnap your baby, and kill your husband. Remember the cops might be able to protect you, but they can't protect all three of you.' I didn't know what to do. I was afraid they might attack me right in the restaurant or kidnap me and take me away somewheres. So I told them, 'I'll do everything you say. I better go home now to my husband and my baby.'

"The man who claimed to be Weiner's son said, 'No, you better not go home. We'll put you up at a swell hotel and we'll take you down to court.'

" 'If you don't let me go home, I won't go down-town for you tomorrow,' I said. When they heard that they let me go. I ran home.

"I told my husband and cousin what had happened. They locked the door and barricaded it with a dresser and chairs.

"Early this morning I was in court and a man who said he was one of the attorneys for Weiner told me, 'Well, if a certain woman I have in mind comes to court in this case I'll blow it higher than a kite.'

"I ran home again and locked the door. A few minutes later somebody started pounding on it. I slipped a chain lock in place, and opened the door part way. It was the man who talked to me the night before. 'This is Marty Weiner,' he said. 'Why didn't you come back to the court?' 'I'm not going back,' I told him, 'and if you don't leave, I'll scream and call for the police.'

"He said, 'You can't do this to my father. You can't let him go to jail. We'll take care of you and your husband, and you'll be fixed for the rest of your life. You'll never have any trouble, and you'll have all the money you want.'

" 'I'm not going to go down and lie,' I answered.

"Then I screamed and he ran away. I waited a few minutes until I was sure he was gone when I came right down to your office."

This astounding recital enraged me.

"You've got nothing to fear," I said. "From now on you will be under constant police protection. I guarantee you that."

Reassured, the women accompanied me to the courtroom. We went through the opening statements, and I placed my principal, Maxine Jordan, on the stand. She was still there when court adjourned, for the noon recess.

Before Judge Collins left the bench I walked up to him, and informed him of the statements made to me by Maxine, her sister, and her cousin. Judge Collins called the defense counsel to the bench. He explained the situation that had arisen.

"I warn you that I will not stand for any methods of this type," he said sharply. "I do not believe, Counsel, that you have any knowledge of this, but I warn you to instruct your client to discontinue this intimidation. I will not permit it. Why, these actions are unheard of."

As I left the courtroom with Maxine and her sister, the latter pointed a finger at a dark young man who was lounging in the corridor. "That's the man who threatened me."

Detective Harris who was present, immediately placed the young man under arrest. He proved to be Martin Weiner, one of the sons of Cock-eye Louie.

Although I had arranged a police escort for the girls, they asked that I commit them to the House of Detention as material witnesses for their own protection. Maxine's sister, who was pregnant at the time, felt that this would be far safer than spending the night at home. I agreed.

District Attorney Dodge who kept in close touch with

all my activities and who had mapped the campaign that I was to follow, was apprised of all the events that had taken place. When I asked him what was to be done to Marty Weiner, he said, "This is as outright a case of coercion as I have ever heard."

Maxine, her sister, and her cousin were brought to the Magistrates' Court and a complaint for coercion was drawn against Weiner's son.

The following day I received a request from my witnesses in the House of Detention that they be released. Maxine's sister was especially desirous of returning to her home.

"I couldn't stand it in here another day," she said.

I secured a release order from Judge Collins and they were permitted to return home.

The next morning in court, Cock-eye Louie Weiner rose to his feet dramatically, and blurted, "Your Honor, I think it would be better for me to tell the truth and throw myself upon the mercy of the court. I am guilty of the charges made against me."

Judge Collins looked toward me.

"Your Honor," I said, "I am willing to accept the defendant's plea of guilty. This acceptance is made without any promise of any kind on the part of our office."

This is paramount to a conviction brought in by the jury. Weiner's hope was to play on the sympathies of the court in making this plea. But here he had mistaken the calibre of Judge Collins.

This jurist, one of the most humane of men ever to sit on the bench, delivered one of the most scathing denunciations of a felon ever heard in that courtroom, and which ended with this statement:

"You are sixty-one years old," he said, "and my probation officers report that you are suffering from an incur-

able disease. I sentence you to serve from five to ten years in State's Prison. You will probably die there."

Weiner gaped at the Judge. His myopic eyes teared, and he screamed, "No, you can't, no——"

Two court attendants gripped his arms, and hustled him over the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs. Two days later he was taken to a waiting automobile and rushed to Sing Sing.

This left me with but one loose end in the case my records labeled, People versus Weiner. That was the trial of Martin Weiner for attempting to coerce the witnesses. But here I found to my dismay that not only had Maxine Jordan and Marie Franklin disappeared, but Maxine's sister, her husband, and child were also gone.

Harris spent days attempting to hunt out the missing witnesses, but failed. Later I learned that they all had gone to California to live and I was forced to ask for a dismissal of the case.

Why did they go? Where did they receive the funds necessary to make this long trip? I am afraid that these two questions must remain unanswered.

Chapter VIII

BUSINESS AT THE PRETZEL RESTAURANT

EARLIER in my investigation I had questioned a young prostitute, Edith Miller, at some length, and through this questioning had secured the conviction of Patsy Pagluico for vice-racketeering. I had released her after his conviction. With the trial of Weiner completed, I knew I had full time to devote to the one remaining task left undone. That was to get the Boss, the King of Vice in this city.

I held my regular morning conference with District Attorney Dodge. We were discussing what plan I was to follow in locating the Vice King. Suddenly, in the course of our talk, he shot at me, "Where is that Miller woman?"

"I released her after the Pagluico conviction," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Pick her up again," he advised me. "That might give you the lead you are looking for."

"I don't know what help that will be," I said dubiously. "I questioned her for several days, you know. Do you think that she has been holding back some vital information?"

"Who knows?" my superior smiled.

I relayed this information to Detective Hugo Harris, and Special Investigator Walter R. Van Wagner. Within twenty-four hours they had picked up the Miller woman and had her in my office.

"What do you know about the Big Boss?" I asked.

"Not a thing." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Who do you know that worked for the Big Boss?"

"Well," she hesitated a moment.

"That won't involve you in any way," I encouraged her.

"Well, you get a hold of Helen Morgan; she worked on his circuit for a long time. I hear she's on the outs with him now and she'll probably talk."

"Where will I find her?" I asked eagerly.

Again the girl shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know; somewhere in the city."

Detective Hugo Harris cut in. "I guess this line of investigation won't help us any. You can go."

I stared in surprise at Harris.

He winked his eye as a signal and I understood. "Yes," I chimed in. "I guess there's no use in our picking you up any more. You have given us plenty of information, but it's all bad." With that I escorted her to the door.

When she had gone I asked excitedly, "What have you got, Hugo?"

"Plenty," said Detective Harris. "This Helen Morgan is one of the old-time prostitutes."

"Helen Morgan?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I don't mean the singer. This one is a prostitute. She's a rather pretty girl, red-headed, blue eyes, about five feet six, and she weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She's a terrible drunkard.

"The Boss has booked her in his circuit for the last few years. She hangs out at Jack the Greek's Restaurant on West Forty-sixth Street near Eighth Avenue."

"Who is this Jack the Greek?"

"He's an operator of several disorderly houses, and he uses the restaurant as a front. The way he works it is to send his customers from the restaurant to his houses."

"Well, try to bring her in as soon as you can," I said.

For two weeks, Harris lurked outside the restaurant, maintaining a constant vigil. Not once in that time did Helen Morgan appear. This was strange. Not only did

Harris know that the Morgan woman used this restaurant as her hang-out, but confidential tips that he had received during his investigation led him to believe that Helen Morgan had visited this restaurant daily up to the day that he had placed it under surveillance.

It could mean but one thing. Somewhere, and at sometime, confidential information in our possession was being passed on to the prostitutes.

Law enforcement was being sold short.

To this day I have been unable to lay my hands on the one who had passed out that information. District Attorney Dodge's hands itched to get hold of that person or persons.

At the end of that time Harris reported to me and told me that Helen Morgan evidently had given up her old haunts.

"What now?" I asked.

"I'm far from stuck," Harris said. "Helen has a p.i. —some tough guerilla over on the West Side who is living with her. His name is Frankie Adams. I think perhaps I can get him to help us locate her."

Harris received some underworld tips and started his hunt for Adams. He visited several addresses where Adams had put in an appearance previously, but in each instance he missed his quarry. Finally, almost in desperation, Harris turned to the file in Police Headquarters and went through the record on Adams.

There he learned that Adams had just been released on parole from the New York City penitentiary. This meant but one thing. Adams must report to his parole officer one day every month. And that day the records disclosed was the twenty-first.

Harris, therefore, made arrangements with the parole officer in charge of that case. When Adams put in an appearance he was to be notified.

On the twenty-first day of June, Harris in company with

Detectives Gallagher and Reisinger remained seated in a car outside of the parole office on Fifty-fourth Street. When Adams turned in for his report he was picked up.

Frankie Adams was five feet eight inches tall, stocky, blonde-haired, had watery blue eyes, and a weak chin.

"Gee, what does this mean?" he quavered, as Harris led him to the car for questioning.

"You have been giving me a pretty run-around. You know I wanted you. What have you been dodging for?"

"I heard some of the boys mention it," his lips quivered. "But I ain't done anything!"

"We'll find out about that later," Harris said ominously. "Where will I find Helen Morgan?"

"I don't know."

"Don't give me any of that stuff," the detective snapped. "Remember you're out on parole. You still owe a year's time on that old 'rap'. The boys have been telling me you are going into big-time stuff, sticking up houses of prostitution for the Boss."

"That's a lie," Adams shouted.

"Sit down, bum!" Harris shoved Adams into the rear of the car. "I want you to cooperate fully with the authorities or I'll see that you go back to the 'can' for another year."

"I'd like to help you all I can, but I had a fight with Helen a coupla weeks ago and I haven't been seeing her since."

"Don't stall me with that gag. Do you remember 301 West Forty-sixth Street?"

A drunken brawl had taken place in this house and a prostitute had fallen out of a third-story window. The girl had died as a result of her injuries. There had been gossip to the effect that Adams had thrown her out of the window during the fight. No proof of this fact was ever

brought out, and the police reports listed the death as due to accident.

"People are asking ugly questions about that," Harris reminded Adams.

"It's a lie!" he screamed. "I never had anything to do with it. You can't pin it on me."

"Nobody is trying to pin it on you," the detective said soothingly. "I'm merely trying to get your cooperation on this matter."

"Sure, sure," Adams agreed hastily. "I'd be glad to help you out."

"O.K. Lead on."

For two days Harris visited houses of prostitution, drinking-joints and dives of the lowest character in his hunt for the Morgan woman. It proved futile. Finally Adams led Harris into a room at the Cameo Apartments on West Forty-second Street. This room was occupied by a prostitute known as Margie.

"Shake hands with 'Willie Fergusen'," Adams said. "Willie, this is Margie." The detective shook her hand.

"I don't remember seeing you around here before," Margie said cautiously.

"Oh, he's all right," Adams broke in. "He's on the 'lam' from St. Louis. There's a tough 'rap' against him there."

"Oh! have a seat 'Willie'." Her eyes surveyed Detective Harris.

What she saw was a dark, husky young man with a somewhat bedraggled black moustache.

"Willie" Fergusen seated himself in an overstuffed chair.

"Nice place you've got here. I don't suppose you use it for business purposes."

"Oh, no," she assured him. "I go over the circuit. By the way, what's that 'rap' on you?"

"Murder!"

"Say Margie," Frankie said. "I wonder if you can tell me where I can get a hold of Helen. I'm sorry as all hell that I had that fight with her, and I'm anxious to see her again."

"Well, I don't know if Helen will be so anxious to see you, but I'll pass your message on to her."

"That's swell of you, Margie." He turned to the officer. "Come on, 'Willie', I got a date downtown."

When the pair reached the street, Harris turned to his companion and said, "I want you to visit Margie again tomorrow. Visit her every day until you locate Helen."

At a quarter to twelve, several nights later, Adams walked into the Cameo Apartments. Usually when he entered, if Helen was not in, he immediately returned to the street to report.

This time, however, he stayed an unusually long time. Harris walked to a public phone booth and dialed the home of Assistant District Attorney William Goldman, who was assisting me in this investigation.

"I think something is bound to break soon," Harris told him. "From the looks of it Helen Morgan just put in an appearance at her friend's house on Forty-second Street. I want you to grab a car. Get Reisinger and Gallagher and park on the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. When you see us come out of the house pick up the whole bunch of us.

"Remember, you don't know me."

Harris hurriedly returned to the Cameo Apartments and entered Margie's flat.

"Hello Frankie, hello Margie," he smiled broadly at them. "Who's the girl-friend?"

On the couch sat a red-headed woman. She was flashily dressed and heavily rouged. Although she was

not intoxicated, she gave evidence of having had several hard drinks.

"Shake hands with Helen Morgan," Margie said.

Helen snapped suspiciously, "And who's that?"

"A newcomer in town," 'Willie' said. "I'm in town for a couple of months until they turn the heat off in St. Louis. They gop a 'rap' there that means curtains for me if they ever grab me."

They gossiped for a few moments. Then Adams gripped 'Willie' by the arm and led him to the side of the room.

"Gee, you shouldn't have come up," he whispered tensely. How are you going to get Helen Morgan out of here without letting on that I put her on the spot?"

"Don't worry about that," "Willie" said.

They returned to the two girls and continued their conversation where they had left off.

"Willie" suggested, "How about going out, I'll treat the bunch of you to drinks."

"Swell," the girls chorused.

"But then again," Helen remembered, "maybe it ain't such a good idea. If you go out with me you're liable to get yourself picked up."

"How is that?" "Willie" asked eagerly.

"I've been hot for the last two weeks. The cops have only been a step behind me all that time."

"How do you know?" "Willie" waited anxiously for the reply.

"Oh, some friends of mine on West Forty-sixth Street tipped me off. Oh boy, I gotta laugh. Some cop hung around Jack the Greek's joint every day for two weeks, waiting for me to show up. What a nut! No sooner would he come around the corner, than some pals of mine would call me and let me know the heat was on."

"Willie" cleared his throat. What he had heard was not entirely complimentary.

"Aw, let's go out for the drinks anyhow. We'll split up. You walk with Margie, and Frankie and me will follow behind."

Helen agreed. Margie demurred and stayed behind.

When they reached the street the milling multitude pouring from theatres in the Times Square district made it impossible for them to separate without losing one another. Thus Frankie and "Willie" joined Helen.

At the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, two men pushed through the throngs and placed the four of them under arrest. These two men were Detectives Reisinger and Gallagher.

"Hey, you ain't got anything on me. What are you picking me up for?" "Willie" asked.

"On suspicion," Gallagher said gruffly. "Now get along with you."

They were ordered into a waiting car. Reisinger drove. Helen Morgan and "Willie" occupied the other front seats. In the rear seat sat Assistant District Attorney Goldman, Frankie Adams and Gallagher. As they were driving to the West Sixty-eighth Street Police Precinct, Helen put her lips close to "Willie's" ear.

"Gee, I don't know what the devil they want me for. Maybe it's for some 'rap' out West. I don't know, I'm scared stiff."

"If they ever get me I'm finished," "Willie" replied in a low voice.

"Yeh, I know."

In the police precinct Sergeant Ryan took charge of the prisoners. He led them into the squad room, and seated them in a semi-circle.

Then Assistant District Attorney Goldman, without hes-

itation shot at Helen, "What do you know about the Big Boss?"

Although Helen had had several drinks that evening, her reasoning power was unimpaired.

"Not a thing," she flashed.

Goldman walked her across the room. "How long did you know the Boss?"

"I don't even know who you're talkin' about."

For an hour Goldman subjected her to a gruelling examination. To all his questions, however, he received a shrug of the shoulders and a definite denial.

"We don't want to talk to you anymore. Get out of here." Goldman said, "But we're hanging on to the other two."

As Helen walked back to her chair, she winked, smiled and sat down.

"For God's sake, Helen, how can you laugh? You know I owe ten years up-state on parole, and 'Willie' here is wanted for a killing out West. If they take our fingerprints, we're both sunk. I don't know what those fellows want of you, but if there's anything you can tell them, tell them. Don't put us on the spot 'cause we're in a tough one now."

"Yeh, I know you were picked up on account of me," she said. "But, gee, you should have walked behind me."

"You know why we walked with you. We didn't want to be lost in the crowd."

"Sure, I know what they want from me!"

"Do you know the answers?" "Willie" interrupted eagerly.

"Sure," she said.

"Did he book you?"

"Of course he did."

"You're not lying, are you?"

"Why the hell should I lie to you?"

"O.K., kid," "Willie" said. "Don't get sore."

Suddenly Helen brightened. "Say, I think I can get the two of you off."

"How?" Frankie asked.

"If they promise to leave the two of you go, I'll tell them everything they want to know. Then when the two of you are free I'll take back everything I said."

"Do anything you want," "Willie" told her. "But you better tell them the truth otherwise they're going to hang onto us, and you know what that means."

"Sure, I know."

"Hey, Sarge," "Willie" called out. "I'd like to go to the bathroom."

Sergeant Ryan caught the cue. "I'll take you," he said gruffly. The two left the room.

"Listen Sergeant." Harris spoke swiftly. "That Morgan girl is coming clean, but after you turn us loose she'll retract her story. When you turn us loose, stick a 'tail' on us. I want to make sure that the girl sees that we are being followed."

"It's a good idea," Ryan said.

They returned to the squad room. Detective Harris alias "Willie Fergusen" walked to Helen's side.

"Listen, kid, don't let them put anything over on you. When they let us go you keep your eyes peeled on that street lamp on the other side of the street. When you see Frankie and me walk by under it, we'll wave to let you know everything is O.K."

Sergeant Ryan said to Frankie and "Willie", "O.K., you two, you can scram now."

The men walked out of the police station, crossed the street, and stopped for a moment under a street arc.

Helen Morgan's figure was outlined in the brightly-lighted squad room. Frankie waved and Helen waved back. But twenty-five feet away, her keen eyes also de-

tected Sergeant Ryan and Detective Reisinger following the pair. This could mean but one thing. If she refused to go through with her story the two men would be picked up immediately. The consequences of this act, she reasoned, would be disastrous.

Assistant District Attorney Goldman returned to the girl. "I suppose you feel more inclined to talk now," he said.

"Well, you didn't expect me to go shooting off my mouth before, did you?"

"I don't expect you to do that now. All I want you to do is to tell the truth. Do you know the Boss?"

"Sure, I do."

"Did he ever book you in houses of prostitution?"

"He did."

"Did he collect from your earnings?"

"Why do you think he was booking me?" she flashed back, "for love?"

"Answer me 'yes' or 'no'," Goldman said severely. "Do you of your own knowledge, know that he collected from your earnings?"

"Of course, he took his ten per cent cut every week."

"Who is the Boss?"

Helen hesitated a moment. "You got no right asking me that. I can't tell you." She spoke defiantly.

"You better come clean. If you were watching carefully when I let those two boy-friends of yours go you would have seen a 'tail' on their heels. By the way, you seemed a little too anxious to get them off. What's the matter, are the boys hot?"

"No, no," Helen replied quickly. "They're just friends of mine. I don't want them to spend the night in the 'can'."

"Then you had better come clean or they'll spend more than one night there. I am not asking you to lie. All I

want you to do is to tell me the truth as far as you know it."

"Gee, I'd like to help you," she said. "Nick is the Big Boss."

"Nick who?"

"Gosh," she sobbed. "I'm putting myself in an awful jam as it is. Just Nick. Anybody will tell you who Nick is."

"Where does he run his clearing-house?"

"His what?"

"Where does he book his women from? Where is his office?"

"Down at the Pretzel Restaurant."

"How long does he stay there?"

"Oh, he's there anywhere from ten to fourteen hours a day. You'll probably see him in there any time you go down."

Helen Morgan was held as a material witness, as a witness for the People in their case against the Vice King. What Goldman had learned, he passed on to Detective Harris and Sergeant Ryan.

"I know where the Pretzel Restaurant is," Harris said. "Let's go."

"Where to?" asked Ryan, who was driving the car.

"201 West Forty-ninth Street."

The car turned west onto Broadway, then south to Forty-ninth Street.

Here is the strangest part of the case. The restaurant from which Nick, the Big Boss, operated, has been seen by practically every person in the United States. This is a broad statement. Do you attend motion picture shows? If so, you have seen this restaurant! It is usual for a motion picture company when filming a picture that has New York City as its locale to insert stock shots of Broad-

way, particularly the Times Square sector. The Pretzel Restaurant is in the heart of this district.

In the motion pictures, if you look carefully, you can see the brightly lit neon sign with the single word Pretzel. Underneath is a huge diagonal red arrow pointing downward to a set of swinging doors. The restaurant is in the basement below the street level.

Passers-by see only the swinging doors, a set of steps leading downward, and a blank green wall. There is a second entrance into the restaurant. This is located in the Forty-ninth Street I. R. T. subway station. The place is ideally situated for the operations of the Vice King. It is certainly located in the hotel district, a section where most of his girls lived. Secondly, it was removed from the curious gaze of people.

Ryan and Harris entered the restaurant from the subway level. It was painted a garish green. At one end was a large bar. The other side was given over to booths built into the wall so that they resembled semi-private rooms.

The officers walked up to the bar and ordered drinks. Harris' keen eyes swept over the room. Half of the booths were occupied by young girls, their hard, painted faces reflecting their profession. In one of these booths sat a dark-complexioned, burly man. Harris inspected him carefully. He was about thirty-five years old, curly-haired, had small pig-like eyes, thin lips, and a coarse face. In the dim-lit, smoke-filled restaurant, his face held an evil gleam.

Harris nudged Ryan. "See that fellow?" His head inclined in the direction of the man he had been studying.

"Do you think that's him?" Ryan asked.

"It might very easily be."

While they were talking, a phone rang in one of the public telephone booths. The dark-haired man got up from his seat and answered it. Two minutes later he resumed

his seat and made an entry in a black note-book. A short time later the above action was repeated.

In the half hour Harris and Ryan remained in the place this dark-haired individual had answered the phone, which rang sometimes in one booth and sometimes in the other, twenty times, and had made twenty different notations in the little black book he carried.

"I've seen enough," Harris said. "Let's go."

Early the following morning Harris reported in my office.

"I think the case is cracked," he said jubilantly. "I found the spot from which the Vice King operates. I've seen him."

I rushed Harris into District Attorney Dodge's office.

When Dodge heard the story, he exclaimed, "Splendid work."

"Want me to pull him in now, Chief?" Harris asked.

"Oh, no. I can't tell you how to go about your work, but I want every available fact about the means of his operations that you can possibly secure, and I want it as soon as possible. When we arrest him, I do not want to run the risk of having a jury acquit him for lack of evidence."

"I'll do my best," Harris said.

Harris left the office and immediately set to work. He entered a public phone booth, dropped a nickel in the slot, and dialled 4-1-1. A voice at the other end said, "This is Information."

"May I have the number of the public phone at 201 West Forty-ninth Street—the Pretzel Restaurant."

There was a moment's pause. Then—"The number is Circle 7-9121."

"Information, can you tell me the number of the other phone booth in this restaurant?"

"The number is Circle 7-9717."

Harris secured a complete set of wire-tapping apparatus.

He reasoned that the fact that the Vice King made constant use of these telephones showed that they must be part of his office equipment. How else could one explain the ten to fourteen hours a day that the Boss put in at the restaurant?

The work of tapping the wires was a ticklish affair. The Telephone Company has never given permission to the police to tap wires. This must be done without their knowledge.

Harris hunted out the bridging point furthest removed from the Pretzel Restaurant phones. Here in the basement of a building, the address of which I am not at liberty to divulge, he checked over each numbered pair and cable. He attached a set of clamps to each of the wires and listened in until he had secured the proper ones. He then rigged up a jack-box with lights on it which registered every time the Vice King lifted the receiver on either one of the two phones installed in the restaurant.

He next attached a head-set with a condenser installed in it. This condenser acted as a silencer. If the person listening-in wished to comment to his partner, the people carrying on the conversation on the telephone could not hear anything that was said between the detectives.

The entire procedure was risky. If the Boss were to become suspicious and ask the Telephone Company to ascertain whether or not the wires were being tapped, it would have been simple for them to discover it. The Company would merely send an impulse over the wires and check for any added resistance along the line.

With this work completed, Detective Peter J. O'Connell, a police stenographer, was assigned to listen in and take down verbatim every word spoken.

The day was May 28th, it was 12:45. The light on the dash panel glowed. There was a crackling noise, and a smooth, oily voice said, "Hello."

A voice from the outside said, "Hello, Nick. This is Joe. What's new?"

Nick responded, "Which Joe is this?"

"Joe Pollack."

"Wait a minute, Joe."

The voice on the outside changed. "Hello, this is June. How the hell are you?"

Nick said, "Listen I can put you in with 'Spinach'! They are waiting to open. Maybe they will be closed for a day or so. There was a little confusion there."

June said, "That would be fine, Nick. I would love to go there."

Nick responded, "He's waiting word from someone there to let him open up. When they do I'll call you. That's the best I can do. I got fifty girls out of work now."

Chapter IX

MONOPOLY AND DEMAND

HARRIS hastened to my office and told me that the wire used by the Vice King had been tapped. "Pete O'Connell will stay on it until Inspector McAuliffe tells him he has had enough."

Now for the first time since the vice crusade made headlines in every newspaper in the nation, I am giving to my readers the exact transcript, taken in shorthand by Detective O'Connell.

I have asked myself: "Is it better to mince words and soft-pedal the hard facts that he gleaned, or is it better to give you the exact truth in the hope that it will arouse the people of this nation in a concerted effort to stop the practices made possible by the Boss?

I am heartily in favor of the latter view.

Back in the basement of a house, O'Connell eagerly scribbled the words he heard.

Outside (Incoming Call): "Hello, is Nick there?"

Nick: This is Nick.

Catherine: I only want one girl here.

Nick: Who is this?

Catherine: Catherine.

Nick: I know about it. I am sending her in this afternoon.

Suzanne (Incoming Call): Hello, Nick. This is Suzanne. You have a place for me today?

Nick: Where were you last week?

Suzanne: On Seventy-first Street.

Nick: How did you like it up there?

Suzanne: It is too much; one o'clock in the afternoon to five-six in the morning.

Nick: Yeh, I know. Long hours. Take this address right away.

Nick: 219 West Eightieth Street, apartment number 201, Cohen. That's all. Go there right away. Walk up one flight and you will see it on the door.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Rita: Hello Nick, this is Rita.

Nick: How is your baby?

Rita: My baby is swell.

Nick: Listen. 387 West End Avenue, private house, two o'clock, Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Street.

Rita: Tell me, when do I get through?

Nick: About one or one-thirty.

Rita: No name?

Nick: Newman. Open the door and go in at two o'clock.

Rita: Is it better than the one last week?

Nick: Why, didn't you do as good last week? How much did you clear?

Rita: Seventy-five dollars. I need a good week.

Nick: Listen. I got a lot of places closed this week.

Rita: How come?

Nick: There has been a lot of trouble around, the good ones, too.

Rita: I want a good one next week.

Nick: O.K., kid.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Diana: Hello, Nick. Diana.

Nick: I was just going to call you. Take this address.

Diana: Well, listen; I can't go to work. I just came from Dr. Silberstein.

Nick: Can't pass you?

Diana: No, not this morning.

Nick: All right. You take treatments and get in touch with me.

Diana: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call) : Hello

Outside voice: Nick, how are you?

Nick: O.K. Everybody in?

Outside voice: Why, no. The one girl didn't come till just now. I had to let her go and I had to get a girl. I got Ann and Jean. I happened to get a rush on.

Nick: You must have got somebody before that?

Outside voice: No, Nick,I did not.

Nick: Listen, don't give me that. You know I'm not that dumb. It's only five to two. You must have got somebody before that.

Outside voice: No, I knew where I could get somebody.

Nick: Instead of taking my packages, you took them yourself.

Outside voice: You know I don't have anybody else.

Nick: Not that, but you should have given me a break and waited a half hour. You have two that could have tackled it. You're not that rushed. Which ones you got?

Outside voice: Ann and Little Jean. I like the little girl; she is awful cute. I said, "Didn't Nick tell you come in at one?"

Nick (Incoming Call) : Hello.

Alice: What's the matter with you, anyhow, Nick? This is Alice.

Nick: What's wrong with you?

Alice: Good God, listen. What am I hollering for? Since I know you, why the hell——.

Nick: Don't get excited. I will send you a heavy one.

Alice: I don't want the pewees. For Christ's sake, I wouldn't——

Nick: All right; I will have to send you a big one and a little one.

Alice: Christ, instead of sending me bigger, you send me smaller. I wouldn't even open up.

Nick: Where is she now?

Alice: I told her to come back in a half hour.

Nick: All right. I will send you two now.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Listen, Nick. I was over there and when the doctor examined me he pushed my womb so hard he made me bleed.

Nick: So you got sick then?

Outside voice: Sure, he pushed it so hard and I bled.

Nick: All right; that means you stay off a few days.

Outside voice: All right; you call me, 306.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Lottie: Nick, I want to talk to you about something. I can't talk the way I'd like to.

Nick: Well, call me back.

Lottie: About a certain party. You know what I mean. They want to meet you.

Nick: Who?

Lottie: Jimmy's cousin, you know. You don't know her. She is with Jimmy's cousin.

Nick: Oh!

Lottie: I want you to do something for her.

Nick: All right.

Lottie: But I don't want them to go up there. Do you want to see her?

Nick: What do you want me to do?

Lottie: What do you think you can do?

Nick: I don't know.

Lottie: Can you do something for her today? She's O.K.

Nick: What's the address?

Lottie: Do you want the phone number?

Nick: Yes.

Lottie: Drydock 4-7914. Listen, call over here and

ask for Jimmy. It's right next to the Barber Shop; it's a restaurant, and he'll tell you what's what. I'm giving you details; everything is all right. Do you want to give her one now?

Nick: I'll call up first and see what I can do. What is it, light or dark?

Lottie: A little Italian girl. You will do me a favor.

Nick: Right now I got a lot of headaches. Saturday and Sunday I got seven or eight places closed. If I can do anything, I will. If I don't call you in about fifteen minutes, I don't know how I stand. Another place had the packages in there and was told to close. Well, I got no spots open now.

Lottie: How about tomorrow?

Nick: Tomorrow I guess is all right. I'll call you at eleven-thirty tonight.

Lottie: Make it eleven-thirty to twelve. Are you going to call me back in fifteen minutes?

Nick: No. I don't think I can do anything now. Every place is covered up.

Outside Voice (Outgoing Call to Chickering 4-7560): Paramount Hotel.

Nick: 1801, please.

Outside voice: 1801 don't answer.

Nick: Ring 501, she might be in her girl-friend's place.

Dixie: Hello.

Nick: Hello, Dixie. Where is Connie?

Dixie: Right here with me, Nick.

Nick: All right, put her on.

Connie: Hello, Nick.

Nick: Take this address, Connie. 219 West Eightieth Street, apartment 201, right off Broadway, up one flight, and turn to your right.

Connie: O.K., Nick.

Rose (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: Hello, Rose. This is Nick. Listen, if that girl by the name of Suzanne comes, chase her away.

Rose: She is here.

Nick: Throw her out. I am getting one who is very nice. Tell her she came too late.

Rose: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Lottie: Hello, Nick; Lottie. I couldn't talk to you when I had Jimmy and his cousin standing outside of the booth and I was afraid to say a word. They owe me a little money, understand, and he came to me and asked me to call you and see what I can do.

Nick: All right; I can't do it until tonight. All the spots are closed up. They're raising hell here.

Lottie: Listen, Nick, if you can't, don't put yourself out of the way.

Nick: Is she nice, honey?

Lottie: Yes.

Nick: Is she very nice?

Lottie: Well, I don't know; I'm a critic. I'm so damn homely I think everyone else is. Listen, it is not a raving beauty.

Nick: Then let her alone. Let her work on the East Side.

Lottie: That's the trouble; she was never on the East Side, because she's an Italian girl from the East Side.

Nick: Since you last called me now I just got two telephone calls; both places closed. They put five girls out. I am going to quit here in about an hour and lay down for a couple of hours. I got to shave.

Lottie: Do you want to come up here? I will give you a shave.

Nick: What kind of a shave?

Lottie: Shave your beard off. I will give you the keys to my apartment in Brooklyn.

Nick: It's too far.

Lottie: South Ninth Street, Brooklyn? That's not far. I was terrible sick this morning. I threw my insides away. Listen, Nick, what time are you going to be downtown tomorrow night? When I leave at ten I don't want to hang around downtown, so I will jump in a cab and come up there. Do you want me to?

Nick: Yes.

Lottie: All right, Nick, good-bye.

Jimmy (Outgoing Call to Academy 2-6075): Hello.

Nick: Is Pete there?

Jimmy: No; Jimmy.

Nick: I am over in Fiftieth Street. What's new?

Jimmy: I got a few addresses in Brooklyn for you.

Nick: What have you got, Max Kensler?

Jimmy: No.

Nick: Do you know, he wanted us to book back again?

Jimmy: No joke.

Nick: We told him go—himself. Listen, your friend, the three-way girl, is up in Ruth Rogers.

Jimmy: A three-way blonde?

Nick: A forty-five way: underneath the bed, on top of the bed and over the bed. Dave is going up there with me later. He is coming back here soon.

Jimmy: O.K., call back later. Call back in about a half hour.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Tillie: Nick, can somebody talk?

Nick: Who is this?

Tillie: Tillie.

Nick: What's the matter?

Tillie: I left. She told me last night that the girl has to stay in there seven whole days, can't even go out once; can you imagine that? Everybody has to stay in there, she told me the other night.

Nick: You can't stay in, ha?

Tillie: No, I'm not going to stay in. I work from one to four in the morning.

Nick: Suppose I fix it you can go home two more nights this week?

Tillie: No, it won't do no good. I am already home. It is no good there anyway.

Nick: Call me at seven p.m. tonight. I might get a spot for you.

Tillie: Did Pat call you?

Nick: No, not yet.

Tillie: She probably will.

Nick: Call me at seven.

Tillie: O.K.

Suzanne (Outgoing Call to Columbus 5-4994): Hello.

Nick: Hello, Suzanne. This is Nick. Take this address.

Suzanne: Just a minute.

Nick: Listen, Suzanne, you might have to sleep in for a few nights; it is very busy.

Suzanne: I don't know. Just a minute.

Nick: Bobby and Patsy, a high class place.

Suzanne: I can't sleep in.

Nick: Well, that's all I got now. Why don't you take it? This is a nice job. Listen, it's with nice people, you know.

Suzanne: I know it's a nice people, but I can't sleep over there.

Nick: Why not? What's the difference? The other girls will be there.

Suzanne: I know, but I can't.

Nick: All right; wait until I get something else.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Al: Hello, is Nick there?

Nick: This is Nick.

Al: Al, Listen, Coney Island?

Nick: Who is it?

Al: Some party by the name of Lena, used to be in New York. Do you know her?

Nick: No, I don't know. How is the business out there?

Al: She just opened up. It's all right. They had trouble. I just straightened them out.

Nick: If they just opened up I don't want them.

Al: What's the difference?

Nick: This might not be too good and I might lose the girl. I don't want to start places off. If I can't get a spot that's established I don't want it.

Al: Listen, Nick, call up that girl Tillie. She wants you to call her. She called the hotel this morning.

Nick: Where is she living?

Al: Belvedere, Room 506. She called me but I didn't get her number. Listen, Nick, I'll let this place ride.

Nick: O.K., so long.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Rita: Hello, Nick, this is Rita.

Nick: Go in to Pop's tomorrow one o'clock. Dr. Silverstein first. You just go in and ask for Pop. Take it easy, baby, and don't cheat on your Daddy.

Rita: I haven't any.

Nick: What did you do with him?

Rita: Lost him in the fog.

Nick: You see Frances don't want to lose me much.

Rita: O.K., bye-bye.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Marie: Nick, this is Marie. You're going to give me the address?

Nick: Just a minute, Marie. Hello, 245 West Seventy-second Street, apartment number 13, eleven o'clock.

Marie: What doctor?

Nick: Silverstein.

Marie: Where is Silverstein?

Nick: 1 West Ninety-fourth Street, right off Central Park West, Eighth Avenue car right in front of the place.

Marie: O.K., honey.

Nick: Listen you better finish the week there.

Marie: What, is it so terrible?

Nick: You quit about ten o'clock at night. I mean don't quit in the middle of the week; don't stick me.

Marie: I won't. I never done it yet.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

June: Hello, Nick.

Nick: Who is this?

June: June. Who do you think? Don't you know my voice by now?

Nick: June Levine. You know, Pearl, you want to go in?

June: How is it?

Nick: Good as before.

June: Listen, Nick; I want to make at least a hundred dollars. Listen, for two weeks I have been taking it with a smile on my face.

Nick: Yes, I know it.

June: I want to make at least a hundred or a hundred ten dollars, or something. How is Danny and Benny's?

Nick: No, he closed up. He only opened one day.

June: How's Pop's?

Nick: That place is so changeable; I don't know.

June: Give me something good, because I want to work before I go home. I am going away on a trip. I want something, you know. I had two very bad ones and I didn't say a word. I only worked two weeks; I was off three.

Nick: Take this address: 370 West Fifty-first Street.

June: Who is it?

Nick: Take the address first. Vincent, A-1. You will make a hundred dollars there.

June: Are you sure I will make a hundred dollars?

Nick: If you don't make a hundred dollars, I will give you the difference. Dr. Silverstein first.

June: Good night, you bastard.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Jackie: Hello, Nick, this is Jackie.

Nick: Just a minute, kid. Listen, did you just get out of Rose's?

Jackie: Yes.

Nick: Would you take a job from eight o'clock at night until two in the morning, like Mae Russo?

Jackie: On the street?

Nick: Yes.

Jackie: You know, Nick, I can't work on the street.

Nick: All right; just a minute. Listen. for Sadie you wouldn't work?

Jackie: No!

Nick: All right; 315 East Sixth Street; Dr. Schrager's office. Eleven o'clock. When you go there you tell the doctor or the nurse that you are going to work for Elsie and he will let you know what's what. She will be there herself, understand? That's the doctor's office and Elsie will meet you there.

Jackie: All right, O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Eddie: Hello, Nick. Listen, Eddie Mills. Mabel Reilly wants her to go there tomorrow.

Nick: That's O.K., about twelve o'clock.

Eddie: What doctor?

Nick: The doctor comes in there. You know the address, 76 West Sixty-ninth Street.

Eddie: What apartment?

Nick: She knows. She worked there. She ought to know.

Eddie: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Tommy: Hello, Nick, this is Tommy Murphy.

Nick: I got you. Wait a minute, Tommy. Hello, did the kid get through yet?

Tommy: You know what they did? They charged her forty-six dollars.

Nick: For what?

Tommy: For bond, board, napkins, and so forth, commission with it.

Nick: How many checks did she make?

Tommy: One hundred and ninety-seven checks.

Nick: Forty-six dollars expense? That dirty no-good .....

Tommy: The other girl didn't pay a ..... nickel. What do you think of a break like that?

Nick: I wish you had called me fifteen minutes ago. She was just here.

Tommy: They invited us out last night. I said, "I'll split the check with you." Instead he grabbed the check and they wanted to go other places, which was about eight in the morning, and I guess he took his spite out on the kid.

Nick: Where are you now, Tommy? I wanted to see the kid and see how big she is, you know.

Tommy: She's a little one.

Nick: Just a minute. 387 West End Avenue, Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Streets, Newman.

Tommy: Do you think she'll get a break in there?

Nick: Yes, that's a pretty good spot. I had a lot of bad luck; a lot of spots closed up on me. That's a good spot. Blonde Flo. She's got a fair trade. If she goes the full week, she's O.K.

Tommy: That one charge the murderous board?

Nick: No, about twenty-five dollars altogether. Two-thirty, and ring the bell. Newman; a private house.

Tommy: You are at 201 West Forty-ninth Street?

Nick: That's right.

Tommy: O.K., I will see you tomorrow, Nick.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Tootsie: Hello, Nick; Tootsie Allen. I am the girl Polish Frances recommended to you. I am a friend of Frances Blackman.

Nick: I was waiting for your call.

Tootsie: I didn't get it until two o'clock.

Nick: I will send you a party at eight o'clock.

Tootsie: You better make it at six; there's a bad cop on this week. He comes on after twelve and I got to be careful. 200 East Sixteenth Street, 9-H. The name is Bloom.

Nick: What about the doctor?

Tootsie: I will send her over; I got my own. Have something nice, Nick.

Nick: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Jerry: Nick, this is Jerry.

Nick: Jesus, I just got in too. Listen honey, do you want to go to work for Blondy?

Jerry: How good is it?

Nick: It is good for eighty-five to one hundred.

Jerry: I want something better.

Nick: I can't give it to you, kid. I don't know whether they are open or not, and I had a lot of troubles, honey. I guess you didn't hear about it.

Jerry: Isn't there anything else?

Nick: Just a minute. You better go there, Jerry. It is the best I got. I tell you the truth. I don't think anything will happen there.

Jerry: Where is Blonde Ann?

Nick: Oh, she's going to Sadie the Chink.

Jerry: I want to get in touch with her. I want that money. Who's going in?

Nick: A couple of nice kids. You don't know them. Two new girls. Take the address. I could give you a job all alone, but I am afraid. I got the places, but not good enough for you. I don't want to send you to no dives. You go there; you're all right. You're safe and everything. 219 West Seventieth Street, private house, ring the bell. Walk in the door first and then ring the bell. One o'clock or one-fifteen.

Jerry: Oh, honey, you're awful, you're cruel.

Nick: You know, I give you the best I got; I got a tough break this week. You got to take it with me.

Jerry: Just the time when I want it.

Nick: Well, can I help it? I got nothing, kid. You know everything is O.K. there. God forbid anything happens in their place. You might have to stay in a day or two.

Jerry: How often can I get out?

Nick: Three times; every other night, you can go home.

Outside voice (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: 731.

Marion: Hello.

Nick: Hello, Marion. Go up to Grace's. Nick.

Marion: You know that one I was with?

Nick: Why, is she busy?

Marion: Saturday night was a swell night. She had a date with a guy so she closed up.

Nick: It was pretty good?

Marion: No, Nick; I came home with thirty-one dollars. It got even worse. Things were very lousy last week.

Nick: 2-W, the name is Lewis. One o'clock.

Marion: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Catherine: Nick, this is Catherine, Miss Rose's maid. Are the girls on the way?

Nick: Are you sure nobody's there?

Catherine: No, and quite a few customers here. No, nobody is here.

Nick: They ought to be there any minute. Call me back in fifteen minutes.

Catherine: O.K.

Outside voice (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: 636, please.

Peggy: Hello.

Nick: Hello, Peggy. I am going to give you a real good one now.

Peggy: You mean you are going to change?

Nick: Don't get discouraged. Just a second. This is a real nice job with a nice woman, and be nice. I'll shoot you in the head if you don't. It is A-1. O.K., honey. 321 West Fifty-fifth Street, Apartment 51.

Peggy: Who is it?

Nick: Mary Roberts, real good. Go to Dr. Workman, 412 West End Avenue, corner of Eightieth Street.

Peggy: I know where he is.

Nick: Be to work a quarter to two.

Peggy: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Marie: Hello, Nick, this is Marie.

Nick: Take this address. 251 West Seventy-first Street, apartment 3-A.

Marie: O.K.

Nick: You get through late, two or three o'clock.

Marie: What's the hours?

Nick: Twelve-thirty to about three in the morning. That's the best. All the jobs are that way now. People want to make money they have to stay open. A lot of my places are closed up.

Marie: O.K., Nick.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Catherine: Nick, only one is here.

Nick: Who is this?

Catherine: Catherine.

Nick: Which is there?

Catherine: The blonde.

Nick: The other one isn't there? The no good son of a ..... I will send someone else. In case the other one comes in the meantime, call me.

Catherine: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Hello, Nick. What's the matter with that party? Nobody is here. My God, about thirty dollars walked out already.

Nick: Well, I'm a dirty son of a b....; that's funny; a reliable kid. Holy Jesus Christ. Have you a number where you are at?

Outside voice: I'm calling from the drug store across the street from the house.

Nick: What's the number?

Outside voice: Drydock 4-6519.

Nick: O.K., I will call you right back.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Betty: Hello, Nick, this is Betty from uptown. I am on the East Side and the place is closed. She's gone to the hospital. There is some people there, but she's gone to the hospital.

Nick: You're on Seventh Street? Take this address, 142 East Second Street, apartment 2. Hurry up over there. Her name is Lottie.

Betty: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Betty: Nick, Betty. Where is the girl?

Nick: Levy? She'll be there in about eight minutes.

Betty: I got a lot of people waiting and only one girl working, that's not enough.

Nick: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Jackie: This is Jackie Miller. Hello, Nick.

Nick: I got a good job on Second Street, a woman by the name of Lottie. The week she opened up a girl made fifty-eight dollars in three days. You will have a good week. I will change the girl and give you the job. Take this address: 142 East Second Street, Apartment 2, ask for Lottie. Go down right away. Tell her to send the other girl out.

Jackie: Where is that, near Second Avenue?

Nick: Yes, tell Lottie to send the other girl out and call me up, 'cause the girl in there is not so hot.

Jackie: Do they like them zoftik?

Nick: That's all right; you do O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Billy: Nick, this is Billy. I am just leaving. I got up too late to go to the doctor. Will she say anything?

Nick: Jesus Christ.

Billy: I overslept. The clock didn't go off. Will it be O.K.? You know I am O.K.

Nick: I know you're all right.

Billy: You ought to know; you ..... me.

Nick: I know you're O.K. If she squawks, call me back, 'cause I got another spot for you.

Billy: O.K., Nick, 'bye.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Sadie: Hello, Nick, what's the matter? The party didn't show up.

Nick: Listen Sadie, will you take a small girl, very nice?

Sadie: Yeah.

Nick: Listen; you know what the trouble is. She don't like to be examined by Dr. Alper. He fooled around with her once.

Sadie: How can I manage this? When he comes in I will put her aside some place and tell him I only have two.

Nick: O.K.

Sadie: All right; send her in.

Nick: All right.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Is Nick there?

Nick: This is Nick.

Outside voice: Hello, Poppy, how are you? I thought you were going to call me this morning.

Nick: I am not going to call you until I see you.

Outside voice: Am I not going in to work today?

Nick: I want to see you. I haven't seen you in a week. I want to take a good look at you.

Outside voice: You won't know me; Jimmy broke my nose.

Nick: She broke your nose? Why?

Outside voice: She got mad at me.

Nick: That's very good. She saved me the trouble of doing it.

Outside voice: So it's perfect.

Nick: You don't want to work for Sadie?

Outside voice: Since when did you get her?

Nick: Three weeks. Do you want to go to the country for a week?

Outside voice: Where?

Nick: A girl by the name of Thelma in Long Island.

Outside voice: No, I wouldn't go there, not in Long Island.

Nick: It is in Valley Stream.

Outside voice: No, my dear. Did I pester you last week?

Nick: You stay there until I come up and see you.

Outside voice: What time will you be up?

Nick: As soon as I get through with my work. You stay there.

Outside voice: I will not.

Nick: You stay there until I get there.

Outside voice: What time?

Nick: I will be there before five.

Outside voice: Listen, I have to go to work this week.

Nick: I got to see you first.

Outside voice: If you're coming up here, I won't leave you in. How about coming down here?

Nick: No, I am coming up.

Outside voice: So you will be up at five o'clock.

Nick: Sure, positive. Chase Jerry out; tell her to go to the movies.

Outside voice: Don't be like that.

Nick: Can't we be alone?

Outside voice: I know what you're going to do.

Nick: Oh, no; if you're nice when I come up, then I won't touch you.

Outside voice: Maybe when you see what I look like you won't touch me.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Listen, Nick, that party was no good, didn't pass the doctor.

Nick: How is Rose, O.K.?

Outside voice: Not for today. She might be O.K. tomorrow, Nick.

Nick: I wish I could get her today. I could make her pass the doctor, you know.

Outside voice: I think it would be O.K. tomorrow.

Nick: Call me one or one-thirty tomorrow.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Nick, my God, we're trying to get you for a half hour. She'll never do. She looks as if she was drunk or something.

Nick: Every Sunday night I have trouble with her.

Outside voice: Her hair is all over her face.

Nick: She always looks that way on a Monday. All right; I will send somebody else, kid.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Circle 7-9121?

Nick: Yes.

Outside voice: Hello, Nick.

Nick: Hello.

Outside voice (talking to someone in the room where the party was at): Please, will you gentlemen step out and shut the door? I am going to talk to this man, please. Hello, Nick. The big red-head girl has an open chancre on her. She told me she's going to Dr. Silverstein, but she's not ready to work, Nick.

Nick: You want to let her go?

Outside voice: I have to. I am scared to death. She took a few people already.

Nick: Is she there now?

Outside voice: Yes.

Nick: Put her on the wire.

Outside voice: Just a minute. Hello. She can't come to the phone right now, Nick. I let her take a trick the other way. You know what I mean.

Nick: Have you got somebody for me?

Outside voice: Yes.

Nick: Let her call me as soon as she gets through.

Outside voice: O.K. Will you help me out, Nick, please?

Nick: O.K., kid.

Outside voice: Thank you.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Greta: Hello, Nick. Where is the rest of my help, Greta? I got two of them. One girl came with her pimp this morning. If I wasn't short I would have thrown her out. She's not bad, though.

Nick: All right; forget about it. I will send you the third in an hour.

Greta: Don't forget, Nick, I am not working today.

Nick: O.K., baby.

Greta: All right, Nick.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Helen: Hello, Nick, this is Helen.

Nick: Yeah. What did Dr. Workman say you had?

Helen: He looked and asked me about it. He knew his stuff, but I denied it. I said it was, but no more. He said, "I don't dispute your word, but it will have to be the last of the week." He said, "Come down this afternoon or tomorrow" and then by Friday or Saturday I will be able to go back, and Rose said it's O.K.

Nick: Do you think it is as bad as he said?

Helen: You know the guy I was with all the time; it's all right, and he never came back and I had him week after week.

Nick: Do you want to go to another job where another doctor examines you?

Helen: It will be the same thing.

Nick: You have to lay off for a week. What can I do? Maybe if you went to work where there's a different doctor he mightn't think it's so bad.

Helen: There's a scar you understand. That's what shows so. He told me by the time I got one more I would be O.K.

Nick: What room are you in up there, kid?

Helen: 926.

Nick: All right; I will call you around Friday.

Alice (Outgoing Call to Endicott 3-0342): Hello.

Nick: Alice, this is Nick. Did the blonde get in? I am going to change the package. There will be a light girl in. As soon as she comes in call me right away. I want to give the other kid an address.

Alice: How about the big ones? For Christ's sake, you got them. I see them in other places you send.

Nick: They book themselves. I send them there, my girls, or my girls go to work in a place and they call the Madam and book themselves, which is O.K. with me, because I get my end anyway. Have that one call me. I want to give her an address.

Alice: All right.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Ann: Nick, this is Ann.

Nick: What's the matter with you, you son of a b. . . . ?

Ann: I have been sick.

Nick: Did you get your money?

Ann: Sure.

Nick: Where are you?

Ann: Uptown.

Nick: Where are you going to stay tonight?

Ann: Up at my apartment.

Nick: Can I get in touch with you later?

Ann: No, can't I call you? I will be home in a few minutes.

Nick: Have you got a phone?

Ann: No.

Nick: Call me at three o'clock.

Ann: Where?

Nick: Over here.

Ann: Can't you give it to me now?

Nick: No. I want to give you a halfway decent place. Do you want to work where Helen worked a couple of weeks ago, about a hundred and twenty dollars? Take the address. I just thought of it. You don't have to go out on the street any more. 245 East Twenty-first Street, apartment 6-F. Russo, Twelve-thirty. Dr. Silverstein first.

Ann: What time do I get through?

Nick: Between twelve and one.

Ann: How do I get there?

Nick: From Silverstein's office you take the Eighth Avenue subway, get off at Twenty-third Street, and take the crosstown on Twenty-third Street and get off at Second Avenue.

Ann: O.K.

Incoming Call (This call came from Betty Hawkins).

Answered by voice other than Nick: Hello.

Betty: Is the Boss there?

Inside voice: Hold on a minute.

Nick: Hello.

Betty: Boss, Betty Hawkins.

Nick: You had to close there? All right. I will call you later on.

Betty: Was George up there? I have been trying to get him all night.

Nick: I will call you.

Betty: How is Angelo's on One Hundred and Forty-fourth Street?

Nick: He's closed; he's out of order.

Betty: I was talking to Dago Jean tonight. She had trouble.

Nick: Yes, it's a good thing you didn't stay over there.

Betty: I was supposed to stay over there and I am glad I didn't.

Nick: All right. I will call you tonight or tomorrow, kid.

Betty: How about May Spillers?

Nick: I will see what's what. She's going to take three.

Betty: Listen, Boss, if I can get a real good one I will be able to go away next week.

Nick: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call) : Hello.

Blonde Billy: Hello, Nick; this is Blonde Billy.

Nick: Hello, kid, where are you?

Blonde Billy: Ninety-eighth Street. I am going to open Wednesday.

Nick: Let me know before you send the mail out.

Blonde Billy: The phone isn't connected yet.

Nick: Don't give me no address. You come down to see me. Don't give me anything over the phone. Some son of a b..... is listening in. They can kiss my..... It sounds funny over the phone tonight.

Blonde Billy: I will see you tomorrow night late, eleven o'clock.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Can I speak to Nick?

Nick: This is Nick.

Outside voice: I am the girl Polish Frances spoke to you about.

Nick: I tried very hard, kid.

Outside voice: You didn't send me anyone.

Nick: It is very hard to get my girls to work on the street.

Outside voice: Just a minute; there is an elevated passing where I live.

Nick: They won't walk streets.

Outside voice: How is they walk with Frances?

Nick: They all know about her; that's why they go to work for her.

Outside voice: Can't you get me somebody.

Nick: I am trying hard.

Outside voice: You got my address and phone number?

Nick: Yes.

Outside voice: Will you call and let me know?

Nick: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Hello. Listen, this blonde, everyone is raving about her. I want to keep her.

Nick: Why don't you ask her?

Outside voice: I didn't.

Nick: Is Terry busy? Let me talk to her.

Outside voice: I was very busy last night, going like a maniac. I wish it was that busy every night, so I could stick another one in. Wait a minute, I will get her.

Terry: Hello.

Nick: How are you, Terry?

Terry: Yes, go on.

Nick: Hello. Why don't you want to go to Marie Rice?

Terry: I don't want to go there. Who the hell do you think I am?

Nick: All right; go to Jean Bradley then.

Terry: I would like to shoot you.

Nick: Oh, go to hell. You will always make money there. Do you want to go back to Pop's?

Terry: No.

Nick: I don't know what to do to you.

Terry: There's a lot of places you haven't sent me. I don't like to go places where I was before.

Nick: Do you want to go to Kornfield?

Terry: No.

Nick: All right. Take this address. 575 West One Hundred and Seventy-second Street, apart 2-C, one o'clock. Dolores. Dr. Silverstein, first. Take the Van Cortlandt train on Broadway.

Terry: O.K.

Monk (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: Monk, this is Nick. Are the kids busy?

Monk: Ann is busy. Helen is here.

Nick: Put her on.

Helen: Hello.

Nick: Do you want to go to work for Marie Rice?

Helen: Who is that?

Nick: Marie from Carl Romano.

Helen: Is that a sleep-in?

Nick: Every other night. That's very nice up there, very clean.

Helen: I don't worry about how clean it is. How much is it worth?

Nick: Around eighty dollars or ninety dollars, that's the tops.

Helen: I have had two sleep-ins in the last month. That's too much.

Nick: Well, I won't do it next week.

Helen: Aw, come on Nick.

Nick: I don't know where to send you for a good job. I got a couple of other jobs but they're not so good. I don't know where to send you to make a dollar. I am going to send Ann up with you.

Helen: Where are you sending the other Ann?

Nick: May Russo's.

Helen: O.K.

Nick: She'll do all right there. Listen, next week I will give you a job where you get through at ten o'clock.

Helen: Did you talk to Willie?

Nick: Yes, I didn't talk about you. Take the address. 545 West End Avenue, apartment 9-A, Nelson, one o'clock. Dr. Silverstein first.

Helen: Do you want me to give Ann this too?

Nick: Yes, let Ann go with you.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Mickey: Nick, this is Mickey.

Nick: How are you, kid?

Mickey: Nervous, I'm a nervous wreck.

Nick: What's the matter, are you hard luck or something?

Mickey: Wasn't that terrible?

Nick: You're a nervous wreck, so am I. I am fit for the cleaners. Hard luck for the last two months.

Mickey: Boy, am I—I couldn't believe it. Listen, Jesus

Christ, listen, I am not in such hot condition now—I don't feel so good.

Nick: I will tell you what I am going to do. I will put you in Grace's where I know Jesus Christ couldn't do anything up there. If anything happens up there you and I will jump overboard.

Mickey: I can't go in today. I can't get my dress in there because there's a cop in there. I got no dresses.

Nick: Did you get your money?

Mickey: Yes, she was very good about it.

Nick: Did she take my commission?

Mickey: I don't know, Nick.

Nick: She should have given you everything.

Mickey: She was very good; I know she couldn't help what happened.

Nick: See me then Wednesday, Mickey. I told her that you were used to the "can", only three or four times. She said, what will I do. I said get them out in the morning.

Mickey: Mae must have heard the blonde wouldn't show up, so she told Jean not to take her out, so she wouldn't take nobody out, just fixed the case.

Nick: In New York you got nothing to worry about. Jersey was just one of them ..... unlucky things. In New York you will never go to jail, you know. Is your boy-friend with you?

Mickey: He went out of town. I expect him back tomorrow.

Nick: O.K., baby, take care of yourself.

Mickey: Good-bye.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Grace: Nick, Grace. Listen, that lousy son of a b.... ain't coming in.

Nick: Did you talk to her?

Grace: Yes.

Nick: Which Grace is this?

Grace: Patsy's Grace.

Nick: I got Kitty for you.

Grace: Did you give her the address. Claire and Marion ain't coming in.

Nick: What do you thing she done, the lousy no-good .....? About ten to twelve she called me and said she can't go. I said, "you no-good ....., don't call me any more."

Grace: Where is Jean, Kitty's girl-friend?

Nick: Bradley's.

Grace: Jesus Christ, I would take her.

Nick: She booked herself.

Grace: Something—send me something cute and capable.

Nick: O.K., Grace.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Grace: Nick, Grace.

Nick: I got one coming up right away. I got the three for you.

Grace: Listen, honey, in case one isn't satisfactory, I will keep her for the day, understand, and I just talked to Marion, and she said she will come in tomorrow. What do you think that God-damn bum said to me? She said, "Well, I want you to do me a favor." She said, "Book me without Nick." I guess that man of hers wants everything for himself. I guess he didn't want her to spend a nickel for a cake of soap. She must be a peach.

Nick: I will take care of you, kid.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Tootsie: Hello, Nick. Tootsie Allen.

Nick: I can't get anybody for you, kid. I tried them all and nobody wants it. If I get somebody that wants it, I will send them to you. Plenty of girls but they don't want to go out on the street.

Tootsie: Do you think you can get me somebody?

Nick: Sure. I will call you up first.

Tootsie: All right. Try, will you please.

Nick: Okay, good-bye.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Mickie: Hello, Nick. This is Mickey that sent you over two Miami girls. Listen, I got a two-way party.

Nick: Yes? Bring her right down to the Pretzel. Bring her clothes with her. Okay.

Voice other than Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Abie: Hello, this is Abie from Seventy-second Street. Can I speak to Nick, please?

Inside voice: Hold the wire.

Nick: Hello.

Abie: Nick, this Abie. Listen, that's terrible. Everyone walks out. I am telling you, week after week everyone walks out. You should just come up and see she's getting sick. I'm telling you it is a disgrace. Everyone walks out. I don't know what we are going to do.

Nick: I will try to straighten you out in a half hour.

Abie: Are you going to come up?

Nick: I will straighten you out.

Abie: Okay, Nick.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Joan: Hello, Nick, Joan.

Nick: Hello, Joan. Go over to Fifty-second Street, A-1 spot, one hundred and fifty dollar job, 200 West Fifty-second Street, right off Broadway, apartment 4-D. Listen, when you go in there you will—never mind. I will call myself.

Joan: Am I by myself?

Nick: All alone.

Joan: What will I tell them upstairs?

Nick: Nothing. I will call them right away.

Joan: Okay.

Outside voice (Outgoing Call to Algonquin 4-9194): Hello.

Nick: Hello, Mitzi.

Outside Voice: She's not in now.

Nick: This is Nick. Please take address. 204 West Fiftieth Street, apartment 41.

Outside Voice: Okay.

Nick: Let Helen stay there until the other girl comes in. Willie said so. Tell Helen to call me as soon as she comes out.

Outside Voice: Okay.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Nick, Helen came in. Do you want to put Dixie somewhere else?

Nick: Listen, you give me Helen, see, unless you want to keep her. I will try to switch somebody and get someone to Pearl's.

Outside voice: I will keep the three you sent me.

Nick: Let Dixie wait there until I make a switch.

Outside voice: Just a minute. She wants to talk to you.

Dixie: Listen, I am changed to room 217. Listen, could you find anything for Dorothy?

Nick: I will see.

Dixie: You call 217 and she is there waiting for your call.

Nick: Okay, honey.

Nick (Incoming Call, long distance from Philadelphia): Hello.

Outside voice: This is Frankie's brother.

Nick: Yes.

Outside voice: June wants to talk to you.

June: Hello, Nick. Can you give me a sleep-in for tomorrow?

Nick: O.K.

June: Something good?

Nick: All right.

June: O.K. Give me the address.

Nick: 545 West End Avenue, corner Eighty-sixth Street, apartment 9-A, Nelson, one o'clock.

June: O.K.

Nick: Will you be in? You better be on time.

June: Yeah. I'm leaving here at seven o'clock.

Nick: See Dr. Silverstein first, 1 West Ninety-fourth Street.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Hy: Hello, Nick, this is Hy.

Nick: Just a minute, Hy. I will give you an address. 59 West Seventy-sixth Street, apartment 2.

Hy: Who is the doctor?

Nick: Doc Alper. He comes there.

Hy: Is it a good spot?

Nick: Yeah, between eighty and one hundred. That's the best I got. Wait a minute, Hy, change that. 229 West Ninety-seventh Street, apartment 9-E.

Hy: Is this a good one?

Nick: Yeah, that's all right.

Hy: Why can't she go back to Pearl's?

Nick: She'll get a crack at it some week. This joint is all right.

Hy: Will she make a hundred dollars there?

Nick: Yes.

Hy: All right, Nick. Thanks.

Danny (Outgoing Call to Endicott 2-6467): Hello.

Nick: Hello, Danny, Nick. Did she make up her mind about it yet? It is very good up there.

Danny: I did but she don't want to go. Wait a minute. (He walks away from the phone for a minute). No, she don't want to go.

Nick: Jesus Christ. Wait a minute. Let her go to Rose Kornfield's. It's good for seventy-five to a hundred checks.

Danny (talking to someone in the room): Take Sadie. It is only a week. You won't die. You don't want to work. Why don't you retire altogether! What do you want to do?—Hello Nick. Give me Kornfields.

Nick: 219 West Eightieth Street, apartment 201.

Danny: All right Nick.

Nick: Hurry up there, will you Danny.

Danny: O.K.

Outside voice (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: 1408 please.

Outside voice: Hello.

Nick: Hello, Baby Doll. Listen, get your clothes together; come down to the Pretzel. The party is here to take you out there.

Outside voice: O.K.

Nick: Take enough changes for yourself for the week. You're not coming home. Take a couple of outside dresses.

Outside voice: Who else is going?

Nick: Nobody. Listen, honey, you're going to Springfield. It is a hundred and fifty dollar place, all right?

Outside voice: Can I go swimming up there?

Nick: Yes.

Outside voice: Can't he come up to the hotel to meet me?

Nick: Yes.

Outside voice: What's his name?

Nick: Sam.

Outside voice: O.K.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Outside voice: Hello, Nick.

Nick: Are you over at Bernie's?

Outside voice: Yeah.

Nick: Put Bernie on.

Outside voice: She won't talk to you.

Nick: She's my baby, she's got to talk to me. She's mad at me, but she'll be glad at me. Put her on.

Outside: Stella wants to talk to you.

Stella: Hello, Nick.

Nick: Stella, listen. In Pearl's you got to sleep in.

Stella: I don't care to sleep in. I will wait until you call me.

Nick: Will you go into Sadie's?

Stella: Sadie the Chink?

Nick: It is more solid in there. You can go home every night. Take Sadie for this week. It is a little better; not a hell of a lot more. The board is only twenty-five there. You can walk out with at least seventy-five sure. Take the address. 251 West Seventy-first Street, apartment 3-A.

Stella: All right then. What time?

Nick: Twelve o'clock.

Stella: Who's the doc?

Nick: He comes in there, Alpert.

Stella: I don't sleep in?

Nick: No sir.

Stella: What time do I get through?

Nick: Two or two-thirty.

Stella: Is it a two-dollar joint?

Nick: No, three.

Stella: I am getting tired of working for two bucks.

Nick: Times are tough, kid.

Stella: I can fiddle around and make more money than that.

Nick: You will do all right there. You're smart; you're not dumb. You can get along there. Very few two dollars there until things got tough. She took in a few two's.

Stella: I know of lot of fellows from Jersey come in there for two dollars.

Nick: Maybe they were lying. You be there at twelve o'clock.

Stella: If I don't make good I'm walking out.

Nick: Put Bernie on the phone.

Stella: She won't talk to you. What's the matter?

Nick: All right, I will call her later. She's mad at me. I couldn't go up and take her out last night.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Pearl: Hello, Nick. That ain't the party you promised me. You said it was cute and pretty.

Nick: I know. The doctor was afraid to take a chance.

Pearl: I know her.

Nick: She's all right. At the last minute I had to make a switch. I don't want to give her a dog. When the Doc called me he said he wasn't sure about either one. He wasn't sure of her and he wouldn't pass her for a day or two.

Pearl: What's her name?

Nick: Helen.

Pearl: I am going to call the doctor now to see if you tell me the truth. I was disappointed. She worked for me before. What is the matter with the little runt all week?

Nick: I don't talk to her no more.

Pearl: Has she got trouble with her guy or what?

Nick: That's it. They're always fighting.

Pearl: It's her hard luck.

Nick: To hell with her.

Pearl: Let me hear from you in a day or so.

Nick: O.K.

Doctor (Outgoing Call): Hello.

Nick: Hello, doc, listen, if Pearl calls you up, I made a switch. Tell her the pretty girl who was supposed to go to her you couldn't pass, she didn't look so good. You know Connie, that went in last. She was disappointed. I promised her a different girl. I told her I was going to send her someone else. You tell her you had to turn her down; she had to have an operation.

Doctor: That girl you said to send to Marie?

Nick: Yes.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Jean: This is Jean. Where is the other girl?

Nick: Which one?

Jean: The black-headed one is here.

Nick: The light one ain't there? Well, I declare. How do you like that! Don't give me that.

Jean: Well, I'm mad.

Nick: All right, I will send somebody else in.

Jean: Make sure it is light. Don't give me that——, when I see you I will crown you.

Nick: O.K., baby.

Jean: Never mind that baby——.

Nick: She told me she was coming in. She's a hell of a cute number. I had to force her to go in. If she does come in she's a small blonde. Her name is Jean. When the other one comes in, send her home because I don't think she's going to be so hot this week. You keep the one I sent you now and tell little Jean to call me up. I think she will be sick this week.

Jean: Wait till I see you I'll knock your god-damned head off. You better be careful when you come up here.

Nick: I'll come up with a shot-gun.

Nick (Incoming Call): Hello.

Mickey: Hello, Nick, this is Mickey.

Nick: Where have you been kid?

Mickey: I was sick last week.

Nick: Why didn't you call me?

Mickey: Just 'cause I didn't—I was sore.

Nick: What about?

Mickey: I think it was lousy of Billy charging us so much board. Do you know what I went home with? Twenty-five dollars.

Nick: There's a hell of a noise on this phone. Somebody must be listening-in.

Mickey: This is a pay-phone.

Nick: They're listening in on this phone. There's something funny about this phone. That's why I don't want to give you anything over the phone. I think I will give you Jean. Be here at twelve o'clock tomorrow.

Chapter X

INTRODUCING NICK MONTANA

THE TRANSCRIPTION of this testimony was placed in the hands of Deputy Inspector David I. McAuliffe. I did not see this transcription, nor was I aware of the conversations that had been overheard until several days had passed.

The Police Department instituted a series of swift raids on the addresses furnished by the Madams in their conversations with Nick.

Scores of prostitutes thronged the Women's Court. My investigators questioned them time and again. This time we knew definitely that the women had been booked by the Big Boss, but all we could get from the hapless females was, "Sure, we know Nick. He's the Big Boss, but you won't get me talking against him."

In all the arrests, and there were more than one hundred resulting from the tips received in the telephone conversation, not a single madam and not a single prostitute would testify against the workings of the Vice King.

It was on the morning of May 24, 1935, that I determined to snare Nick, and place him on trial for the crimes which he had committed. It is important at this point to remember the strictures placed upon my office by the laws of New York State. Many of the girls had confided that Nick was the Boss, but none of them would testify to this on the witness-stand.

We had ample evidence as to the extent of the traffic involved in the white slave king's manipulations, but the law specifically states that no man may be convicted for compulsory prostitution except on the direct testimony of

one girl involved. Added to this must be corroborating evidence to the story this girl has testified to. In other words, all I needed was a single prostitute willing to step on the witness-stand and admit, "I was booked by Nick. He collected ten per cent of my earnings as a prostitute. I saw that money go into his hand."

The extent of the traffic has nothing to do with either the severity of the punishment or its value as evidence.

I knew that we had Helen Morgan. We had already partly broken down her story. Surely, I thought, the time was ripe for me to play my cards. I discussed the matter carefully with my Chief, District Attorney William Copeland Dodge. He was skeptical.

"Are you certain," he asked, "that you can take him into a court of law and secure a conviction?"

I thought a moment, then replied, "Yes."

"I hope so," he said. "This is one time when I will not tolerate any slip-up on the part of any member of my staff. This case is vital to the well-being of the people in this city."

I summoned Harris to my office and issued orders that the Boss was to be arrested in such a manner that he would not suspect that we had located his hang-out in the Pretzel Restaurant.

Harris called Detective Reisinger and Sergeant Ryan and together they drove to many joints, restaurants, and houses of prostitution, in an effort to locate the vice baron. They shunned the Pretzel Restaurant.

Reisinger remembered that Helen Morgan, in the course of her questioning, had given the address of a garage in which Nick used to park his car. This garage is located at One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the officers

drove to that address. Harris hopped out of the car, walked into the garage. An attendant approached him.

"Say, what time does Nick get in?" Harris asked.

"Nick doesn't bring his car in here until about four-thirty or five in the morning," the garage man answered.

"I see," Harris said. "Thank you."

"Do you want to leave any message?"

"No." Harris turned and was walking from the place when he suddenly stopped and turned back. "By the way, I haven't seen Nick in quite a while. Has he changed his car lately?"

"Oh, sure. He has a new 1935 Buick, a Victoria Coupe, a blue one."

Harris thanked him and returned to the car. He reported the conversation that had taken place.

The dawn was breaking over the city at five-fifteen that same morning when a blue Buick drove into the garage. A few minutes later, a husky, dark man, wearing a brown suit and no hat, walked toward the west on the south side of One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street.

Harris waited until the man was half way down the street, then drove slowly behind him. When the car was a few paces removed from the walking figure, Harris stuck his head out of the window and said, "Nick?"

The figure stopped and wheeled about. "What do you want?"

Harris and Sergeant Ryan leaped from the moving car. Harris gripped the man's arm. "You're under arrest, Nick."

Sergeant Ryan flashed his shield.

"What's it all about?"

"You'll soon find out," Ryan replied.

Nick shrugged his shoulders, sneered, but remained silent.

Harris walked back to the police car, got in, and drove

off with Reisinger. Ryan called a taxi and was driven with Nick to the West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street station-house.

In the squad room, Sergeant Ryan asked, "What is your name?"

The prisoner looked balefully from under his bushy eye-brows. "Nicholas Montana."

"What is your occupation?"

"Betting commissioner."

Ryan searched Montana. He found in the latter's pockets a bank-book which showed that a deposit had been made that day of twenty-five hundred dollars, and a roll of soiled bills—one-dollar bills, that amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Did you make this collecting from the madams?"

Montana's lips pouted: "I won this in a crap-game."

"Where?"

"What do you care?" the prisoner sneered.

Meanwhile, Harris, who had entered the station-house a few minutes earlier, had called Detective Gallagher on the phone. Gallagher, who had remained at the West Sixty-eighth Street station-house with the Morgan girl, was instructed to bring her to the Thirtieth Precinct at West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street where Montana was being held.

Assistant District Attorney William Goldman, who had handled the preliminary investigation of vice-racketeering, was notified of the developments.

Harris called Sergeant Ryan to one side and said, "It wouldn't look right if I were to remain here. Helen Morgan doesn't know that I am a cop."

"That's right!" Ryan answered. "Hop down to the garage and hunt through Nick's car."

Harris left.

A few minutes later Helen Morgan, her red hair frowsy

from a sleepless night, was brought into the presence of Nick Montana.

"Do you know this man?"

Helen placed her hand on her hip, paraded a few times before the prisoner and said, "Naw, never saw him before in my life."

Nick Montana evidently had expected to hear this for his face showed no sign of emotion. Normally there should have been a sigh of relief at this lack of identification.

"I told you I was washed up with the racket," he grunted. "You got nothing on me."

"Didn't you tell me Nick was a big bookie?" Ryan thundered.

"Nuts!" Helen Morgan responded. "I never told you anything of the sort."

Montana guffawed.

When Goldman arrived he was faced with a witness who had disclaimed all authorship of her previous statements.

Harris who had gone to the garage where Nick was arrested, hunted through the latter's car. Under the rear seat was a storage compartment in which he found a cardboard carton. On opening it there was revealed five gross of contraceptive devices.

Harris phoned the precinct, reported his find and asked how the Morgan woman stood up under questioning.

"She won't talk," Ryan growled. "She's gone back on her story."

"She said she would," Harris reminded him.

"What'll we do now?"

"I'll tell you what. In three-quarters of an hour send Gallagher out. I'll be waiting for him around the corner. As far as Helen Morgan knows I'm still 'Dick Turner', on the 'lam' from St. Louis on a murder 'rap'."

Ryan agreed, and the plan was followed.

Harris was placed in a room with Helen Morgan. When the detectives had retired, Helen evidenced her surprise.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"They just picked me up," Harris replied. "Though I still don't see how they ever found me."

"They tailed you when they turned you loose," she replied. "I saw the cops on your heels."

"Damn 'em," Harris retorted. "Have they picked up Frankie Adams yet?"

"No."

Harris shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose they'll pick him up, too. If they followed me they must have followed him also."

Helen shook her head hopelessly.

"Do you know what you're doin'?" Harris asked.

"I can't put the finger on this fellow. I'll get knocked off. They'll kill me as sure as anything. Nick has a tough mob working for him. I know him."

"Gees, kid, if you know the fellow why don't you say so?"

"I'm scared."

"Helen, did this guy actually book you?"

"Yes. I worked for him and he booked me. There's no question about that. In fact the dirty bum left me in jail once when I was supposed to get bailed out."

"How come?" Harris asked.

"I refused to go with him and he got sore at me. He figured if he would let me stay in the 'can' a couple of days extra, I'd soften up. But gees, I can't put the finger on him."

Harris stood up and squared his shoulders. "Helen, Frankie owes ten years. If they ever take my prints I'm a dead one. Which is more important to you? All you have to do is to tell the truth."

Helen realized the enormity of the situation and finally agreed that if "Dick Turner" were to be turned loose this time with no one following him and if Frankie Adams, her pimp, was not to be molested, she would tell the authorities the truth.

She called Sergeant Ryan and made the above agreement with him.

Harris was turned loose. It was now eight o'clock in the morning. Nick was brought up from his cell and confronted with the red-headed prostitute.

"Do you know this man, Helen?"

Before she could answer, Nick grinned, "Watch out, Sergeant, she's liable to forget herself and say 'yes'." He laughed.

"Yes," Helen said. "That's the man that booked me and collected off my earnings."

Nick's jaw dropped.

"Do you know her, Nick?"

What followed has never been definitely established. Sergeant Ryan claims that Nick answered, "Sure I booked her, but I quit the racket long ago."

I was immediately notified of these new developments and I ordered Helen brought to my office. Detective Harris who had done splendid work in building up the case was now of no further value to me. Were Helen Morgan to see him I was afraid of what the effect might be.

In my office I subjected Helen to a vigorous cross-examination. I explained the New York State law to her, and asked for one specific instance where she had had intercourse with men and where Nick had received part of that particular earning.

"Well, the best I remember, Mr. Pilatsky," she told me, "Was the time I was working in a beauty parlor as a manicurist. Some lady whose nails I used to do used to talk to me every time she came in.

"Finally she says to me, 'How would you like to pick up some extra dough?' I guess I knew what she wanted. I said, 'Sure, I'll take it.'

"Two days later she brought me up to West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street. She introduced me to Jerry. She was the madam of the house. I was in that house for three weeks, from the end of October, 1933, to about the middle of November."

"Are you sure it was Nick Montana who collected?"

"Positive," she told me. "Why, he was in there when I first walked in. Jerry told me, 'That's your Boss.' "

"What did Nick say?"

"Nothing. He just looked me up and down."

"What was the charge in this house?"

"This was a three-dollar joint, but we charged anything we could get. I had a couple of men who paid ten, fifteen, and even eighteen dollars."

"What was the address?"

"I don't know the exact address but if you drive me to One Hundred Thirty-fourth Street, I can easily pick it out. It was the first brownstone house west of Broadway that has a high stoop."

Detective Reisinger, Helen Morgan and I drove to the designated place. As we passed the building which she had described, she pointed a finger out of the window and exclaimed, "That's the place."

Reisinger stopped the car. We walked up the steps and entered the house.

"That's the apartment," she pointed to a door off the hall at the rear of the house on the right hand side. It was apartment D. "That's the place," she said. "It was a four-room apartment, and we had Jerry, another girl, and myself working there."

I led her back to the car and returned her to my office. I had all the evidence that I needed to convict Nick Mon-

tana. Helen Morgan, an admitted prostitute, had seen Nick receive ten per cent of her earnings.

The statement that Nick had supposedly made to Sergeant Ryan, "Sure, I booked Helen, but I'm out of the racket now," was all the corroboration necessary for a conviction.

The telephone testimony would be introduced to show the scope of the man's activities.

Helen was held at the House of Detention as a material witness. Frankie Adams, her p.i., had disappeared from sight. There was nothing sinister in this, however, for he evidently did not relish the frequent brushes with the detectives.

Two days later Assistant District Attorney Archibald Firestone presented the evidence to the Grand Jury and secured an indictment charging Montana with violations of Sections 2460, and 1148 of the Penal Code. He was indicted under eight separate counts.

The first stated that he had induced, enticed and procured a certain female to reside with him for purposes of prostitution, and that on or about the fifteenth day of November he had so induced her to reside in the premises known as 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street.

The second count charges him with enticing her to live a life of prostitution.

The third, that he procured the girl for the purposes of prostitution.

The fourth, that he placed a female in charge and custody of another for immoral purposes.

The fifth charged him with compelling, inducing, enticing a female to reside in a house of prostitution with intent that she shall live a life of prostitution.

The sixth count, that he knowingly received money for procuring and placing a woman in the custody of another for immoral purposes.

The seventh count, charged the defendant with the crime of knowingly accepting and receiving, levying and appropriating money and a thing of value without consideration, from the proceeds of earnings of a woman engaged in prostitution.

The eighth count, charges him with the crime of living on the proceeds of prostitution.

It is interesting to note that A. D. A. Firestone, one of the brilliant members of the staff, had almost proved a stumbling block for the Vice King two years previously. The latter, however, squirmed out through the intimidation of witnesses.

The trial began on the morning of June 20, 1935, in the ancient Criminal Courts Building on Centre Street. Here is the picture as the trial started:

The defendant—Nick Montana—was born in Italy in 1901. His parents were Antonio and Maria Montana. His father was an industrious and honest man. When Nick was two years old, the family emigrated to America.

When Nick was twelve years old, his father died, and his mother, destitute, was forced to enter the dressmaking trade to earn a livelihood. Nick as the eldest of the three children became the head of the family.

School was too much of a bother for this budding racketeer. He spent much of his time in hall-way crap games. Through bullying methods he often received a cut of the winnings without risking any of his own money.

In rapid succession he was an errand boy for a fruit dealer, a messenger boy for a telegraph company, a sneak-thief, and a gambler.

In 1926, his youngest brother was found guilty of armed robbery, and sentenced to Sing Sing for a long term.

The second brother, Frank, also was convicted of robbery with a gun and was sentenced to 7½ to 15 years in Sing Sing Prison.

Nick, however, progressed steadily. From sneak-thief he entered the employ of a book-maker for a horse race-betting commissioner. He quit this to become a professional boxer. But in his first fight this idea was knocked from his head by the pounding fists of his opponent.

By the time he reached twenty-one he was a betting commissioner in his own right, earning seven thousand dollars a year.

The following year he married Katherine Stoka, a neighborhood belle. She bore him two sons. She resides in a modest apartment on upper Broadway.

In 1927, Nick stole an automobile in the Times Square Sector, was arrested, and sent to Sing Sing for the robbery.

Although Nick, up to this point, was earning seven thousand dollars a year, and this on his own admissions, his mother was being supported by charities. However, he supported his wife and children.

On July 12, 1930, he was paroled from Sing Sing and he then began one of the most phenomenal rises in the history of vice. As far as my investigations show, he turned up with a madam named Birdie, who was also his mistress, and gradually took over the booking of women throughout the entire city.

He had headquarters in cities throughout the nation. He was at the head of a nation-wide clearing-house for female bodies.

At the time of his arrest, he was earning fifteen thousand dollars a week.

The Judge—on the bench sat Judge Cornelius F. Collins—one of the most brilliant judges ever to sit in that court. In the fourteen years he has been on the bench, the Court of Appeals has reversed only one of his decisions.

He is a very humane jurist whose friendliness toward first offenders and whose downright dislike for the professional criminal has become a by-word.

The Prosecutor—I pride myself on my good record. I went into this case with the absolute knowledge that Nick was the Vice King. I am a hard loser and I wanted, more than anything else, to win this case.

The Attorney for the Defense—David Porter Siegel, a former Assistant United States District Attorney with a long string of courtroom victories to his credit. He was assisted by Alexander Klahr.

Those interested in the outcome—In the House of Detention and in the Tombs sat hundreds of prostitutes and procurers, madams and vice racketeers, all anxious and eager to learn whether the most powerful vice baron of all history would actually be convicted.

If the State proved more powerful than the racketeer, the fear and terror in which Nick Montana and his band of thugs were held would rapidly deteriorate.

Those prostitutes and madams, who were still at large, plying their ancient profession were anxious to see whether this act on the part of the District Attorney's office was the beginning of the end for them.

The law-abiding citizens also eagerly awaited the outcome of this trial.

At ten o'clock in the morning I mounted the narrow winding steps leading to the seventh floor of the District Attorney's Building. I walked across the bridge that connects this building with that of the County Criminal Courts.

At almost the same hour, on exactly opposite sides of the court-house, Nick Montana was being lead over the Bridge of Sighs which connects with the Tombs.

We were meeting on common ground. There was a crowd of spectators milling outside the door to Part III. Uniformed patrolmen were stationed there to guard against disorders. By order of Judge Collins spectators had been barred. Only those showing subpoenas either from myself or the defense were admitted.

Chapter XI

HELEN MORGAN'S TRAGIC TESTIMONY

It was a warm morning. The broken rays of the sun streamed through the tall windows to cast hundreds of patterns over the floor of the musty courtroom.

Judge Collins entered from a side room, and the courtroom rose. The clerk of the court intoned nasally, "Hear ye, hear ye, etc." The court was now in session.

A throng of prospective jurors were seated and the questioning began.

I had but one question for them. "Will you, gentlemen, in weighing the testimony of the girl Helen Morgan, give to her testimony the same weight that you would to the testimony of any of the other witnesses?"

Siegel leaped to his feet. "I object to the question."

"Allowed," Judge Collins remarked.

"I take an exception."

Judge Collins explained: "This means would you be prejudiced against her, refuse to accept her testimony, solely because she is a prostitute? Would you weigh her testimony and make up your minds whether or not she is telling the truth, applying the same rules of reason that you would to any other person?

"The jury must know that you cannot prove compulsory prostitution without proving prostitution. It stands to reason that the only person you can use for prostitution is a prostitute."

"I object!" The defense lawyer rose to his feet. "This jury should not give the same weight and credibility to a prostitute as they would to any other witness."

"I am entitled to that," I said.

"That is not correct!"

Judge Collins ruled that it was correct, and the selection of jurors continued. It was only an hour later that the twelve talismen had been chosen.

We took a recess for lunch. When we returned the trial began in earnest.

In my opening address I explained the law governing compulsory prostitution, or New York City's White Slave Act, to the jurymen. I showed that it was only necessary to prove a single crime against the defendant to find him guilty.

This defendant, I explained, was being tried for a crime committed on November 15, 1933, at 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street.

"And now, gentlemen,: I expect to prove to you through evidence adduced under oath from the witness-stand that one Helen Morgan was engaged in prostitution. That this girl in the year 1933 was employed in a beauty parlor. While in this beauty parlor she was accosted by a woman who came there. A woman whose last name she does not remember, but whose first name is Jerry.

"They spoke and as a result of this conversation Helen Morgan received a certain specific address to which she went. At that address, and from that time on, she committed various acts of prostitution. There was also another girl in this apartment, and Helen observed the acts of prostitution which this girl committed.

"Now every time Helen Morgan committed an act of prostitution—this will be testified to by her—she turned the money over to the madam.

"The minimum charge at this place was three dollars, and it ran higher than that; sometimes ten or fifteen dollars or more for various acts of prostitution.

"When the girl, Helen Morgan, turned over this money

to Jerry, in the presence of Helen Morgan, Jerry made a notation in a little memorandum book. In here she kept a record of the various acts of prostitution committed by Helen.

"It was from this memorandum book that the earnings of Helen were computed, and the ten per cent cut for Nick Montana deducted. In the presence of Helen Morgan she saw Jerry take ten per cent of her gross earnings and pay it to Nick saying, 'This is your end'.

"Helen Morgan will testify that she saw Nick Montana every Friday with regularity and on each of these days he received his end of the earnings. The third time that she saw Nick Montana was at the end of the three weeks that she was there in this house of prostitution, and at the time she again saw the same procedure, the same memorandum book, the same going over the figures with Jerry and Nick Montana, and money passed.

"At that time Nick Montana spoke to her and asked her if she wanted to work on his circuit. Helen said, 'No', she did not care to work on his circuit because she had had enough. With that Jerry turned over to Helen Morgan the sum of five hundred and twenty-five dollars as her half of the earnings of the various acts of prostitution committed by Helen Morgan in this place during the period of three weeks.

"Then Jerry said to her, 'Now you give me back the ten per cent which I gave Nick.' So she gave her back fifty-two dollars and fifty cents. With that Helen left the premises. She next saw the defendant, Nick Montana, when she identified him in the presence of a few of the police officers.

"I expect to prove to you, gentlemen, through the testimony of Sergeant Andrew Ryan and Detective Louis Reisinger of the Borough Headquarters Squad that when

they arrested Montana, he asked, 'What do you want me for, the old rap? I'm not in that racket anymore.'

"They will testify that in the station-house, Nick Montana was searched, and that two hundred and fifty dollars was found on him—three ten-dollar bills, five fives, and the balance all in singles. At that time he was asked where he had gotten that money, and one statement was that he had won it shooting craps. When asked where, he did not answer. Later he was asked again, after the money had been taken from him, 'Where did you get it?' He said he had won it in a card game.

"Sergeant Ryan told him, 'But you told me you won it by shooting craps.' 'Oh no,' Montana responded. 'I was playing cards at the Hotel Alba.' 'With whom were you playing cards?' he was asked. Montana could not answer this."

Siegel leaped to his feet. "One moment, if your Honor please. The date in the indictment is October, 1933. This arrest took place on May 24, 1935. Of what consequence is it here whether that money got into his pocket through playing cards, dice or anything else? This is clearly incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. I ask your Honor to so rule."

"I agree with you," Judge Collins stated. "The money in the defendant's pocket at the time of his arrest could in no way be related to the money received in October, 1933."

I had attempted to slip in the facts about the single dollar-bills to show that Montana was still engaged in collecting from the earnings of his horde of prostitutes.

I continued my opening statement and said that my corroboration of Helen Morgan's charge would be from the lips of Nicholas Montana himself when he replied to the questions put to him by the police officers, "Yeh, but I'm not in the racket anymore."

"The details of what we expect to prove will be testified to in detail by the witnesses whose names I have mentioned. I want you, gentlemen, to weigh it carefully. I want you, gentlemen, to pay strict attention to the evidence and to his Honor's charge, and bring in an honest verdict on the evidence, and the law as the Court will give it to you."

I sat down. There was a stir in the courtroom and Judge Collins banged his gavel.

Siegel got to his feet. He walked to the jury-box, rested his hands on the railing and began, "Gentlemen of the Jury. Nick Montana in this case is innocent, and before this case is over, accusations of the vilest and most slanderous nature . . ."

I leaped to my feet. "I object!"

Judge Collins leaned forward. "When you are summing up that will be proper, but in your opening you may only outline what your defense will be," he told Siegel.

What followed should have been sufficient warning to me regarding the events that were to come later.

Siegel smiled broadly, bowed to the jurymen and walked back to his table.

"I waive my opening address."

Nick Montana, dressed in a natty brown suit, smiled broadly. He patted Siegel's arm.

The clerk of the court rose.

I said, "Call Helen Morgan."

A court officer was sent to the corridor where all the witnesses were kept. She was secured and taken to the witness-stand. Helen was dressed in a purple and yellow ensemble. These bright colors accentuated the pallor of her face which was devoid of lipstick and rouge.

She placed her left hand on the Bible, raised her right hand and took the oath. She gave her address as 528 West Forty-second Street, and said that she had resided in New

York City for two and a half years. She was married to Anthony Costello with whom she lived occasionally.

My questionings led her through her life in New York City: How she had worked in the beauty parlor, had been approached by a Madam, and had finally taken a job as a prostitute.

"Now you say that after Jerry spoke to you for the first time she then gave you an address?"

"Yes."

"Helen, prior to October, 1933, had you engaged in acts of prostitution?"

"I did."

"Where?"

"In New York State."

"Have you ever been convicted for prostitution?"

"Once. I was convicted but I was given a suspended sentence."

She explained that the house she had worked in in New York City was a sleep-in, that is one in which the prostitute stays twenty-four hours a day.

When I asked her what prices she had charged, she replied it depended on how much the man would stand. She described in detail how each man was taken to her bedroom, how he paid in advance, committed the act of prostitution, and was led out, how she would hand the entire proceeds over to Jerry.

She described her first meeting with Montana, and with apparent honesty detailed his conversation, especially with regard to finances.

We got into a slight argument when Helen attempted to describe her first introduction to the Boss.

Helen had testified, "Jerry introduced me as the new girl, and she turned around and said to me, 'This is the man you pay your protection money to.' "

"Was Nicholas Montana standing there at the time?"

"He was sitting down then."

"And when she introduced you as the new girl she said, 'This is the man you pay your protection to.' "

"Protection money she called it."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, he just sat there and looked me over."

"What I am getting at partly is whether or not that statement was loud enough for him to hear, whether it was in his presence, whether he overheard it?"

In all this conversation I attempted to have Helen tell me that Nick was a bookie. "I heard Jerry say Nick will book you over my circuit."

In the examination I had conducted before trial, those were Helen's exact words to me. Try as I might to give her hints, she could not understand.

The defense counsel leaped to his feet time and again with objections to leading questions on my part.

At one point Judge Collins said, referring to the paper I held in my hand, "I have no doubt that you have there what you claim she said, but you cannot put the words into her mouth. If she has overlooked something, you can call her attention to the subject-matter that you believe she has overlooked."

"Was anything said by Jerry about a bookie?" I asked.

"Well naturally," Helen began.

Siegel jumped up, "I object to that!"

Judge Collins looked down at Helen. "We don't know that it was natural. We are not in the house up there. We are men who never lived in a house of prostitution in our lives. We don't know what naturally is inside one of those places."

With Helen's testimony complete, Siegel took over the cross-examination. She admitted that she had resided at the Cameo Apartments up until the day of her arrest and

that she had been picked up for questioning by Detective Reisinger.

"Who was with you at that time?" Siegel asked.

"Two officers took me in."

Judge Collins asked, "Did they take anybody else?"

"No."

"Were you the only girl taken?"

"That is all. Yes sir."

Siegel asked, "Was there any man with you at that time?"

"No."

She then described her trip to the station-house and to the uptown precinct where she had identified Montana. She admitted under cross-examination that she had become a prostitute after she had married, and that when she would tire of it, she would return to her husband. At present she claimed her husband, who was out of town, was supporting her.

"At the end of November," Mr. Siegel asked, "when this crime was allegedly committed, where did you go?"

"I went back to my husband—Anthony."

"When you went to Albany did you use the name of Carlos LaMarr?"

"No!" It was emphatic.

"Did you ever know a girl by the name of Dotty Harris?"

"No."

"Isn't it a fact that while you were living in Albany in 1934 and 1935, that you were there in houses of prostitution?"

"No."

"Did you ever go under the name of Schwartz?"

"No."

"Did you know a place in Albany called the Gut?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you ever work in a place known as Bluff's?"

"No."

"Never worked there in your life?"

"No."

Siegel veered sharply away from this line of questioning. Again he returned to the night of her arrest and questioned her at some length about her occupation while she had lived at the Cameo Apartments.

Helen denied that she was a prostitute at that time.

"Now isn't it a fact that there have been hundreds of arrests for soliciting out of the Cameo Hotel?"

"Now, Judge . . ," I cried.

"He knows it's wrong," Judge Collins growled.

"I'm not even going to object."

"He's only doing it to get a ruling. Objection sustained."

"Exception."

"He knows better than that," I argued.

"Don't get excited," the Judge counseled. "I sustain your objection. That ends it."

"Just a minute." Siegel waved his arm. "I'm not conducting this case by favor, but by law."

"By hire, you mean," I responded.

That stopped the defense attorney.

"Look here, Judge," Siegel began.

Judge Collins waved him aside.

Again Siegel changed the trend of his cross-examination. "Where did you live at the time you entered this house of prostitution?"

"307 West Twenty-fifth Street."

"So that, as you understand it, outside of Twenty-fifth Street, 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street, the Cameo Apartments, and the Victoria Hotel, you lived at no other place?"

"That's true."

"Did you ever work at the Honeymoon Lane Dance Hall?"

"Never."

"Didn't you work with a girl named Jean Danieles?"

"No, I did not."

"Did you ever live on West Ninety-second Street?"

"No."

"Did you ever live on West Ninety-fourth Street?"

I objected before she could answer. "I don't see how this affects the case any?"

The court, however, allowed it.

Again, Helen's answer was in the negative. Siegel offered three other address; she still denied ever having lived at any of them.

Four different times she was asked: "Were you ever known as Buddy LaMarr or Carlos LaMarr?" But each time she emphatically replied in the negative.

"Do you know a man named Sidney Miller?"

"I do not."

The court crier was sent out and he returned with a dark young man of about twenty-five years of age.

"Do you know this man?"

"I never saw him before in my life."

"You never lived with him?"

"Never."

Sidney Miller was led out of the courtroom.

Siegel then brought in an elderly woman.

"Do you know this woman?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"What is her name?" Judge Collins asked.

"Mrs. Ida Bishop. She is superintendent of the house at 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street."

With that Siegel finished his cross-examination. Helen left the stand and Sergeant Andrew Ryan stepped up. His testimony was much the same as has already been described.

When I attempted to draw inferences from the single-dollar bills found on Nick's person, the Court ruled that it be stricken from the records.

Ryan stated that the defendant had admitted to him that he was guilty of the charge in the indictment. This was the corroboratory evidence I needed.

Siegel cross-examined the witness, but could not break him down.

Detective Louis Reisinger swore to the same story.

At the close of the day's trial, I asked Helen, "What were all these questions that were fired at you by the defense lawyer? He asked you if you knew someone by the name of Miller. He asked whether you had ever been known as Buddy LaMarr or Carlos LaMarr. He furnished several addresses and the names of many people. What did he mean by that?"

Helen spread her arms side-wise in a gesture of ignorance.

"Do you know the people he mentioned?" I asked, "because if you do, Helen, I want you to tell the truth. This would be a terrible time for you to lie."

She looked me straight in the eye. "Believe me, Mr. Pilatsky, I am telling the truth. It's just a trick on their part. I'm under oath. You don't think I'd lie."

Mrs. Ida Bishop, a forty-five-year-old, prematurely grey woman, was the first witness for the defense the following day. She had been superintendent of the house at 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street, for the past ten years. She brought with her the rent records of the house. From these she stated that no Helen Morgan had ever lived at that house. In fact during the time the Montana woman swore that she was committing acts of prostitution in apartment D of that house, it was in actuality occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Newman and their two children.

Mr. Siegel finished his questioning and I took over the

cross-examination. I learned that there were four apartments on that floor; apartment D being the only one which had four rooms.

Now how could Helen Morgan know this without having actually been in there? When I examined the records in which the rent receipts had been listed, I noticed that five pages were missing. They had been torn out from a position corresponding to the dates of the crime.

"Do these five pages by any chance refer to apartments hired by Mr. Montana?"

"Mr. Montana never hired any," she replied. "I don't even know the man."

When I asked her why those pages were torn out she could not answer. When I finished with the witness she was dismissed and Sidney Miller was called to the stand.

He gave his age as twenty-four, address, 223 Seventh Street, Jersey City, New Jersey. He was a graduate of Dickinson High School, and a shoe salesman.

After receiving his pedigree, Siegel asked, "Do you remember a girl by the name of Helen Morgan?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see the girl that sat on the witness-stand when you were brought into the courtroom yesterday?"

"Yes."

"What is that girl's name?"

"Buddy LaMarr."

Mr. Siegel walked to the jury-box. He rested his hands on the railing. "Talk loud," he shouted.

"Buddy LaMarr," was the response.

I objected to this bit of by-play and was sustained.

Miller told an interesting story. He had placed a bet on Southern California against another team and had lost. As a result he got into a row with his family, and left home.

He came to New York City and met several young men who in turn introduced him to Buddy LaMarr. These

friends advised him to move to 6 West Ninety-second Street, a four-story rooming-house. This was early in October, 1933.

One of the tenants who lived on the floor was Buddy LaMarr, the woman who calls herself Helen Morgan. She had been working in some sort of dance-hall and was broke.

Along toward the end of November the owner of the house requested his tenants to move because he was making alterations. They did. I asked Buddy to move to West Ninety-fourth Street and live with me. She accepted, and she was my mistress for the next five weeks.

If this story were true it would certainly throw my case out of court for how could Helen Morgan have been living at the address she had given me if at that same time she was living with this man.

"Did she ever work for you committing acts of prostitution?" I asked Miller.

"No."

"Did you ever have any girls working for you?" Now, don't shake your head, answer the question."

"No."

"Tell me this; you know Montana don't you?"

"No, sir, I never saw him before."

"As a matter of fact you say you lived with Helen Morgan and you slept with her, is that right?"

"Yes."

"And the minute you walked into this courtroom, stood over there and looked over at her you knew it was Buddy LaMarr?"

"Yes."

"Did you know that the girl you were going to see was Buddy LaMarr?"

"I did not."

Judge Collins interrupted. "If you did not see the

girl in 1934, if you did not see the girl in 1935, how in the world would you know when you were outside, that the girl that you were going to walk into, that the girl was testifying against him, was the same girl that you knew as Buddy LaMarr?"

"I didn't know until I walked in."

"You don't know Nicholas Montana," I thundered. "You don't know his attorneys. How was it possible that out of the fifteen million people in the metropolitan area, a process-server came to you and handed you a summons to appear in this courtroom?"

"Well, my friend Ben Gordon told me to come down here. He said it was important."

Certainly there was something peculiar about this whole thing. Helen Morgan had never revealed to me that she had lived with any one particular man, much as I had questioned her. She had denied vigorously that she was Buddy LaMarr. Her picture had not appeared in the papers although the name Helen Morgan had.

How could Montana know that a man, Sid Miller, slept with Helen Morgan—lived with her at that period when she was supposedly committing prostitution for Montana?

The best I could get out of this witness was that on the morning of the trial his friend, Ben Gordon, had called him at his home in Jersey and asked him to come in. It was very important, he had said. When he came in he was served with a subpoena.

I spent two hours attempting to break down his story, but failed.

Judge Collins commented, "Either this man is an outrageous liar or the woman is. She claims she never saw him before in her life, does not know him from Adam, never lived in the same apartment and so on. He says that he not alone knew her, but he was her lover.

"Are you sure that is the woman?" Judge Collins turned to the witness.

"Absolutely positive." Sidney Miller stepped down from the witness-stand.

"Call the next witness," Mr. Siegel requested. "Ben Gordon."

The witness took the stand, he gave his address as 2020 Washington Avenue, the Bronx, and his occupation as a clothing salesman. In response to questions he told a story that confirmed the one told by Sid Miller.

Before Buddy LaMarr had become Sid's mistress she had lived in his, Gordon's apartment.

"She lived with you; you lived as mistress and man?" Siegel asked.

"No."

"What do you mean? Did you live and go to bed with her?"

"No."

"But that was the idea you were conveying."

"There were two beds in the room."

"The woman lived with you and you slept in one bed and she slept in the other bed?"

"Yes."

"And you never touched her?"

"No sir."

"Will you tell the jury why this was?"

"Well, she happened to be ——."

"I object."

"Objection sustained."

The answer to this might have been very interesting but it had no place in a court of law.

Under cross-examination he claimed that he had met Buddy LaMarr at the Honeymoon Lane Dance Hall. They had been introduced by a taxi-dancer named Jean Danieles. In fact, Jean, Buddy, Sid, and himself all lived at 46 West

Ninety-second Street. When they moved to West Ninety-fourth Street, Margie Reynolds took Jean Danieles' place, and the four rented a two-room apartment.

I limited my cross-examination to one point. "How in the world were you to know," I asked, "that the girl known as Helen Morgan who was testifying against Montana was the same girl that you knew as Buddy LaMarr?"

"When I came down here I didn't know for sure. I wanted to make sure that it was Buddy LaMarr."

"What put that idea in your head?"

"I was subpoenaed."

"But what was the association of ideas that made you think that a woman called Helen Morgan—by the way did her name appear in the papers?"

"I did not notice it."

"Then what made you stumble into this courtroom?"

Again he replied, "I was subpoenaed; I don't know how they found out about me."

"And you want the Jury to understand, then," Judge Collins remarked, "that out of a clear blue sky somebody brought you into court; you saw Helen here for the first time since you saw her in December; and that therefore somebody must have known, even though you never told anybody?"

"That's right. I never told anyone."

"Isn't it a fact," I asked him, "that you personally are one of the muscle-men for Nick Montana?"

Siegel objected to the question and was overruled.

"What is the answer?" I snapped.

The witness sneered. "You're telling me I am or are you asking me?"

"Stop that impertinence and answer the question," Judge Collins directed.

"I am not," the witness responded meekly.

He replied evasively to all my questions. On only one

point was I able, in a slight measure, to attack his credibility for the defense. When he was sworn in as a witness, he gave his home address at 2020 Washington Avenue, the Bronx.

My investigators learned that no one by the name of Benjamin Gordon had ever lived there. However, when I questioned Gordon about this (it was his second day on the witness-stand) he told me that he had just moved there this morning.

I went back over his testimony point by point, but he adhered to his original story in every detail. I finished my examination, and Siegel called William T. Newman to the stand.

Newman, a thirty-nine year old mechanic, employed by the Caswell Motor Company, swore that he had lived at 524 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street with his wife and two children.

"Where did you live in October, 1933?"

Newman answered.

"In what apartment?"

"Apartment D."

"Can you give me the exact time that you lived there?"

"I would say from September, 1933, to March, 1934."

Newman was followed on the stand by a fellow employee, George H. Cummings, who swore that he was a boarder in the Newman home during that seven month period.

Doris LaVerne Newman, aged eleven, corroborated her father's story.

Another body-blow was dealt to my case when blonde-haired Jean Danieles, a ten-cents-a-dance-girl from the Honeymoon Lane Dance Hall, swore that she had introduced Ben Gordon to Buddy LaMarr.

"You see Buddy was feeling pretty low, they were kicking her out of the Hotel President for not paying her

rent. I knew Ben Gordon had an apartment alone, with a bed and an extra studio-couch, so I suggested to her that she stay with him for a few days until she could get some money.

"She stayed on with him for about three weeks and then moved out and took a room with a girl-friend in the same house."

"What was the address of that house?"

"That was 46 West Ninety-second Street."

"And then what happened?"

"After that they moved into 11 West Ninety-fourth Street, and Ben Gordon and Sid Miller took another apartment. The girls were broke so they moved in with the fellows and stayed until a few days before Christmas, when Buddy moved out. She said she had a job out in Northport."

Jean went on to say that she was responsible for getting Buddy her job at the dance hall.

Michael Ferone, the assistant manager of the Honeymoon Lane upheld Jean's story. In fact, when he got up on the witness-stand he had with him a set of books which recorded in detail the earnings of the girls who had worked for him during the year of 1933. He is required to keep this by police regulations. Refreshing his memory from the book, Ferone said, "This Buddy LaMarr came in here on September the thirtieth. She worked that Sunday night, then she was out Monday, she was in Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. For the week she made one hundred and thirty-five tickets. Twenty-five cents was taken off for the maid, sixty cents for hat check, and the balance of her pay was six dollars and seventy-five cents.

"You see," Ferone explained, "the girls get five cents for every dance. A man buys a ticket, selects his hostess or dance-partner and gives her the ticket. She saves these

tickets and at the end of the evening places them in an envelope on my desk. "On Tuesday they are added up and the girls are paid off."

"Take the week of October seventh," Siegel requested.

"Well, she was in Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. That was the whole week. She got one hundred and eleven tickets. Take off twenty-five cents for the maid, and sixty cents for hat-check and she drew down five dollars and fifty-five cents.

"For the week of October fourteenth, Buddy worked a seven-night week and made one hundred and thirty-three tickets. One dollar and twenty cents was taken out for soda concession, twenty-five cents for the maid and sixty cents for hat-check and she made six dollars and sixty-five cents."

Judge Collins appeared interested in these figures. "Is that all they get?" he asked incredulously.

Ferone had already testified that the girls worked seven hours a night.

"Well some girls make twenty and twenty-five dollars; some even make thirty-five dollars a week. See, all the girls stand behind a rail. The customers come in. They have their choice. They pick any girl they want."

The week of October twenty-first, Buddy LaMarr again worked full-time, and made seven dollars, but from this, four dollars was deducted.

The week of October twenty-eighth, Buddy had her most popular spell, working every night in the week she made two hundred and sixty tickets. Minus the usual deductions, she drew down thirteen dollars.

Ferone continued reading the figures until he had completed all the weeks of November. These figures tell the story of the lives of "taxi" dance hall girls.

If Ferone's books and statements were found to be

true, I knew that my case must fall. It would be impossible for Buddy LaMarr (if indeed she were Helen Morgan) to have worked at the Honeymoon Lane Dance Hall and earn the number of tickets which the records showed, and at the same time ply her profession as a prostitute.

Helen Morgan was called to the bar and Siegel pointed to her. "Did you ever see this woman before?"

"I did."

"Where did you see her?"

"In the Honeymoon Lane Ballroom."

"Under what name did you know her?"

"I knew her under the name of Buddy LaMarr."

"Does she look the same now as she did then?"

"Well, she changed the color of her hair a little. She ain't got much rouge on and the hair ain't made up like it was when she was working."

Judge Collins leaned down toward the witness-box. "Are you swearing that she is the girl?"

"Yes, your Honor."

When I took over the cross-examination, I asked, "Do you know a gentleman by the name of Danny Brooks?" At this time Brooks, a pimp and minor vice racketeer, was still at large.

"I do."

"Do you know a gentleman by the name of Pete Harris?" Harris was the third largest bookie in the city.

"I do."

"Did these two gentlemen ever furnish you any girls for the purpose of prostitution?"

"No sir."

I asked him whether he knew in what occupation both Harris and Brooks were engaged. Ferone said he was ignorant of this.

"Isn't it true that in the Honymoon Lane the girls are supposed to be very nice to the gentlemen?"

"I object to that!"

I looked up at the bench.

Judge Collins ruled, "Under ordinary circumstances I would allow that; if the girl had admitted she was in the Honeymoon Lane at this time. This girl has flatly sworn that she never was in the Honeymoon Lane and she has flatly sworn that she does not know Jean Danieles, Benjamin Gordon and Sidney Miller, and so on: That she never stopped at the two residences which have been given. If the theory of this case was that she went to the dance hall, met men there, and then brought them to the place where she conducted her prostitution then the question would be proper. Now if this girl had said under the cross-examination of Mr. Siegel, 'Yes, I went to the Honeymoon Lane Yes, I know Mr. Gordon and I know Jean Danieles. I was in these places, but nevertheless acted as a prostitute.' But she denies all this and maintains that she lived continuously in the disorderly-house.

"Now that being the case, the Honeymoon Lane Dance Hall has nothing to do with it. The Jury has got to believe her story before they can convict this man at all. The law says that not alone must they accept her story, but her story must be supported. I do not agree with Mr. Siegel that it must be corroborated, as in the case of rape or seduction. It does not need the corroboration to show all the essential elements of the crime. A case of compulsory prostitution works under an entirely different theory.

"I say I would allow this question if you could go ahead and argue the fact that she was in the Honeymoon Lane did not militate against her prostitution. But you cannot argue that without impeaching your own witness."

This was true, and I went on to question Ferone about the manager of the place.

"He took a run-out powder on loan sharks," was the answer as to his whereabouts.

One point of interest I did learn. Each girl signed her name to the book before she received her pay.

In rapid succession the defense placed on the witness-stand William H. Spiller, the Associate Superintendent of the New York Hospital, John H. Whaley, Frank Grimes, Russell Riggels, Conrad Faber, Juliette Chalfonte, and John H. LaChapelle.

Dr. Spiller testified that a Carlos LaMarr had been admitted to the hospital on February 12, 1935. He could not say whether Helen Morgan was Carlos LaMarr.

John Whaley, an employee of the Railway Express Company, testified that on December 19, 1933, a trunk weighing one hundred and thirty pounds was consigned to Miss C. LaMarr, care of A. Cohen, Northport, New York. The trunk was delivered on December 22, 1933, and was signed by C. LaMarr.

Helen Morgan's story to me was that she had gone to Albany immediately after her acts of prostitution.

Frank Grimes, a mechanic at the Alcazar Hotel, swore that Helen Morgan had lived at that place during 1934, and that she had registered under the name of Carlos LaMarr.

Russell Riggels, an elevator operator at this place, also said he recognized her.

The manager of the establishment, Conrad Faber, brought records to prove that a Carlos LaMarr had been dispossessed from her room for non-payment of rent, and that her trunk was being held in the storeroom.

This trunk was taken out by the defense attorneys and brought to the court in a taxi. In it was found a picture of Jean Danieles. However, it was not admitted into evidence because the trunk had been in the possession of the

defense and the lock showed signs of having been tampered with.

Juliette Chalfonte, who said she was a rooming-house keeper in Albany, New York, stated that Helen Morgan had lived in her house under the name of Buddy LaMarr. She roomed there with a girl named Dotty Harris.

When I asked what the occupation of these two girls was, Mrs. Chalfonte responded, "I can't be sure; I know they worked nights."

John La Chapelle, a member of the staff of the Albany Savings Bank brought records to show that a Carlos LaMarr had opened an account in that bank on June 14, 1933. The deposit slips which bore the signature of Carlos LaMarr were introduced in evidence.

When Helen Morgan was brought back in rebuttal, I asked her whether she had been in a hospital at any time during the year the defense claimed that Carlos LaMarr had received treatment. She denied that she had.

"Was Frankie Adams a friend of yours?" Mr. Siegel asked the witness.

I objected to the question.

"It leads back to the hospital," Siegel explained.

The court upheld the objection.

The basis of the case had been laid. Somebody was a liar. And now even I could not be certain who was telling the truth. The line of demarcation between the prosecutor's case and the defense was so sharp that it was merely a question of fact as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant on this particular charge.

Thus I looked forward with a great deal of interest to the findings of Ellbridge Stein, a famous handwriting expert. The testimony of all the defense witnesses was largely grouped together under one head, and given the red stamp—of truth, and Mr. Stein stated unequivocally, as a qualified expert, that the signatures on the Hotel reg-

ister, on the Honeymoon Lane pay-book, on the Railway Express records, on the bank receipt, and on a test piece of paper on which the Court had directed Helen Morgan to write the words Carlos LaMarr several times, all had come from the pen of one person. With that the court was adjourned.

The following day another spike was driven into the coffin of my case. For Dr. Merton Griswold, a reputable, practising physician swore that he had treated Helen Morgan at the New York Hospital—and that her name on the records of the hospital was Carlos LaMarr.

I immediately recalled Helen Morgan to the stand in an effort to learn, for myself, exactly what the truth in the matter was.

But Judge Collins took over the questioning before I could utter a word.

"Why did you tell me yesterday that you were never in the New York Hospital in your life?"

"I wasn't," Helen answered.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Nick Montana grinning happily. Each time his eye caught mine he would sneer and spread out the palms of his hands as an indication of the hopelessness of my case.

"Do you want this jury to understand that this man just committed perjury," Judge Collins continued, "that he lied, and that you are telling the truth? Dr. Griswold is a medical doctor practising here since 1930. The record shows that a person by the name of Carlos LaMarr was in that hospital. Dr. Griswold says you are that person. Now, girl, you know I can commit you for perjury and send you before the Grand Jury. Do you know that?"

There was no response.

"Well, that is a fact. Now, I want to know from you. In spite of what that doctor has testified, do you still deny having been inside of that hospital?"

Helen Morgan said that she did not remember being inside.

One point Judge Collins did succeed in bringing out. Prostitutes change their names each time they are in the clutches of the law. Helen Morgan, knowing she was to appear as a witness, took a new name. The new name, she said, was Helen Morgan.

Previously she had called herself Budinia Adams.

Judge Collins turned to me. "Do you still say this woman is telling the truth?"

"I say this, your Honor. The girl has testified. I have to take her testimony as she gives it. Now she may not be telling the truth as to the Carlos LaMarr situation. . . ." I could not add that although the value of her testimony was utterly destroyed, the grinning satyr on the other side of the courtroom was New York City's biggest and most vicious vice racketeer.

The Judge then went on to rule on the case. "If this man were convicted he would have to be convicted on the testimony of the girl. The law says that this testimony must be supported. This is a question of fact, which the jury must determine. Sometimes, however, the question of fact becomes a question of law for the Judge.

"In other words, the evidence has got to be sufficient upon which to pass a verdict of guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. If, as a matter of law, the Judge finds that it is not sufficient to establish the guilt of a defendant, he himself may direct an acquittal.

"The crime, which is that an individual peddled her, an individual trafficked in her, peddling and handing her out for the purpose of prostitution; or taking a percentage, as was said in this case, in commissions. Now, it could be that no matter how much you might suspect this man of being a bad man; and you could argue that he knew all about her being Carlos LaMarr; knew where to put his

finger on her at different times; knew that she was at one time in Albany and so forth, you can argue all that, but still the defendant can only be convicted, if he is convicted, on this indictment.

"But here you have got a case where the Jury may come to the conclusion that the girl is a liar, as indicated by her challenging the doctor just now.

"The Jury has to pass on her credibility. The date of the indictment is between the fourteenth or fifteenth of November at this and this place. Here we have a respectable husband and father, and his wife, who also bring in a child of eleven.

"They say: 'We are respectable people. We lived in apartment D during this time.'

"The statement is corroborated by a friend. That this witness is a prostitute, there is no question that the jury will believe hat. She has confessed and admitted it. But was she a prostitute in that place on that date?

"Can the jury hold so beyond a reasonable doubt, between those times?"

I begged an adjournment in which I could discuss the case with my superior and with the Police Department who were also a party to this action. It was granted.

The next day, Montana was acquitted by a Jury and released. In the corridor outside of Part II where the trial had been held Nick burst into huge guffaws of laughter.

"Maybe they'll keep their hands off Nick, now," he grinned. He was a very light-hearted citizen as he walked down the steps of the court-house.

Chapter XII

BETTY HAWKINS' REVENGE

What was the reaction of all the spectators over Nick Montana's release? Prostitutes, pimps, and madams sighed with relief. The Boss was free again. The heat was off. Now they could re-open their respective businesses and go at top speed again.

Newspapers used this case as a weapon to battle against the District Attorney's Office.

"He isn't half trying," they wrote. "We knew right from the start that Montana would get off."

I discounted these attacks for I knew that every District Attorney in this county has been under fire, rightly or wrongly.

The great William Travis Jerome was the object of slanderous attacks by newspapers who were not affiliated with his political party. Cartoons were printed showing Jerome seated before a huge mahogany desk upon which his feet were planted.

Judge Dodge has been no exception to this rule. He was censured for my failure.

I am a hard loser. This defeat was bitter gall. If Nick had been a minor racketeer, perhaps I should not have taken defeat so bitterly. But here was a man, the very extent of whose enterprise was staggering, going "scot free" after having been in my hands.

Now—why didn't I use the telephone testimony? Here was evidence in my hand which I knew would help me to send Nick up the river for a long stretch. I didn't use it because I didn't wish to give away my hand. I withheld

this information because I saw how the case was going. There could be but one reason for the loss of this case.

I had felt all along that Frankie Adams had been speaking to the defense attorneys because they were in possession of certain facts that only Frankie, Helen Morgan, and the police were cognizant of.

But there was only one way in which Montana could have secured the services of Sidney Miller and Benjamin Gordon as witnesses. Only one person was aware, at the time the trial was held, that Helen Morgan was Buddy LaMarr, and that Buddy LaMarr had lived with these men. That person was Helen Morgan, alias Budinia Adams, alias Buddy LaMarr, alias Carlos LaMarr, alias Mrs. Anthony Costello, alias Mrs. Frankie Adams, and many others, I have no doubt, which I have been unable to learn.

Did she "sell-out" the State? It is hardly my place as a prosecutor to give my opinion in this book.

There is no doubt in my mind that when Nick walked out of that courtroom he went directly to his business headquarters and took over direct charge of his vice operations.

I have discussed at some length the difficulties we experienced in getting prostitutes to testify against him. While Nick was on the stand all of these girls who were being detained, at the House of Detention, either as material witnesses or as prostitutes in other cases, evinced great interest in the outcome. Were Nick convicted there would have been a great rush on the part of many of them to tell all. But Nick Montana was acquitted. He evidently was aware of this situation for he went back to his old business without qualms, without fear.

A young, blonde-haired, blue-eyed prostitute had been arrested during a raid on her apartment in upper Manhattan. She was Betty Hawkins.

While lodged in the House of Detention awaiting trail,

we questioned her as to her knowledge of the Big Boss. We had received no satisfactory response. But during the trial this girl reasoned in a somewhat different manner from her sisters.

If the State was really trying to put the Boss behind bars surely they were sincere in their purpose. Surely they could afford protection to those who were in need of it.

Betty Hawkins asked me to be permitted to see Montana. Permission was granted. When she had identified him as the Big Boss who had "sold" her into a Chinese house of prostitution, kidnapped and forced her to function in a colored house of prostitution, she was immediately rushed back to my office.

In the course of my thirteen years as a prosecutor I have heard many stories. None rivalled the one told me by Betty Hawkins. It plumbed the depth in human emotions, running the gamut from the heights of ambition to the very dregs of depravity.

The reader is familiar with the story she told me. However, I had had one experience with girls of that class. The lessons I had learned were still fresh in my memory. As a matter of law supporting evidence was necessary before a Grand Jury could re-indict Nick Montana for vice racketeering. I figured if Betty talks, there's no reason why I cannot get others to talk. If I had two or three witnesses then I could be reasonably certain that the stories told me by one of them would stand up in court. With this in mind, I sent Harris, Special Investigators Walter Van Wagner, and John Rafferty, scouring the House of Detention, to question all witnesses again.

In Greenwich Village, a tall, dark, emaciated woman with a wan, sallow face walked slowly along the dark streets. Whenever she passed a man whom she thought a likely prospect, her bony fingers clutched her wrinkled

purse, her mouth slit in a feeble grin. "Ya doin' anything tonight, honey?"

The men she approached scattered, either with a feeling of revulsion or of pity. This girl had the fortune (or misfortune) to solicit a detective.

Her name is Shirley Grifton. At twenty, she was an economic cast-off in Nick Montana's regime. She represented the ultimate in the degeneration of a prostitute.

In the course of questionings by my investigators she admitted having worked for Nick Montana.

I dwelt upon the story of her life at some length in an earlier chapter. My facts came from the lips of this girl. I did not, however, accept these facts blindly. My investigators checked every point, and found her to be telling the truth.

If ever anything represented the bestial cruelty of man to woman, certainly it was Montana in his treatment of this poor waif. Certainly it illustrated the absolute degeneracy of the men and women who bartered the bodies of girls.

After I had heard her story I placed her in the care of a competent physician, lodged her in the House of Detention, and was promised by the authorities that they would break her of the drug habit that she had acquired.

Two weeks before Montana was scheduled to go on trial the police secured information that the penthouse at 210 West Fifty-fourth Street was being used for immoral purposes.

A detachment of officers descended on the place. An elevator took them up to the roof; the door was kicked in and all the occupants were placed under arrest. This establishment was run by Rose Cohen, alias May Dane.

This madam had one of the most popular houses in the city. The apartment was furnished in luxurious style,

terraces furnished an ideal retiring place for the girls and their escorts.

During the raid the police rounded up the madam and her four girls. These girls were garbed in evening gowns made of sheer silk, so sheer were these gowns that they merely served as frames for the nudity of the prostitutes.

In the Night Court, the madam was charged with compulsory prostitution, and the girls with being prostitutes. The five pleaded not guilty to the charges and were sent to the House of Detention to await trial. While there, three of the girls and the madam were released on bail.

The fourth girl was Kay Salter. This was in accordance with Nick's desire. After the raid had been accomplished, Nick is reported to have said, "Let her stay there a while; it'll soften her up."

Assistant District Attorney McGuire questioned Kay. "Rose Cohen goes on trial early this week," he told her.

"So what?" Kay flashed.

"If you are willing to get on the witness-stand and tell the truth, the Judge might take that into consideration when he passes sentence on you," McGuire spoke gently.

"No. I guess I better keep my trap shut."

"I notice that Nick is not thinking too much about your welfare."

"How do you know Nick books me?"

McGuire did not find it necessary to tell her that police had been listening in on the telephone conversations of the vice-racketeer. McGuire left her.

The following day he returned and again questioned her. This time, evidently, something had occurred that had stirred her deeply. Her slender body was fiercely erect, her blue eyes blazing, her breast heaving. "I'll tell you all you want to know about that rat," she cried furiously.

That was all McGuire wanted to know. Kay was hustled over to my office.

I was impatient to set the wheels of justice moving immediately, but Judge Dodge who directed every move, cautioned me.

"On whose story will you base the indictment?" he asked.

"Betty Hawkins."

"Then before you present a single word to the Grand Jury go out and check every single word she has told you."

I called Detective Harris to my office.

"I've just gotten a full story from Betty Hawkins," I told him. I relayed the story she had told me.

"Betty worked for a madam, a red-headed woman named Millie, in an Oriental house of prostitution, at 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street. I want you to check with the elevator operator, the superintendent, other tenants, the owner of the building, and even the madam herself, if you can locate her. I want you to make every effort that is humanly possible to avoid any slip up."

Harris checked. In fact he spent weeks on end running down leads suggested by the prostitute. Eventually, he had located all the parties who could corroborate her story, with the exception of the madam.

This search lead him to such widely diversified places as a Central Park West penthouse and a city penitentiary. Strangely enough, he found witnesses in both of these places who confirmed in detail the story Betty had given me. The hunt for the madam, which consumed most of the time, had the simplest solution. During all this time the madam was in the House of Detention awaiting trial on a narcotic charge.

It was eleven o'clock on the eighteenth day of July, 1935, when I brought Betty Hawkins and Millie before the regular Grand Jury of New York County and secured

an indictment against Nicholas Montana, charging him with compulsory prostitution.

Harris sat outside the Grand Jury room waiting for the indictment to be handed down.

These are secret hearings. For that reason I find it very difficult to account for the events that followed. No sooner was the indictment handed down when Harris left on the quest for Montana.

"That will be easy," he told me. "He's still doing his regular business at the Pretzel Restaurant."

This was true, but no sooner had the regular Grand Jury found a true bill against him, than he disappeared.

Harris hunted through every known hide-out the vice racketeer had had.

At 3495 Broadway where Montana lived (this is the address he gave at the time of a previous arrest) inquiry elicited the information that this apartment was furnished, but that neither he, nor his wife, nor his two children had been there since early the previous day.

Harris hurried down to the basement of the house, tapped in on Montana's telephone wire and called the Telephone Company. He was told that service had been temporarily discontinued.

The superintendent of the house promised that he would call the District Attorney's Office as soon as any member of the family put in an appearance. If any attempt was made to truck the furniture, he would also notify my office.

Harris then circulated throughout the city, contacting known mobsters, gunmen, runners and cadets. Even gossip would have meant something. It would at least furnish a clue as to the fugitive's whereabouts.

I knew, as did Montana and his henchmen, that time was of the essence. We held four witnesses in the House of Detention. If Montana succeeded in remaining at large

another three months, there was no telling what might occur. These women could not be expected to remain docilely in jail while the police hunted for the vice baron.

Judge Dodge called Detective Harris and me into his office. He issued explicit orders that Montana was to be apprehended at any cost.

On July 28, Harris reported to his Borough Headquarters Squad room, and was told that an "Al" had called him, and had left a phone number, with a message that Harris call this "Al" at once.

The detective followed the instructions. From a public phone booth, he dialed the number. A husky male voice grunted in response.

"Hello, let me talk to Al."

"This is Al. Who's calling."

"This is Harris. You left word at my office that I call you."

Al evidently brightened considerably. "Oh, hello, hello Harris," he glowed. "I'd like to talk some business with you."

"That's why I'm calling you," Harris retorted.

The men made a date to meet at Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Street at ten o'clock that evening.

Harris was already seated in a booth when Al entered and walked forward. "Hello Harris." Al extended a hand.

Harris shook it. "Let's sit down where we can talk things over quietly."

They retired to a booth in the rear, and seated themselves. Al picked up a menu and passed it over to the detective.

"What'll you have?"

"Nothing for me. Thanks. I've already eaten. I

suppose you didn't invite me here just to feed me," Harris told him.

"Oh no. I understand you have a warrant for the arrest of Nick Montana."

This was very interesting. This information is secret and is never revealed. The only ones supposed to have possession of these facts are the Police Department and the District Attorney's office. Somewhere along the lines there was a leak.

"How do you know about that?" Harris asked him.

"Well," was the reply, "With money we can get any information we want."

Harris raised his eyebrows.

Al continued: "I know one of the girls you now have is Betty Hawkins, but what the devil is the name of the other girl?"

"I can't tell you that." Al laid both hands on the table. "But I will tell you what I want. Nick knows all about this indictment. In fact, he knew about it before any indictment was returned. He knew there was a girl in the House of Detention and he also knew you were working on the case."

Harris grinned. He knew the source of information Montana had used to gain this bit of information. A large percentage of the women locked up in the House of Detention are held there either as witnessees or defendants in prostitution cases. Several of these prostitutes, in fact there was always at least one hundred in that building, acted as stool-pigeon for the vice Boss.

"Here's what I want you to do," Al continued. "Nick wants an opportunity to come back to New York and run his joints. He wants to put his girls to work. The fact that he is out of town and the cops are looking for him is hindering his business. The girls are afraid to go to work with him out of town."

"What has that got to do with me?"

"Well, I happen to be associated with Montana," Al bragged. "I am authorized by Montana to pay you one thousand dollars now, and one thousand dollars a month, as long as you keep away from him."

"That's a fair offer, but I don't want to take it from you. I can't do business with anybody but Montana himself."

The interview ended with Al promising to see what he could do in getting Montana to negotiate direct with Harris.

It was now past eleven o'clock. Harris immediately reported his proffered bribe to his superior, Deputy Chief Inspector McAuliffe, and then continued to make his rounds.

The next morning when I arrived at my office he was waiting for me. He told me the full story.

"Well, what shall I do?" he asked.

"Firstly," I told him. "You have a full endorsement, on my part, of these tactics. I want you to follow this through to the end. If you can get Montana to negotiate directly with you——" I shrugged my shoulders, signifying that that's all there was to it.

Twice again, Harris kept appointments with this mysterious Al who represented himself as a member of Montana's staff.

The following afternoon he met him at Charlie's Restaurant on Warren Street, and a third time, two afternoons later at the same place. Each time Al apologized for Nick's inability to appear.

One thing Harris did learn. That was, that Nick was out of town.

I had postponed my vacation a month in the hope that the fugitive would be apprehended. Now as we entered the second month of a particularly hot summer, I decided to leave my office for a rest. I had been working con-

tinually for fourteen months. I left instructions, however, that I was to be notified with each new turn of events.

On August sixteenth, Harris drove to Troy, New York. He presented his credentials at the State Police Barracks, and asked for their cooperation. He had one hundred rogues' gallery pictures which he passed along to the various officers.

The next day, he visited the Saratoga race-track. The summer season was in full swing, crowds milling about the paddock, the stands a riot of color.

Harris stationed himself at the turnstiles and eagerly scanned the faces of the bettors. Montana was known as a great gambler. His greatest love was betting on the "Saratoga bang-tails." This procedure proved futile.

Lieutenant Doescher of the State Police escorted Harris to the City Hall where he was introduced to the Chief of Police. Harris explained his mission and asked that the Chief send word to his various informants, instructing them to get a line on Montana's whereabouts.

"If you think Montana is hiding out in a house of prostitution," the Chief told Harris, "I'll assign a man to you for this evening. He will take you out to the houses in the outlying districts."

Harris left the office, and accompanied by Lieutenant Doescher returned to the race-track. Doescher introduced the New York detective to Eddie Grogan who was in charge of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. The Pinkerton's police the track for the operating company. Grogan also introduced Harris to several former New York City detectives at the track who were working for the Pinkertons during the summer.

Harris left a picture of Montana with Grogan, told him of the warrant for his arrest and asked that the vice king be picked up on sight.

Although Harris watched with a practised eye the men

who approached book-makers at the track, there was one bookmaker in particular, to whom he paid strict attention. I am withholding the latter's name because he has no connection with this affair. This man, however, is known to the police as the gambler who handles the huge bets of the big shots in the underworld.

From a vantage point under the stands Harris watched men and women in a never-ending stream, approaching this individual, placing their bets, and receiving their tickets.

One woman caught his eye. The minute he spied her, he knew that she had crossed his official path before. Harris walked up to her and nudged her. The woman, tall, thin, and dark, opened her brown eyes wide in surprise.

"Well for heaven's sakes, do I have to bump into you all over?" she exclaimed.

"Hello, Jeannette. I heard that you were out of town."

"Well, thank God, I left New York. You made it hot enough for me in the Big Town. Did you have to trail me here?"

Sometime previously, Harris had arrested Jeannette in New York on a charge of maintaining a disorderly-house.

"Say, I better not be seen talking to you," Jeannette looked carefully about. "What the hell will my business friends say if they see me talking to a copper in a chummy way!"

Harris led her to a side, away from the stand of the book-maker at whose window he was expecting Montana to appear. Without disclosing the purpose of his questioning, Harris proceeded to extract whatever information he could from the Madam.

To her queries as to what he was doing at the resort, Harris retorted that he was here for his health.

"Well Jeannette, do you get any gossip up here in the sticks?"

"Sure, plenty of it. I suppose there's no need my telling you that Montana is on the 'lam.' "

"Yes. I heard as much," Harris answered.

"He's hiding out in Chicago."

"Is that right?"

"Sure. One of the girls in town got a postcard from him. I'll tell her to send him your regards."

Harris also learned that the prostitute who had received this postcard was a girl known as Jean.

"Whose place does she work in?"

"God knows. They book 'em around the town too fast for me to keep track of 'em."

This was the first definite lead he had received since we had started the hunt months before. Harris left the Madam and hurried back to the City Hall.

He asked the Chief of Police to assign a detective to him so that he could visit the various known and suspected houses of prostitution. This request was granted.

Eight houses in all were visited, but the illusive Jean could not be found.

One of these houses was operated by a prostitute known as May Lewis. Harris asked May if she had a girl named Jean working for her.

"No."

"How many girls have you working in this place?" (This is a stock question.)

"I've got five including myself."

"I suppose you know Nick Montana?"

"Sure."

"Have you heard from him lately?"

The answer was a shake of the head.

It was about midnight when Harris contacted Jeannette once more. He went over the story told him by the inmates in all the houses he had visited.

When he told her about the May Lewis place, Jeannette cried, "May lied. There are six girls there and I know it."

He went back to the car in which the local detective was seated. They drove through the town along the main road, then turned off on a dirt road to the outskirts of the city. The house May Lewis operated was a frame, three-story structure located sixty feet off the main road. There was a private path leading up to the front and rear doors, both of which were used.

This time Harris subjected May Lewis to a vigorous cross-examination.

"There's no sense lying to me," he shouted. "I know that you have six girls working here."

"That isn't true." May stamped her foot heavily on the floor.

Harris interpreted this as a signal to someone in the house. "It won't do you any good. I'll hunt through this house until I find her."

Disregarding the fact that the bagnio was open for business, and that at this hour, one in the morning, was experiencing its largest volume of "trade", Harris slammed in and out of rooms in his search for the girl.

May Lewis claimed that she had but four other girls working in the place. Harris tabulated the number of bedrooms. There were six, yet he could only find five prostitutes.

Crouched behind clothing in a third floor bedroom closet, Harris dragged forth a frightened girl who might have been seventeen to twenty-two years of age. She was blonde, slim and dressed in the same type of clothing worn by the other inmates in this house of prostitution.

"What are you afraid of? Why are you hiding?"

"May told me to hide."

"Do you know why May asked you to do that?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about it."

"Now, that's all right, Jean. You've got nothing to be afraid of. I'm not here to hurt you. Your name is Jean, isn't it?"

She nodded her head.

"Do you know Nick Montana?" Harris shot at her.

The hard lines and rouged features of her face were distorted in terror. She shook her head vigorously. "I do not know."

"You can tell me, kid; aren't you working for Montana now? Doesn't he book you into this place?"

"No. None of these girls in Saratoga are booked girls. We all come up here by ourselves to make some money."

"Didn't you receive a postcard from Montana recently?"

"I didn't."

"If you knew of Montana's whereabouts, would you tell me?"

The prostitute regarded Harris for a moment and then replied. "To be honest with you, I would not."

Harris searched the room thoroughly, but could not locate the postcard that Jeannette had spoken about. This evidently had been destroyed after having been read. With this lead played out, Harris returned to the race-track for several more days.

From confidential information received, he learned that Montana had been in Saratoga, but had left for Chicago, and was now returning to some place in New York State.

Harris made a tour of the Mohawk Valley cities, contacting the Chiefs of Police in these various places, secured the services of their officers, and made the rounds of all houses of prostitution in their cities, but it was useless. Montana apparently had hidden out successfully.

Before the detective left, however, he handed a photograph of Montana to all State Police Officers, and all city law enforcement officials, along with instructions that the

District Attorney's office or the police department was to be notified as soon as he was located.

Although I was on my vacation all this time, I did not leave the city, hoping that an arrest would be made.

Days passed rapidly without any word of the fugitive.

In New York City, we had stationed men at the Pretzel Restaurant, at Montana's home, at his garage and at all his known haunts.

This was a particularly hot summer. Betty Hawkins, Kay Salter, Millie, and the other witnesses who were being held in the House of Detention were becoming restive.

I knew we could not hold out much longer. Another month or two and the girls could demand, and secure their release. Once they were on the city's streets, I hesitated to think what might happen to them when Montana's band of thugs and gorillas would locate them.

True, this office would see that they were furnished with complete police protection. But with Montana at large, directing the activities of the gunmen who policed his vice kingdom, the girls were in ever-present danger.

I knew that if we trapped Montana and destroyed his kingdom of vice, these girls could step to the street with every assurance of safety.

A blazing sun had set. The date was September 22. Although deep shadows had fallen over the city, heat waves still shimmered from the pavements and the walls of tall buildings. I felt restless that night. I can't call it a premonition. After pacing nervously up and down the floor of my library, my wife finally succeeded in getting me out to a motion picture-house which advertised thirty degrees cooler inside.

I sat through part of the picture, but felt too restless to see it through. I, therefore, told my wife that I would meet her after the show ended, and abruptly rose from my seat, and left the theatre.

I wandered about outside for two hours and then returned for my wife. When we reached home I was told Detective Harris had been trying to reach me for the past two hours. I rushed to the phone and called Police Headquarters. I got Harris on the wire.

"Listen to this," Harris cried jubilantly, as he read a telegram which he had received:

DETECTIVE HUGO HARRIS,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK.

HAVE ARRESTED MONTANA, TWO WOMEN AND A MAN AT HOTEL WAGNER, CANAJOHARIE. COMMUNICATE WITH ME IMMEDIATELY.

LIEUTENANT S. S. MC GARVEY,
STATE POLICE.

I was elated. "When are you going for him?"

"Tonight."

"That's fine. I want you to make certain that you get Montana off in a corner by himself, ask him point-blank whether he knew he had been indicted by the authorities. We have every reason to believe that he knew, but I want you to learn from his lips that he was at Canajoharie for the purpose of avoiding arrest."

In this manner I wished to establish the fact that his flight was in itself an admission of guilt.

When Harris arrived in Troy, New York, where Montana was being held, he requested permission from the police authorities to question Montana alone. A room in the basement of the barracks was placed at his disposal.

"Haven't seen you for a long time, Nick," Harris said conversationally.

"No wonder I've been feeling good for the last few months," Montana responded.

"Say, when did you first know there was an indictment against you in this case?"

"Well, I heard about it from some people over in the House of Detention and from . . . . ." (I don't wish to disclose this second source of information that Montana had). "There is two grand in this case for you if it goes right, how about it, Harris?"

"Nothing doing. There is nothing I can do for you. Your money would just be wasted."

"Well, there is two grand in it for you whether the case goes one way or the other, just to show you I'm a good fellow."

"Money is not going to help you this time, Nick; we've got you and we've got you right," Harris said firmly. "By the way, where have your wife and kids been staying? I know your two boys were attending the school on One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street. When I checked on their records, their address had been given as 501 West Seventy-third Street, but when I went up there no one by the name of Montana had ever been living at that place. Maybe it would have been a good idea for us to have followed those children of yours."

Nick guffawed loudly. "My two kids are smart kids; you would never find me if you tailed them. They were tipped off to be on the look-out for any cops and they wouldn't have led you to me." He shook his head sadly, "If you'd watched them long enough you might of caught me because they are two things I can't ever stay away from."

On the trip back to New York the arrested man's actions were very strange for a person who was facing imprisonment. During most of the trip he was fast asleep. Once Harris reminded him that in the event that a conviction was handed down against him he faced a minimum sentence of twenty-five years.

"I know,"—with that Montana shrugged his shoulders —"The only thing that makes me feel bad is that my kids might suffer."

This is the only human emotion this man has been known to express.

Montana, during the journey back to New York City, disclosed that he had gone to Canajoharie for a double purpose: First, to stay hiding; second, to open a hotel that would feature girl "entertainers".

Harris showed Nick the pictures of Betty Hawkins and Millie.

"If I say that I don't know the girls will you testify to that?"

"Nick, I will testify to everything you said to me on this trip."

Nick examined the pictures and said, "No, I don't know the girls," but immediately thereafter he said, "I am not afraid of that Kay Salter woman; she will never testify against me."

This was a very interesting point. Kay's name had never been mentioned in the indictment. Her name had never come out thus far in the prosecution of the case. How did the vice racketeer know that we held her as a reserve witness?

Nick was returned to the city and held in the Tombs to await trial.

The Women's House of Detention is located on Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street. This is a modern structure designed to give every comfort to the women awaiting trial in the City's Courts. An elevated structure stands on Sixth Avenue. This is the eastern boundary of the prison. On the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue is located the platform of the Eighth Street station.

Shortly after Montana had been returned, the girls who were being held, told me some weird tales. Dark-

complexioned men had planted themselves on the platform of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Line, attracted the attention of the girls and then silently expressed threats. This was done by running the forefinger across the throat.

When these threats continued we placed a police guard outside the structure, but finally were forced to remove the girls from the House of Detention. They were brought to the Hotel New Yorker, where from that day until the trial ended, they were under the direct care of three police matrons and two detectives. At no time were they out of the sight of the officers.

When Betty Hawkins, Kay Salter, Millie, and Shirley Grifton had first been arrested, each of them suffered from various diseases peculiar to their profession. During their incarceration Shirley and Millie were cured of the drug habit. Betty who had been sick at the time of her arrest, gained 40 pounds before her eventual release.

Throughout the period of waiting before the trial, dozens of complaints reached my ears in which mobsters working for Montana had attempted to intimidate my other witnesses.

Chapter XIII

MORE WITNESS TROUBLE

Nicholas Montana went on trial for compulsory prostitution for a second time—this time, however, I had a more complete case. I felt certain that through some source Montana was aware of this fact, and yet, after the talismen had been painstakingly sworn in by Judge Collins, the happy smirk never left Montana's lips.

This trial took three weeks before it was sent to the Jury. My witnesses testified to the stories they had told me upon examination before trial, and at no point in cross-examination could their stories be disproved.

Millie, the madam who lived in the orenital house of prostitution was caught in a small lie. She swore on the witness-stand that her father was a Chinaman. She did this so as to make her own sin seem less black—but how this could affect the possible outcome of the trial was beyond me. I had prepared the case painstakingly and had given it to the jury with a firm belief that Montana had reached the end of his rope. What followed has always been a nightmare to me. For twenty-six hours the jury remained out. The case ended in a diasgreement.

I immediately made a motion for a new trial. Word had reached me through my investigators and through other sources that attempts might have been made by persons in Montana's employ to tamper with the deliberations of the jury. Whether they succeeded, or not, I cannot say.

The week before the vice racketeer was brought to trial for a third time there occurred one of those rapid changes in the sentiments of some of the editorial writers—whereas,

previously, they had complained that I had been pulling my punches in the prosecution of Montana, they now called the third trial persecution!

I went into the third trial knowing that this procedure could not go on indefinitely, either Montana was guilty or he was innocent, and this jury would definitely decide the question. However, I wanted a jury which could have no possible contact with Montana during the time it was deliberating. Judge Collins evidently felt the same way about the case. He ordered that a special panel be drawn, and that we select fourteen "blue ribbon" jurors. The extra two were to serve as alternates in the event that a regular juror was incapacitated. This is often done, when a trial is lengthy, in order to save the State the expense of a new trial.

The jurymen were instructed by Judge Collins that from the moment they were sworn in they would be accompanied twenty-four hours a day by court officers. During the nights they would be locked in the Warwick Hotel. If any member wished to go out to a show or amuse himself on the outside, he could do this only in company with the other thirteen jurors and in company with the court officers. Surely this would be a jury far removed from any influences that the vice baron might exert.

On November 25th, 1935, Montana, nattily dressed in a brown-striped suit stood before the Bar of Justice in Part III listening to the clerk of the court read the indictment charging him with living off the earnings of women.

The following week was spent in hearing motions, and finally on December 2nd, 1935, the trial got under way.

Again David Porter Siegel and Alexander Klahr represented Montana. I appeared as counsel for the State.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when we got ready for opening statements. I arose, walked deliberately towards the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the Jury—the defendant at the Bar who is on trial is Nicholas Montana." I pointed my finger directly at the defendant. Strangely enough the smirk of triumph usually on his lips when he was in my presence, was absent. In its place was a sickly, weak grin.

"The Grand Jury of this County by an indictment filed against him, charge him specifically with the crime of knowingly receiving money for and on account of procuring and placing a woman in the custody of another for immoral purposes.

"The second count in the indictment that he is being tried under is the crime of knowingly accepting, receiving, levying and appropriating money and a thing of value, without consideration, from the proceeds and earnings of the woman engaged in prostitution. The first indictment alleges, in brief form, that on or about the 15th day of February in the year 1934 Montana did procure a certain woman, to wit, Betty Hawkins.

"According to the technical language of the indictment he did place her in the custody of a certain unknown man for the purpose that said unknown man should have intercourse with her. This unknown man not being the husband of said Betty Hawkins. The specific amount alleged in the indictment is the sum of forty cents for and on account of so procuring and placing the said Betty Hawkins in the custody of the unknown man. Now, I expect to prove to you, gentlemen, that sometime during the year, during the Spring of 1933, this defendant, Nicholas Montana, met Betty Hawkins."

My opening statement continued to describe Betty's visit to the city, her life of crime, her meeting with Montana and her booking in the oriental house of prostitution. I explained in detail how Montana made his payments. One point I would have liked to bring out very much, this was the total earnings of this vice racketeer. It was an

easy thing to figure. It was known that he booked a minimum of three hundred houses, each house averaged four women. The average gross earnings of each inmate in the house was three hundred dollars per week. This made a grand total of $360,000 per week that the girls earned. Nick received ten per cent of the girls' earnings. Here, then, was $36,000 a week. Add to this the fact that each girl had to pay $10.00 a week bail money—there is another ten thousand dollars a week, most of which is pure profit. Add to this the fact that when a new madam wished to open a house of prostitution in town, Nick had to be paid $250 to make the "fix".

I went on to describe Betty's association with red-headed Millie.

"I also expect to prove to you, gentlemen, upon the theory of similar transactions, which the law permits me to do, that this man was engaged solely and exclusively in what I call commercialized vice. I expect to prove to you through the witness Kay Salter that Montana maintained a far-flung vice empire. Kay worked in the house of prostitution that was run by Birdie. She met the defendant there. She had a talk with the defendant. She was given to understand what the work was and what commission was to ge paid to Mr. Montana. That commission was to be ten per cent. Here, after each act of prostitution, she would come out, and the money the patron had paid her, would be taken away. Her record was kept on a long white card bearing figures from 1 to 100. If the act of prostitution was charged at two dollars she would have the number two hole punched. Her name would either be on the top of the card or the back. Here was a real business-like, systematized manner of doing business. At the end of the week these tickets known as 'one hundred checks' were brought in and totalled. Then the deductions

were made for board, bond money, doctor's money, maid, fifty per cent for the madam and ten per cent for Nick."

I went on to state that a further witness, Shirley Grifton, would testify to the same facts. I told the Jurymen what I would bring out from the testimony of Detective O'Connell, Felix Justice, Leon Pol, and others. I concluded with:

"Gentlemen, I ask you to be most careful, I ask you to bear in mind the oath you took, that you are not to be prejudiced against these witnesses, because that is the only type I can get in a case of this sort. I cannot bring angels here to testify in a case of this type. I ask you, gentlemen, to weigh this evidence with the greatest care. This is a vital case. I say to you that after you hear this testimony you will be convinced, not beyond a reasonable doubt, but beyond any doubt, that this man Nick Montana was guilty of placing Betty Hawkins in 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street—no matter what she is or what she was, that he was guilty of what the indictment charges him. I will prove beyond all doubt that this man was engaged in the business of commercialized vice in the City, County and State of New York, and there is only one verdict that I shall expect at your hands, gentlemen, and that verdict is guilty as charged."

I turned abruptly and went to my seat. Siegel rose deliberately, strolled towards the bench, and said, "Your Honor, may I open now?"

Judge Collins nodded his head.

"Gentlemen, I believe I can speak to you from memory that in all the years of my practice, which has been at least fifteen years at this Bar and at the Federal Bar, I do not think there is a case that will arrest your attention and be more colorful to you, no matter who you may be, than this case that is going to be presented to you now; and I want to say to you frankly that at the outset we are going to make no bones in this case—we are going to let the chips

fall where they may, and that we are going to present the evidence in truth and in fact as it is in this case.

"We directly and openly charge before you that this Betty Hawkins' story is made up of whole cloth; that it is entire perjury and that this story told by Millie is wholly a fabrication, and I am going to realize how those words cut. We will prove this Millie is a white woman who, the evidence will show, she lived with a man by the name of Bill Luke, a Chinaman, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Luke, at that place, 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street. We will show you that she ran other houses of prostitution before that time, and we will show you that at the time the prosecution claims she was running this house of prostitution at that address, that she was out, she was soliciting in a place at 67 Mott Street, in a Chinese joint. We will show you this woman procured other women for prostitutional purposes, from her own lips. We will show you, that she had no necessity whatsoever for any Nick Montana or anybody else to book her. We will show you the kind of things that went on in that house; that they met, these women, with the help of crooked police."

"I object to that, if Your Honor, please."

"You are not going to prove that the police were crooked, are you?" Judge Collins asked. "You are not going to have any witnesses to that effect?"

"If you want to gag me, Your Honor, I might as well stop now," Siegel rejoined.

Judge Collins ruled, "You keep within the bounds that you must as a lawyer. You cannot use an opening for the purpose of an attack on a department. All you can do in an opening statement is to tell what you expect to prove in your defense."

Siegel continued with his opening statement:

But I objected to many of the subsequent remarks that he made as being outside the scope of an opening address.

"We will show you that we never put this girl in that place and we will show you we never procured her to go into that place, and we will also show you we never took any money from her. I ask you, gentlemen, in the exercise of that consideration which I know you will give the case, to hold any final opinion until after the defense has had an opportunity to present its side of the case."

My first witness, Millie, was called to the stand. She swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her God. The Clerk of the Court took her pedigree. She gave her true name and address, both of which I am withholding. Suffice to say she claimed to be twenty-three years of age and a resident of Somerset, Virginia. She came to New York after she had been widowed.

Under my questioning she revealed that she had been convicted for the unlawful possession of narcotics. The following year she received a second conviction on the same charge. She was given a suspended sentence on the second charge, and then brought to the House of Detention as a witness in the present case.

"Are you a drug addict?" I asked.

"I was. I'm not now."

"How is that?"

"Up until the time I got into the House of Detention I was a drug addict. I had a cure there."

"Now, Mildred, what do you do for a living? Tell the jury."

"I'm a prostitute."

She went on to tell how she met Montana through a runner by the name of Bill.

She admitted that Betty Hawkins had worked for her on the day mentioned in the indictment, and that Nick Montana had received a cut from this at the end of the

week; the reason for the twenty per cent being that this was the first week Betty had been booked by the vice Boss.

She remembered the date becaus the City Chamberlain had mailed her a check for one hundred dollars. This represented the return to her of one hundred dollars cash bail which she had placed, on one of her own cases.

She went on to describe conditions in this house, what type of patrons she had, how they were charged and so forth. But when she answered the following question she came to the heart of my case against the defendant.

"Now, in your own words tell His Honor and this Jury exactly what occurred there at the end of the seventh day."

Millie, with a toss of her head, said, "Nick Montana came to the door, which I opened and he asked me if Betty was there. I said, 'Yes, do you want to see her?' He said, 'Yes.' So he came in. He went over and sat on the couch beside Betty and I left them alone. I came back a short while later and I saw Betty Hawkins passing some money to Nick Montana. I don't know how much it was. I know it was more than one bill."

Siegel took over the cross-examination of my witness. She had been on the stand for almost two days.

"Do you remember," he asked, "that you testified in the Lee Tung case?"

"I do."

"Were you asked this question and did you make this answer."

"Q. 'The only house of prostitution you ever worked at was 79 Mott Street?' A. 'Absolutely!'

"Q. 'Did you ever work at 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street?' A. 'No, sir. I didn't. I lived there.'

"Q. 'With whom?' A. 'By myself in one room.'

"Did you so testify in the Lee Tung case?"

"Yes sir."

Judge Collins looked down at the witness, "What explanation have you, if you said at the previous trial that you lived there but did not commit prostitution and now you tell us that you were carrying on prostitution?"

"Well, Your Honor, I figured that that had nothing to do with the Lee Tong case."

Siegel then went over the same ground that I had covered.

Millie told him the same story that she had told me. Throughout his questioning Siegel had frequent brushes with Judge Collins.

For instance, he asked the witness, "While living at 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, and during the months of December, 1933, January, 1934, and February, 1934, you lived at that house and went out working as a prostitute?"

I objected to the question.

Judge Collins upheld the objection. "You combine your questioning in such a way as to make it unfair," he ruled.

The defense counsel tried strenuously to infer that Millie was appearing as a witness for the people in return for a suspended sentence being handed down the Court of Special Sessions.

"After you appeared before the Grand Jury, you then reappeared for sentence in the Court of Special Sessions?"

"I object!"

"Objection sustained."

"Exception."

Judge Collins handed down his ruling, "You cannot allow a jury to infer that because she appeared before a Grand Jury, that that is why the Court of Special Sessions suspended sentence. Or you cannot permit the jury to infer that the police must have fixed a conspiracy or any-

thing of the sort, merely because she appeared before the Grand Jury before the Court sentenced her."

"All right," Siegel replied. He turned to the witness. "And then you went back to the House of Detention, and continued your acquaintanceship with Betty Hawkins."

"I object to that."

"Objection sustained. Don't make your questions double-barrelled. She went back to the House of Detention. To that part her answer would be yes, but your full question is, 'Did you go back to the House of Detention and continue your acquaintanceship with Betty Hawkins?'

"That question is similar to, 'Do you still beat your mother?' The answer cannot be given yes or no without getting yourself in bad."

"Now at the last trial you said throughout all your testimony on direct examination and cross-examination that your father was a Chinaman."

"I object."

"Objection sustained."

"Exception."

Again Siegel tried to present the question and again he was overruled. Judge Collins instructed the Jury to disregard the statement made by the defense counsel.

"This girl has admitted here that she did say that she was of Chinese blood, and the reason she did it was that her ignominy would not appear so bad. It would be some excuse why a white girl would take up with Chinese. She has already explained that the reason she told the lie was that she wanted to soften her own blackness."

Siegel then asked a few desultory questions and concluded his cross-examination.

I called Betty Hawkins to the stand. She told a heart-rending story of her two years in New York City, of her search for gayety, glamour, and gold, and how, instead, she found poverty, misery, and—Montana.

She related how she began as a street-walker, later ran her own business at the house operated by Leon Pol, and how she met Charlie Hawkins, the man whose name she adopted.

She paid this man twenty-five dollars to be introduced to the Big Boss. That Big Boss, she swore from the witness-stand, was Nick Montana.

"Montana told me," she testified, "that I would have to give him twenty per cent no matter where I worked the first week. But the second week, and all the weeks following it would be ten per cent. I told him it was all right with me."

Betty went on to describe Millie's house, and then came to the date on which the crime of compulsory prostitution was committed, and which Montana was being charged with in the indictment.

I asked her to tell the Jury how the pay-off was made.

"Nick had just come in to see me, and I said, 'Well, I guess you're looking for what is coming to you.' He said, 'Yeh.' I took out the money I had. You see, I kept twenty per cent to myself from all the money I made from each customer. I took twenty per cent from what I made in all the acts of prostitution and placed it in a coin purse. When I had a lot of change, I took the change out and put in bills. This is how I kept my record straight. I took out the bills that had piled up in there and gave them to Nick."

"Was there anybody else in the room when you handed him the money?"

"Yes sir. Millie was there."

Betty described how she worked several days after that and quit suddenly. Her business, however, had gone bad and she was forced to seek Montana and ask him to book her once more. The Vice King consented.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

"Nick gave me a card and told me I was to go to Mother's."

"Can you describe this apartment?"

"As close as I can remember it was a five or six-room apartment. I know Mother took the card as soon as I came in."

"How long did you stay in that place?"

"Six or seven days."

"Who else was there beside this woman you call Mother?"

"Well, there was a man that she said was her husband and her eighteen-year-old son."

"Just a happy family," I commented.

"Yes," the witness responded.

"Strike out the happy family part," Judge Collins ruled.

I apologized to the Court for having made the remark.

The method of payment, all the deductions taken from the prostitute's earnings, and the relationship between the madam, the bookie and the prostitute were then described in great detail by Betty. I am omitting this part of the testimony because it is already familiar to the reader.

Under cross-examination Siegel could not get her to deviate one bit from her original story. In probing deeper into the facts that she had disclosed he learned that Betty had been introduced to Charlie Hawkins by a prostitute known as French Irene.

When he asked her how she happened to pick Harlem as the neighborhood in which to operate, she replied that a bus-driver had suggested it to her.

Siegel asked, "Did you work in a house in Harlem in the year 1933, which catered to colored men?"

"Yes."

"I object." I was too late. The witness had already answered the question. "All right," I continued. "I withdraw the objection."

The defense counsel had asked a question which would have been improper for me to ask on direct examination. But now that he had asked it, it opened the avenue for further questioning on my part when I took over the witness for re-direct examination.

The defense attorney veered away from this line of questioning and introduced a letter which he claimed had been written by Betty to Eddie Cantolo when she was still being held in the House of Detention. The envelope to this letter was missing. When he handed it to the witness she said that she did not recognize all the handwriting on it. Parts of it she identified as actually having been written by her.

I objected to its introduction in evidence on the ground that it had absolutely no value. Siegel handed it up to Judge Collins.

The Jurist read it and then spoke to the jury. "This is a letter written to a man telling him why he ought to know why she could not marry him. She is in jail arrested for indecency. She is telling him to get her some cigarettes and a few other necessities. How in the world this is competent, and what it had to do with her motive for testifying, for the life of me, I cannot see."

Judge Collins permitted the letter to be marked for identification, although he did not permit its introduction as evidence.

On re-direct examination, I said, "Betty, the attorney for Mr. Montana asked you before whether you had ever been in any colored house of prostitution and your answer, before I could object, was yes. Will you tell the Judge and this Jury who brought you to that colored house?"

"Charlie Hawkins."

"And how long did you stay in that colored house of prostitution?"

"Three or four days."

"Did you stay there of your own free will?"

"I did not."

"That's all."

My next witness was Leon Pol, the keeper of the rooming-house in which Betty Hawkins had plied her trade. Pol proved, with the help of rent receipts, that Betty had lived in his house during the time she claimed that she had.

He also testified that Betty, although she had maintained her room, was gone during the days that she worked for Millie.

His most damaging statement came when I asked Montana to rise. The smirk was gone from the Vice King's face. He was slouched over the counsel's table, and was keenly eyeing my witness with a glowering expression.

"Do you recognize this man?" I asked, pointing my finger at the Vice Boss.

"Yes sir."

"Where and under what circumstances did you see him before?"

"It was sometime in the month of February. It was in the evening about seven or eight o'clock, when the front doorbell rang. 'Is Betty in?' he asked. I went over and knocked on Betty's door and told her, 'A man to see you.' 'All right, let him in.' So I opened the door. The man went into her."

"How did you know it was Montana?" Judge Collins asked.

"Because I recognize his face, Your Honor."

Under cross-examination, Pol explained that a detective had brought him to the Tombs. Ten men were lined up in a corridor. Pol put his finger on Montana. And under a vigorous questioning by the defense he did not alter his story.

He stepped down from the stand and was succeeded by Alex Weiszberg, the proprietor of the Yorkville Beauty

School, who testified that Betty had enrolled as a pupil in his school.

His records substantiated his testimony.

The point in placing this witness on the stand was to uphold the credibility of my own witnesses. Of itself it could not aid in the conviction of the vice racketeer.

The next witness was Felix Justice, an ex-convict, a two-time loser with the law. I located this witness in the penitentiary at Welfare Island. . Nevertheless, he was important to my case.

He had been the elevator operator in the house at 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, during the time of the offense charged in the indictment.

He went on to state that he remembered Millie and Betty having lived in the house at that time. He recalled that Montana had visited them on several occasions.

I again asked Montana to rise, and the witness pointed him out as the man he had seen enter that apartment.

"What sort of tenants did you have living in this house?"

"To the best of my knowledge, there were a number of girls living there who had what is to me known as 'trade', and also several respectable families living there with their children. It was a furnished room house that catered to all sorts and all types of people."

"Justice, will you state to his Honor, and to this Jury, exactly where, when, and under what conditions you saw the defendant Nick Montana?"

"When I first started to work in that particular building, not knowing who the various tenants were and who the people going in and out were, I made it my business to question everyone who went up the stairs, due to the fact that there are a lot of Orientals that made it——"

"I object to what the reason may be."

"Forget the reason," the Court advised the witness.

"Due to some circumstance you kept tabs on the people who came into the house."

"Yes, Your Honor. I came downstairs when I ran the elevator. I stepped off at the ground floor, when I saw this party going up the stairs." His finger pointed at Montana. "He was walking up rather fast. I went to the bottom of the steps and I called up, 'Who do you want? Where are you going?' It was that gentleman there." Again he pointed toward Montana. "He turned around and said, 'I am going upstairs.' I asked, 'Who do you want to see?' He said, 'Millie.' "

Siegel in his cross-examination brought out but one new fact, and this was not proved.

He asked, "Did they use five-watt bulbs in the hall?"

The witness answered, "No sir."

I will omit the greater portion of the testimony of Kay Salter. Before I could ask her a single question, Siegel objected to admitting her testimony.

Judge Collins handed down a ruling that not only covered this situation, but which is the accepted basis today for the introduction of evidence in trials of this nature.

"I am admitting her evidence," this brilliant Jurist said, "not as proving that the defendant Montana placed Betty Hawkins in this place at that time, rather it is permitted on the theory, and it is admissable to show motive, that if he had placed her there, the motive and the act was not to polish silver or to write books, but that the intent was on the theory of prostitution, on the theory of the absence of mistake or accident as to placing there this girl, if he did, on the theory that this testimony will intend to show a common scheme or plan, embracing the commission of two or more crimes.

"If he did what she is going to testify to it is a crime similar to the one of which he is accused with the Betty

Hawkins case. But it could not establish that crime in which this girl was concerned in this case.

"I admit her evidence on the theory that it is to show two or more crimes so related to each other that proof of one tends to establish the other. In other words, it is intended to show a general plan or scheme of placing girls in houses of prostitution.

"It is introduced to show an organized scheme including the association with madams, prostitutes, placing them in disorderly houses, and in association with doctors, bail people, runners, etc."

Kay reviewed the story of her life. It was from her lips that the story of the White Ticket took on added meaning. The White Ticket was used in every one of the twenty houses into which she had been booked by the syndicate headed by the vice racketeer on trial. She told of being taken to Birdie's house.

"What did you do there?"

"I committed various acts of prostitution with men, and was paid for each act."

"What did you do with money?"

"I turned it over to Birdie."

"What did she do?"

"She punched my card. This is how we keep check on how much we made during the week we worked."

With that, court recessed until the following day.

Chapter XIV

LIQUIDATING A MONOPOLY

I had practically lived this case. It had become part and parcel of my being. Each of the earlier trials had sent my hopes rocketing only to be dashed to earth again. I had worked hard. My body was weary. I was physically exhausted. Only the thought that Montana was at last being tried before a jury of his peers and that soon I would learn definitely from their lips whether they considered my evidence substantial enough to find the vice czar guilty, kept me going.

When I reached home that evening, my wife handed me an alarming message. My father had suffered a severe heart attack, and was critically ill. I rushed to his bedside and sat there most of the night.

The physicians who were in attendance held little hope for his eventual recovery. "This case has been taken out of our hands," they said.

I returned to Court the next morning and immediately was engulfed in an argument with the defense counsel, a procedure which was by no means uncommon during this trial. Siegel raised the objection that Nick Montana stood at the Bar of Justice in double jeopardy, because he had already been acquitted of the charge of compulsory prostitution. He referred to the case in which Helen Morgan was the complainant.

"That's true," Judge Collins said. "He was acquitted because the girl in stating the place where the disorderly house was, picked out a house which was eminently respectable. Maybe she lied with regard to the exact place,

but the case was tried specifically on the ground that the crime was committed at that particular place."

He went on to state that the mere fact that the State had substituted a new complainant removed the defense of double jeopardy.

I questioned Kay and let her describe all the visits she had from the defendant. One of these visits certainly deserves a place in this book, if only to show the hideousness of Montana's character.

"Will you tell me what occurred when he visited you on that occasion," I asked.

"I was menstruating at that time, and Nick came up and asked me if I would work for him during that week; that he was short of girls. I told him of my condition."

Judge Collins interrupted, "You told him of your condition?"

"Yes, and he said that he was very short of girls and he would want me to work that week. So I told him I would go and try and see if I could do anything, so I went in to work."

Siegel objected. "I move to strike that out upon the ground that it has nothing to do with the issues that are on trial here, and that it is introduced purely for inflammatory and prejudicial purposes, to prevent this defendant from having a fair and impartial trial, and at this time I move to strike it from the record, and I also ask Your Honor to instruct the Jury to disregard it."

"Motion denied."

Judge Collins continued the questioning. "Did he say anything to you as to what you were to do?"

"He told me that the doctor of the place would take care of me; that he would give me something in order that I could work."

Kay went on to describe the nauseating details. This is spread in the minutes of the trial.

"Don't you remember the name of the doctor?" I asked.

Kay did not answer.

Judge Collins spoke to me, "Remind her that if she wants to withhold the name of innocent women so that their character won't be stained, I am with you. I will keep their names out. But any doctor, if what the witness says is true, who permits this kind of practice, your witness is under no obligation morally or otherwise to suppress the name."

Although Kay could not remember the name of this physician, I reminded Judge Collins that the names of most physicians in Nick Montana's ring would be revealed through the telephone testimony.

The defense counsel asked my witness a few questions and then dismissed her.

Shirley Grifton followed Kay to the witness-stand. She looked a bit more human than the time I had first seen her, when she had been picked off the streets. She had gained fifteen pounds, her face was more full, and her dark eyes held a spark of life.

Her testimony was admitted under the similar acts theory. In great detail she described what work on the Montana circuit meant. It was from her that I learned that the vice syndicate under Nick Montana were having trouble with their White Ticket. On the old ones the girls wrote their names and the date on the reverse side. But when the madam had completely punched this ticket, often both the names and the dates were obliterated. Nick invented a new ticket. On this one a litle space was left at the top for the name of the prostitute and the date of service.

"Which ticket did you use in Birdie's house?" I asked.

"The small one."

"The small one may the record show is People's Exhibit 6 for identification." This is the old one.

"This ticket has numbers from 1 to 100?"

"Yes."

"What became of the tickets?"

"Birdie kept them until the end of the week. Then she added them up and gave me $90.00. But before that she had taken fifty per cent, had taken ten per cent commission for Montana, bond money, doctor, and board."

"How much for the doctor?"

"Five dollars."

"How much for the bond?"

"Ten dollars."

"How much for the maid?"

"Five dollars."

"How much did you pay for board?"

"Fifty dollars."

This came as a shock to Judge Collins. The girls had already testified that they had but two meals a day in the house and maintained their own sleeping quarters at outside hotels.

"On what did they feed you?" Judge Collins asked. "Did you have terrapin and champagne, or did you get ordinary food?"

"Ordinary food," was the response.

On cross-examination Shirley clung tenaciously to her story. Siegel could not break her down. She did admit, however, that she had been booked before by two minor bookies.

Detective Peter J. O'Connell was the last witness for the People. I questioned him concerning his qualifications as a stenographer. He told of having listened in on a tapped wire running to the Pretzel Restaurant and of having made stenographic notes of the conversations he had overheard.

"How many were on this assignment?" I asked.

"Well, there was one man who did the actual tapping, and there were two other men assigned besides myself."

O'Connell testified that he had heard the voice of Montana previously and that the voice he heard speaking over the phone throughout all the conversations was Montana's.

O'Connell was on the stand for two full days reading from his voluminous notes. He finished reading his testimony at six o'clock Friday night, December 6th.

As soon as Court had been adjourned I rushed to the home of my father. I had received disquieting reports concerning his illness during the day in court. When I reached him he was already dead. It is part of the Jewish faith that bereaved children should sit "Shiva" for their departed parents. However, this reverence is not performed on Saturday, the holy day. I received a special dispensation from my spiritual advisor to continue my duties as counsel for the State. Judge Collins, in his wisdom, when he learned of my loss, instructed the defense that he would hold court until 10 o'clock that night, and later, if necessary. This would permit me to sit in at the trial to its conclusion. On Monday it was my religious duty to remain at home in silent prayer for the departed.

The defense opened with James Nemeth, doorman, at one of the houses that Betty Hawkins had claimed she had acted as a prostitute. Nemeth said that he had never seen the girl there. Under cross-examination he admitted that it was a large house with many tenants and that it would be possible that if a person had been there only one week he might not remember her.

The defense followed with two keepers at the Tombs who were present during the line-up when Leon Pol pointed out Montana. These men claimed that there was some hesitation in Pol's movement; that he laid a finger on two

other men before coming to a halt in front of the defendant. These keepers had their stories backed by several of the men who were in this line-up. Some of the latter had been brought down from prisons to which they had been sentenced—others from the streets of New York to which they had been sent through acquittals.

However, the first attempt to prove the complaining witness, Betty Hawkins a liar, came when Siegel placed Helen Morgan on the stand. This is not the Helen Morgan who testified for the State in the first trial. The Morgan woman's story related that she had met Betty Hawkins in New York City in 1931 and that during that time they had been friendly. Later on she said, "I was introduced to Betty in 1933."

When I asked her on cross-examination, "Why, if they had known each other, an introduction was necessary, she responded, "Well, I didn't want her to know that I knew her."

The next witness was Thomas Ryan, a former bartender, who was now on home relief. He testified that Betty had visited his speakeasy every night during the period she swore she stayed at Millie's joint. If the truth of this statement could be proved it would be a damaging blow to the prosecution, because Betty had repeatedly insisted that Millie's was a sleep-in and that she had only been out two nights.

I read from a statement that I had taken from Thomas Ryan in my office: "Do you remember my asking you this question: 'Q. Now, tell me, Tom, can you recall whether you ever saw her in the month of January, 1934?' 'A. Yes.' 'Q. In the year 1934 between the 15th and the end of January' and you said: 'A. Any place in New York, you mean?' and I said 'Q. Yes.' "

Then you said, "I think I have seen her in Rosso's or Metropolitan; I don't think there was I ever saw her

more than once every three months during that time until May, 1935?"—did you make that answer?

The witness did not reply.

Judge Collins swung about. "Wake up, did you make that answer?"

"I might have," Ryan responded, "if it is there" (he pointed to the statement I held), "then I did."

Although Charlie Hawkins had testified at the second trial for the defense, Siegel evidently had some difficulty in securing the later's services at this trial. I decided to actually help the defense by sending Detective John Cordes to Harlem to secure this witness. Cordes produced Hawkins in court, much to the apparent discomfiture of the defense.

In substance, Hawkins testified that he knew Betty Hawkins. He admitted that she had taken his name, although he could not advance any reason for that act, but he swore that he did not know Montana. He swore that he did not receive twenty-five dollars as his fee for having introduced Betty to a man, who, he claimed he did not know. When I asked Hawkins what his occupation was, he said, "Private detective." I produced witnesses in rebuttal to prove that this was a gross exaggeration.

Jean Di Bella, long-nosed prostitute, who had roomed with Betty Hawkins at Leon Pol's place, was the last witness for the defense. Through her, Siegel attempted to break down the overwhelming mass of evidence we had produced against the vice racketeer. Jean swore that she lived with Betty from the 20th of January through to the 18th of February in 1934, in other words, during the time of the crime charged in the indictment.

"Will you please explain to the jury when you say you lived with her?"

"Well, I would be there—about four o'clock she would have callers and I would go away and we would meet again

about eleven-thirty, or twelve o'clock in the night. We would either stay together or go out until seven o'clock in the morning, and then we would go home and go to bed."

"Tell the jurors the hours you slept with her."

"From seven o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Where would you go with her at 12:30 A.M.?"

"We would go to the Harlem Grill, West End, Tommy Ryan's place, and sometimes to Rocco's and the Metropolitan."

The method Jean had used to fix these dates in her mind, she explained was through her brother's death at that time.

When I took the witness over for cross-examination, I asked her, "What is your profession?"

"I would rather not answer that," she replied, nor would she through subsequent promptings reveal the true nature of her calling.

I signified that I was finished with the witness and Siegel stepped up for re-direct.

Judge Collins took over the questioning. "Did you tell Mr. Pilatsky that you slept there (at Leon Pol's house) every night?"

"Yes sir, I told him I lived there during the whole month of February."

Court recessed for an hour.

I took her over on re-cross-examination. "I had you down in my office in October before this trial, didn't I?" I asked.

The witness flared up, "My name is Jean, you called me a different name outside, I don't like the idea."

"Stop that," Judge Collins directed the witness.

"He should not call me 'Schnozzola'."

"What is your correct name?" I asked.

"I would rather not answer that."

"I won't insist on it," I said. "Now when you were up in my office and I questioned you, do you remember what I said, what I thought of your testimony?"

"You said you didn't believe me."

"I told you that I did not believe you."

"Yes, because you believed Betty."

"I didn't say that," I corrected. "I told you that I did not believe you and I let you go."

"Sure, because she called me a liar right in front of you. That's why you believed her statement."

The next witness called by the defense was Earl Simons, a young, unemployed counterman. After he was sworn in, Siegel asked Betty to rise. She did.

"Do you know this girl?" he asked the witness.

"I do."

"When did you first meet her?"

"In October, 1932." He went on to say that he remembered this particular day because he had just returned from Birmingham, Alabama. He had met her on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, between Seventh and Lenox Avenues.

When I questioned the witness, I asked, "What do you do for a living?"

"I am a counterman."

"A con man?"

"No, counterman at the Busy Bee, 211 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Have you any side-lines of any kind?"

"No sir."

"You haven't any contacts with any girls, prostitutes, or anything like that?"

"No sir."

"How did you first meet Betty?"

"She picked me up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"And did you have——"

"No sir."

"Just merely met her and spoke to her?"

"I took her to 157 West One Hundred and Twentieth Street, to a rooming-house."

The only value this testimony could have would be in destroying the credibility of Betty Hawkins, who had repeatedly sworn that she had arrived in New York City during March of 1933.

Simons testified that he had known her in 1932.

"Do you know a pimp by the name of Charlie Costello, now in State's prison?"

"I've heard of him."

"Don't you know him?"

"I know him when I seen him."

"Didn't you assist in running a colored house of prostitution in December, 1933?"

"No."

"Tell me, were you a pimp?"

"I object to the form of the question?" Siegel argued.

"Objection sustained."

Betty was recalled to the stand by the defense to testify about signatures of her name that had been made on various hotel registers throughout the city.

When Siegel had completed his questioning of her, he stepped up to the bench and said, "Your Honor, we have a witness, a man by the name of Herman Silverberg, but he is alone in his store on Staten Island, and we have sent someone to ask him to come here. He said it was impossible. Now, the State has had a week to put in its case. We have had only one day and I very seriously ask your Honor to give me further time."

"Nonsense," Judge Collins told him. "I was careful to tell you that if you had anybody who had been subpoenaed and did not show up, I would issue an attachment

for him. You are not on any rule of law entitled to any adjournment on that account. You know that Mr. Pilatsky's father has just died. Early this morning you agreed with me to go ahead and finish the case so that he could keep within the precepts imposed by the terms of his religion. Beginning Monday he must absent himself during the prescribed religious exercises. I am willing to respect the tenets of his religion. I cannot order him here in defiance of those sentiments. But I will not adjourn the case. The interests of Justice demand that we go ahead today within the limits of the law. I am going ahead. Call the next witness."

"We have no further witnesses at this time."

"Do you rest?"

Siegel answered in the affirmative.

In rapid succession I placed on the stand my witnesses for rebuttal. William H. Murphy and William H. Kelly, private detectives both testified that although Charlie Hawkins had been in their employ, it was not in the capacity of a detective, nor had Charlie Hawkins been in their employ during the period that he swore he had.

Warden William A. Adams and Deputy Warden John Boekel of the Tombs Prison, both upheld that point of Leon Pol's testimony in which he described his identification of Montana in the Tombs' line-up.

Judge Collins then called me as a witness. After being duly sworn, Judge Collins took over the questioning.

"You are an Assistant District Attorney of the County of New York?"

"I am, Your Honor."

"Assigned to the prosecution of this case?"

"Yes sir."

"During the course of your duties had you occasion to interview a man named Leon Pol?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And as a result of a conversation had between you and him in the District Attorney's office, you decided to go over to the Tombs and arrange for a line-up?"

"Yes sir."

I went on to describe in complete detail the manner in which Pol had identified the defendant. I knew that Pol had spoken the truth when he had answered during direct examination. I knew this because I had been present at the line-up, and had directed it.

I recalled Betty to the stand. "You are already under oath," I reminded her. "Did you see this girl Helen Morgan here today?"

"Yes, I did."

"Do you know her?"

"I do."

"Will you please tell me when you met her for the first time?"

"It was in the middle of May, 1923."

"Helen Morgan swore that she met you in New York City in 1931. Betty Hawkins where were you during that time?"

"I was married, living at home with my husband."

"What else had taken place about that time?"

"My litle girl was born on February 12, 1931."

"And where were you at that time?"

"Rockford, Iowa."

"How long did you continue to stay there?"

"I stayed there maybe two or three weeks, and which I left the State of Iowa and went to the State of Minnesota, from which had run away not letting my folks know where I was."

Judge Collins asked, "That child is home with your mother now?"

"It is, Your Honor."

"It was born in February, 1931?"

"It was, Your Honor."

"Did you ever meet that fellow who was on the stand, Earl Simons, who claimed he met you in October, 1932?"

"Not in October, 1932, Your Honor."

"When did you meet him?"

"I met him sometime in the Spring of 1933. That was the first time."

"How did you come in contact with him?"

"I picked him up as a John, your Honor, on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue."

"What were you doing at the time?"

"I was cruising."

Betty told how afterward she had become friendly with Simons. "Thereafter we met only as friends," she claimed.

"Did you ever meet him in the company of Charlie Hawkins?"

"It was one night about eight or nine o'clock during the month of July or August, 1933. Jean DiBella had some trouble with a boy-friend of hers by the name of Charlie Costello at that time. Charlie made some statement to Jean that she had better go out and make him some money.

"I said, 'She don't have to if she don't want to.' "

"You said that?"

"I did, Your Honor."

"So in return I got slapped in the mouth."

"Who did it?"

"Charlie Costello. He told me to keep my mouth out of other people's business."

She admitted having lived with Jean DiBella for a short while, but that Jean DiBella had been ejected from Leon Pol's for non-payment of rent.

I recalled Millie to contradict Charlie Hawkins' statement which was that he had never seen Nick Montana until the trial had begun.

I asked Charlie Hawkins to rise in the courtroom. "Is that the same Charlie Hawkins in apartment eight at the time when you saw Nick Montana there with a uniformed police officer?"

"It is."

"That's all."

In rapid succession I called May Duval, Ruth Ross and Marguerite Marino, all prostitutes who had lived in the house owned by Leon Pol. Their testimony upheld the statements made by Betty. The Marino girl's testimony gave the direct lie to Jean DiBella's story.

"Do you know Betty Hawkins?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Jean Di Bella?"

"Sure. Only I didn't know her by Jean Di Bella, but by 'Schnozzola Durante'."

I ordered Jean brought into the courtroom where Marguerite Marino identified her.

"Don't call her by any other name but Jean DiBella," I instructed the witness. "Just before Christmas of 1933 did Jean DiBella live in Leon Pol's house?"

"Not to my knowledge. She used to come and go out of that house."

"Do you remember Betty Hawkins leaving for her home-town just before Christmas 1933?"

"Yes sir."

"When did she come back?"

"About the early or middle part of January." She stated that she was able to remember this date because Betty had shipped a trunk back East, and had herself arrived a day later. She also recalled that Betty had been gone about ten days during the month of February, 1934.

This girl was my last witness. When Siegel had completed his cross-examination of her, the case for the People and the Defense was closed.

It was now 6:45 P.M., Saturday night. Judge Collins called Siegel and myself to the bench and we arranged to deliver our summations that very night. The Jury went out for dinner, and at 8:25 P.M., filed back into the box and Siegel began.

"Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury: There are a few things that I want to get out of the case: either this defendant did procure this girl, Betty Hawkins, and place her in that apartment at 515 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street, or over at Mother's place, 141 West Eighty-sixth Street, that either he didn't or he did; either he obtained money from her or he didn't. That is the fundamental question that has to be passed upon; that is the question and the only question that has to be passed on. Is he guilty of that or isn't he?"

He went on in an attempt to discredit the telephone testimony and then abruptly:

"There may be a few things here of importance, to those of you who look more deeply into these things, who are deeper thinkers.

"Just look at this situation like the house called Mother's. There is a place that Betty Hawkins was at; she was at the place. She is vague about it, admitted that she is vague about it. She was there for six days, yet she does not know a thing about it. I haven't the minutes to go into that. Once she said, as to the best of her recollection, it was 141 West Eighty-sixth Street. So we called the doorman from there, Mr. Nemeth. It is true, of course, that Mr. Nemeth was not the night-man at that time. Perhaps we also should have called the night-man. But there is not a word of corroboration of that story. That woman would know the house if she worked there, if she was there six or nine days, this type of woman would know the house, and the vagueness of situation—And there is a reason for that, which I want to show you:

"By telling this story about the madam's place, called Mother, and showing these cards, one of the similar cards, they could ring in the Kay Salter story on the similar instances theory, because there were cards in that case, and the Shirley Grifton story also, because there were cards in that case, and a number of places that they went to, because it was like this unfounded Mother's story. Consider the thing: put in to bridge this whole vague web together, just try to judge it yourself and see how ridiculous it is.

"She cannot remember the number of Mother's place, anything about it; just study that lack of memory in the instance of the Mother case compared with all the other things in this case, because that is the weakest link in this case; that is the link that somehow, somewhere, somebody will have to explain. You study that for yourselves.

"You know, truth has a consistency that brings things together, whether in the realms of science or anywhere else—it has a way of coming out; it has a certain atmosphere by which you recognize it when it is true.

"So that Betty Hawkins' story about that Mother's house I pass on to you, without going into great detail about it, to show you why in law it was necessary, that Mother's story was necessary to hang these other things on.

"I am going to touch on the main point in this case, on the heart of the case, and the very foundation of this case is this girl Betty Hawkins and Mildred Davis."

Then he went on to attack each State's witness separately in an effort to prove that they had lied.

"I want to thank you gentlemen for your attention to me. I have, unfortunately, through this trial been under a great strain and I am under a very great strain at the present moment, and I cannot put thoughts together in an orderly manner or bring to you that closer application

which I ordinarily would, because I am very tired and I am fatigued. But I say to you if you will examine this evidence, if you will go over this situation, go over the list of witnesses whom I have called and what they said and then piece the situation together, I am sure that you will do your duty and you will acquit this defendant."

It was nine o'clock. The remainder of the Criminal Courts Building was dark and silent. Only this one room gave signs of life. In this one a man was being tried for a hideous offense. I rose to my feet.

"May it please Your Honor, Mr. Foreman of the Jury and gentlemen of the Jury:

"If you are going to ask me why I did not produce for you the cream of society, gentlemen, I say to you that that is not possible. In cases of this type, when we deal with the likes of Montana, we must go to his level, and when we go to his level I must give you the evidence that I have; and whether the witnesses are intelligent and whether they possess that mentality that we would like to see human beings possess, I give them to you as I find them, and as I find them, gentlemen, they become the weapons. And, remember, remember that I possess at least the intelligence that is sitting over at that table defending this man Montana. Remember that I have also the privilege of examining my witnesses; but the law does not permit me to add or to take away a word from what they tell me. And the day will never come that witnesses of this type or any other type will be able to say that the Assistant District Attorney added a word or took away a word. The case does not exist that is so vile, gentlemen. And in the unfortunate predicament that I am placed in at the present time, when the Almighty God has intervened, I leave it to you to judge of the strain under which I am working and the effort I have given to this case—just be-

cause we have the cream of jurors here, and of the very nature of the case itself.

"What type of witnesses have we got? What have they to gain by coming down here to testify against this vice racketeer, this man who sits here unconcerned, with a studied poker-face, looking at you day in and day out?

"Was he alone in this racket? Was he alone in this great, big executive business affair, this dealing in human sweat and blood and human misery, trading in them as even a man that was dealing in pigs would not trade in them, because he would have taken care of them and would not drive them too hard, would see that they were fed and that they were kept clean—do you think he was alone? Do you think a great, big business-man like that has not associates? What did these girls have to gain by taking this witness-stand? What has Betty Hawkins to gain, when she gets through testifying in this court, the big Court of General Sessions, and goes back to Mason City, Iowa? What will she get from our Empire State of New York for helping to rid the State of the worst thing that has ever been crawling around—Nick Montana? The Empire State will discharge her, and she will have to get out of the City, because if she is caught the next day plying her vocation in any one of the city streets, the police will pick her up and charge her again with prostitution, and the State will have to prosecute her: that is the penalty. That is all she will gain.

"What did these girls have to gain when they took the stand and dared to testify against this vice overlord of girls in New York City—Nick Montana? Nick Montana, the pimp. That is all he is, that alone. Why, the very term is nauseating to any human being that has a bit of red blood running through his veins.

"I am not a crusader, understand me. The human being does not exist that can clean up Prostitution in the

City of New York. You can give a lifetime to it and you won't scratch the surface. Gentlemen, it is not my function to drive the girls off the streets of New York City. I haven't any such intention. It is not my intention to take the prostitutes away from the great State and City of New York. I can't do it; that is a police job.

"But I say to you, gentlemen, with the last breath I possess tonight, I say to you that I am going to make it my sacred duty to drive the likes of that (defendant) out of business, because that does not exist under the law; that the law forbids, it is trafficking practically in human souls, selling them and buying them, so to speak, and delivering them at certain periodic times. Doctors, bondmen, ten per cent commission, fifty dollars board! Don't you think that good old Nick Montana got part of that board money? Or do you think he let that juicy slice of that sweet graft get by him? And the doctors. And the maids. And the madam's half, the madam got half! Don't you think that Nick Montana dug his hand into that sweet graft there of the madam's half?"

With a feeling of intensity that I had never known I possessed I dissected every bit of evidence I had presented. I dwelt fully on every witness presented by the defense.

"Gentlemen, I am going to conclude by saying this to you: Gentlemen, if ever an Assistant District Attorney of the County of New York or elsewhere has ever asked fourteen human beings gathered together in the jury-box to do their duty, I ask it of you; I ask it of you with a certainty of purpose, gentlemen, in the object that words cannot express. I say to you, gentlemen, that the County of New York would owe you a vote of thanks that nobody could express in fitting language when you bring in a verdict of guilty, to serve notice on the vice racketeers of this County that there is no place here for them, for men of that type.

"Don't turn this man out, gentlemen."

I was absent from the courtriom on the following Monday when Judge Collins charged the Jury. Assistant District Attorney Martin Binder sat in my place. I learned from him that Judge Collins had delivered one of the most brilliant charges ever heard in the ancient Criminal Courts building. It took the Jurist three and one-half hours to deliver it.

The clerk of the court took a poll of the jury and the two alternate talismen were dismissed with the thanks of the court.

At a quarter to two the Jury retired to deliberate. Within eight minutes they had returned to the box. It took several minutes longer for Judge Collins to be summoned.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, how find you the defendant —guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman rose: "We find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment." He enumerated the exact count.

Montana was quickly led from the courtroom to his cell in the Tombs.

On January 6, 1936, Montana stood before the Bar of Justice to await sentence. Siegel opened with a plea for the Judge to set aside the verdict on the grounds that it was contrary to the evidence.

This was denied.

The clerk of the court rose. "Nicholas Montana, the District Attorney of the County of New York has filed an information against you in which he accuses you of having been previously convicted of a certain crime and felony; that is, on and about the 21st day of December, 1927, in the Court of General Sessions, and sentenced to State Prison for a term of two years and six months to five years. Nicholas Montana, you are required to say whether you are the same person as charged in this information."

Nick said that he was.

Judge Collins looked toward the defendant. "What have you to say why judgment of the Court should not be pronounced against you according to law?"

Siegel answered: "Your Honor, all that the defendant Montana desires to say at this time, and his last words to Your Honor, is that he is innocent of the charge in this indictment; and that he is the victim of a frame-up. These are his own words—his own language—and his last words to Your Honor in this case."

Before imposing sentence Judge Collins made a long statement to the defendant. Much of this has been incorporated into the preface of this book.

"In submitting this case to the Jury, I took pains in calling to their attention to the two counts in the indictments, which were the only two of the large number that were in he indictment that were submitted by the Grand Jury. One of them was a violation of the Subdivision 6 of 2460. The other a violation of subdivision 8 of 2460. At the time I charged the Jury, I knew that you were a second offender. Of course the jury didn't know it, and couldn't be told; but at the same time, in your behalf, and as a result of a conference with your counsel, called attention to the importance of the distinction between the two subdivisions to the Jury, indicating that one was more serious than the other, and that they would pass on it just the same as they would the degrees of one crime.

"Under the second offender statute the Court is mandatorily commanded to impose a sentence on a second offender of at least the maximum of a first offender. The sentence of this court is that you be committed to the State's Prison for twenty-five years."

Nick Montana, the greatest overlord of vice New York City had ever known, took the sentence with a smile. It was more of a smirk. But on the Bridge of Sighs, he burst into bitter tears.

That week Nick was taken to Sing Sing Prison to begin sentence. A short time later he was transferred to Dannemora Prison, the "Siberia" of New York penal institutions.

CONCLUSION

You have a picture of vice in New York City. For years people have avoided any mention of the subject. Surely the time has come for us as rational citizens, to do something about it.

Please don't mistake me! I am not advocating a "reform wave" that fizzles itself out in useless publicity.

What are we going to do with the unfortunate woman who walks the streets, selling her body? We have had them with us since the beginning of time. But we have not had the vicious breed of man who lives from the blood of their bodies.

Something must be done to correct this situation. Many liberal newspapers have advocated a system of police registration and having them live in a segregated area. Others have been equally insistent upon vigorous police action and heavy jail terms. It is a known fact that vice in any city can be clamped down on within a month if honest effort is applied.

In most cities we see the spectacle of this vice continuing with either suffrance or connivance of police officials.

What are we, in this city to do with this problem?

I advocate no plan. As an assistant in the District Attorney's office of New York County my duty is to prosecute such cases as are brought to my office by the regularly constituted police force. As an official I favor no plan. I merely perform the duty I have sworn to perform.

However, I do favor an aroused public opinion—one which will *demand* of its regularly elected *legislative* officials that they give time and effort to a sincere and honest study of these conditions.

THE END

EPILOGUE

THE DEFENDANT stood at the bar.

"I believe that the verdict of the Jury in your case is a triumph of justice. In my opinion you are without doubt the worst malefactor of your type who has ever come into this court. Your depredations were extreme in the acceleration and promotion of prostitution and of disorderly houses in this city, going almost to an unbelievable extent. You were organized. You had practically a syndicated scheme or system of operations. To carry out your plan, to put into execution your methods, you had to have a large number of madams, so-called, of disorderly houses, medical men who disgraced their profession, although it may be said that some of them were unwilling to go to the extent that you were willing to have them go: in other words, to cover up illnesses of women in certain cases and have them continue to resume their operations in disorderly houses. You had to have a scheme of furnishing bail in the event of arrests. And the methods employed contemplated a regular systematic plan for the carrying out of the practices of disorderly houses, beginning with making arrangements for the women going in business. It would be extremely interesting to know what contacts you made in that respect, but all we can have are suspicions. But undoubtedly in your statements you indicated that first a woman going into business had to have protection. As the women went into houses, an understanding was to be had as to the rake-off that you were to get directly in the way of a percentage. There were sums to be deducted from their earnings that were to be appropriated (1) to you, (2) to board and maintenance, which ranged as high as fifty dollars a week; (3) the bond or bail, or fall money—whatever you please to call it—to be paid weekly; (4) for payment to the doctors who were to conduct examinations

and report. And then for other services which the women might have in the house.

"In some instances, according to the testimony, women had thirty, forty or fifty men a day, whom they served. And the gross amount of their earnings went up into large sums weekly. The part that they got was very, very much less than half of what was collected in that way.

"Your conduct had excited not alone the authorities in New York, but had attracted as well the attention of the Department of Justice of the United States and the Police Department of this jurisdiction were concerned and worked up by your offense.

"The shock of the situation is that your methods and depredations must have been known generally throughout the country. And women—evilly-inclined prostitutes—were made to understand that if they came to New York they could find a market for their prostitution; and they found a ready market that was under your control.

"In the ordinary operation of the social evil, which we will probably never be able to dispose of, such women will only contact where they have acquaintances or where they can attract attention to themselves. But with your methods it was unnecessary for them to rely only upon such limited resources. You could place them immediately. And you had as a part of your scheme the transferring of them week by week from one place to another throughout a string of whore-houses that you ran in the City of New York.

"I have had a wide and long experience with this type of case, both in Special Sessions and on this bench. And I have never yet known a situation wherein the extent of the traffic was as great as that conducted by you. I am frank to say that if I had been told about it, I would have regarded it as an exaggeration. But the proof in your case is positive. The talk about frame-up is all ridiculous and nonsensical. You succeeded for a long time in avoiding justice.

"My probation officer told me that you seriously objected to the use of the term "over-lord" as applied to you, "criminal racketeer". If you were not a criminal racketeer in vice, I don't know what one is.

"Since the May Grand Jury, over which I had the honor to preside, yours is the tenth conviction of just those cases that have come before me, and you are the fifth of the principals that could be considered male racketeers who are distributing women in the City of New York. It may be that that in itself is not sufficient to entirely wipe it out, but it certainly will check it. And I think that your conviction is largely in the interests of the public welfare. And it is to be hoped that sufficient publicity will be given to it that the women of the United States who were lured here by runners, or whatever you had for disseminating information—and who were lured there by the knowledge that they could come from any section of the country and immediately go into business, will now know that it is otherwise. It is in the hope that the authorities in these instances have delivered a blow to the practice, because certainly it must be stopped if the well-being of our people is to be considered.

"One can't tell how far or extreme or extensive might have been disease and other things spread by virtue of the methods in which your plans were carried out. While it is true they had doctors to report and act on certain women, nevertheless the times when such strictness was avoided must have been very many. And the thing that particularly impresses me as to the extremity of your crime and its viciousness is the fact that you were willing to stand for things that the madams themselves wouldn't stand for, nor could you induce your doctor to do your bidding.

"So far as sentence is concerned, you practically have written your own sentence."

JUDGE CORNELIUS F. COLLINS.